WOMEN OF CATHOLICITY

ANNA T. SADLIER

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THE PARTING OF SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MARGARET ROPER.

Women of Catholicity,

MEMOIRS OF

MARGARET O'CARROLL, ISABELLA OF CASTILE, MARGARET ROPER,
MARIE DE L'INCARNATION, MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS,
ETHAN ALLEN'S DAUGHTER.

BY

ANNA T. SADLIER,

Author of "Names that Live in Catholic Hearts," etc., etc.

"I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'The Legend of Good Women' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below."—
TENNYSON.

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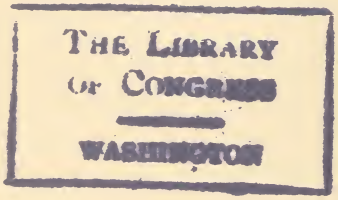

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PREFACE.

To this second volume of her series of Catholic biographies the author has chosen to give the title of "Women of Catholicity," as best conveying her idea of the work on which she has labored with much patient research. In contradistinction to Julia Kavanagh's "Women of Christianity," wherein professors of all forms of religious belief—from St. Teresa to Elizabeth Fry—from St. Catherine of Sienna to Hannah More—are made to figure on the same stage, placed, as it would almost seem, on the same plane of moral excellence—my daughter desired to confine her selection of subjects to the children of the Church, to those women of history whose lives were spent in the practice of her precepts and who thus made manifest to the outer world the marvellous efficacy of her teachings in the formation of character.

In these it is something more than mere natural goodness, than mere moral worth, how high and how great soever, that distinguishes their lives and actions from those of Christian women outside the Church; it is the supernatural element ennobling and purifying all they did and all they said, that raises them far above all men by human excellence. This is the golden thread interwoven with the noble life-work of an Isabella of Castile—a princess of great renown in her own and all succeeding times, on account of the masculine energy of character which impelled her to high heroic deeds for the glory of God and the

defence of His Church, softened and refined by the gracious sweetness and womanly tenderness which made all hearts her own.

Turning from this grand and queenly figure we find the same all-pervading supernatural element in the lovely and loveable Margaret Roper, the perfect daughter of the saintly Sir Thomas More, her filial devotion to whom, in circumstances the most trying, forms the brightest gem in her immortal crown of glory. On the other hand, we have here Fannie Allen, the great, enlightened daughter of the infidel Ethan Allen, the sweet odor of whose truly Christian virtues won all hearts to Christ and brought many of her relatives and friends to embrace the true faith. In her, we behold the first scion of the New England stock, the first daughter of the Puritans, who took the monastic habit and consecrated herself to God in holy religion for the service of His suffering members—the Hospital Sister of St. Joseph whose memory is in benediction amongst her Sisters in religion.

Another striking example we have here in Margaret O'Carroll, an illustrious Irish lady of the fifteenth century, the daughter, wife, and mother of heroic chieftains who fought and, in some instances, fell, for their country and their God. A woman of a princely race, endowed with rare beauty of person and with all the accomplishments usual at that time, assisting her brave and pious husband alike in the government of his principality and in the management of their temporal affairs, promoting, at the same time, all works of public utility,—yet, amid all this multiplicity of occupation, finding time for the exercises of piety and even for the making of pilgrimages to distant countries—incalculably more of an undertaking then than now. Truly, the valiant woman of Holy Writ was this magnificent Irish princess of an elder day!

Lastly, the author has placed before us, in life-like reality, the two greatest women of Canadian—we might say of American—

history, the celebrated Ursuline Mary of the Incarnation, not inaptly styled the St. Teresa of Canada, because of her high and mystical endowments, and the no less illustrious Marguerite Bourgeoys, the foundress of the great teaching order known as the Congregation of Our Lady. These two admirable religious, daughters of France, were not only great in religion, but great in the management of temporal affairs, wise and prudent beyond conception, and so eminently practical in the conduct of all matters of business appertaining to the public interest that they might be, and, indeed, were considered, the one in Quebec, the other in Montreal, as the Providence of the infant colony of New France. Both will, in due time, be raised to the altars of the Church, and, therefore, scarcely come within the sphere which the author had designed for her work in these volumes, viz., that of eminent Catholics, men and women, not canonized saints, yet whose lives were modelled in the sublime teachings of the Church. It is, however, on account of the important parts they played in the history of their adopted country and the benefits they conferred on their compatriots, that these two remarkable women are presented to the readers of this volume.

As in her previous volume—"Names that Live," it has been my daughter's aim to represent different countries and different races in her biographical sketches, as also the several phases of human life and the various positions in which Christians are placed by the wise Providence of God. From the countless number of historical men whose Names will Live while the world lasts and of the Women of Catholicity who in every age and in every clime—on the throne, in the quiet walks of ordinary life, and in the cloister—have enriched the world and edified the faithful by their example, and whose lives are so full of interest, only a few could be compressed into such volumes as these. It is generally admitted that popular biographies of eminent Catholics of both sexes are a great want of our time.

That these sketches, the subjects of which are carefully selected and treated in a pleasing and attractive manner, may help to awaken an interest in the lives of the truly Catholic men and women of history—many of them known little more than by name even to their co-religionists—is, I know, the earnest wish of the author.

MARY A. SADLIER.

Montreal, Canada,
Feast of the Annunciation, 1885.

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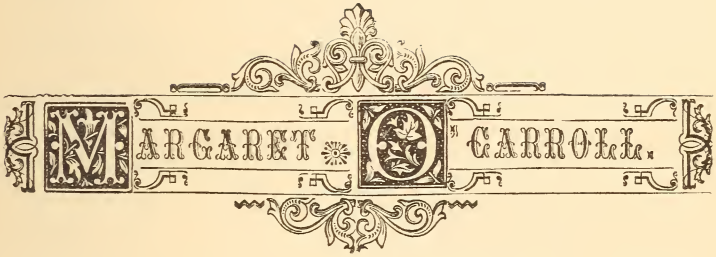
MARGARET O'CARROLL.

But one there Yede in 'mid the company
Sole by herself. But alle followed the pace
That she kept, whose heavenly figured face
So pleasant was, and wele shape person.
To my sight truly,
The lady was of my company.
And at the laste, there began anone
A lady for to sing right womanly
For as me thought, among her notes swete
She said, 'Si douce est la Margarete.

And before them went minstreles every one
As harps, pipes, lutes and santry
Alle in grene.
Then I was ware how of hem in grene
Had on a crowre, rich and well sittinge;
Wherefore I deemed wel she was a Queen
And tho in grene on her were awaitinge
To al her company
She made to purveye horse and everythinge
That they needed.

CHAUCER.

Margaret O'Carroll,

of Offally.

AN IRISH PRINCESS OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

THERE is, perhaps, no country in the world, the early history whereof offers us a more splendid and striking picture than that of Ireland. It is full of wild picturesqueness, of chivalry, of dramatic action, and acquires a semi-Oriental character from that first worship of the sun which the children of Innisfail had in common with Eastern nations. This Oriental character is seen in the language of the people, abounding in hyperbole, in imagery and in flights of poetic fancy. The history of Ireland in its earlier stages reads to a grave understanding like a poem, and "the light that never was on sea or shore," has touched it with its glamour. Whether we regard it at that dim, mysterious epoch, when Erin was known to the Druidic nations everywhere as "the Sacred Island," when Belus or Crom, the fire-god, personified by the sun, drew to his worship innumerable devotees as the May-blossoms whitened the hedges, and the late October stripped the trees of their leaves ; or when the Milesian kings dazzled the people with their half-fabulous doings, Ollamh the Wise and Ierial the prophet, he of the seven royal fortresses, and Nair's Hero who led the first expedition against the Romans, and Cormac Ulla or Longbeard, put to death by the Druids for having become a Christian ; or when St. Patrick "bearded the lion in his den" and lit a fire in view of Leary the king, who was holding the sacred festival at Tara ;

or when the Danish invasion brought the weird mythology of the north to entwine itself with the superstitions of the people, and the semi-mythical deeds of the Vikings were intermingled with the feats of Irish warriors. There is a highly poetic description taken from the chronicle of Sturleson, the Norse historian, of the landing of King Magnus Barefoot on the coast of Down, when he came to Ireland to wed his son, Sigurd, to the daughter of Murkertach O'Brien. "King Magnus," it says, "had a helmet upon his head; a red shield, upon which was inlaid a gilded lion; and was girt with the sword Legbiter, whereof the hilt was of ivory and the hand-grip wound about with golden thread; and the sword was extremely sharp. In his hand he had a short spear, and a red silk short cloak over his coat, on which both before and behind was embroidered a lion in yellow silk, and all men acknowledged that they had never seen a brisker, statelier man."

A battle afterwards took place between Magnus and the Irish, in which the former with his nobles was slain. The story of Brian Borough, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, is replete with adventures as thrilling as those of any Viking, nor is that of his rival and successor, Malachy II., less interesting. He had himself conveyed to a solitary island opposite his favorite abode, the "fortress of shields," so that he might die tranquilly, far from a world which was fast fading from his sight. So, at that this lonely Innis-Cro, perished, as the ancient writer says, "the pillar of the dignity and nobility of the Western world."

The Anglo-Norman Invasion, of course, opened up a new chapter of knightly heroism, of unquestionable patriotism, which had all to lose and nothing to gain, and of all the variety of incident and splendor of achievement which mark a long and ardent struggle, wherein the best and noblest portion of a nation is engaged.

However, far from attempting to follow Ireland through the

vicissitudes of her history, we shall make a halt about the beginning of the fifteenth century, where the subject of our sketch arrests us. At a time when a new impetus is being given to the study of Ireland, its history, its archæological remains, and its ancient language, it will surely be of interest to obtain even a glimpse of one whom, in the words of a gifted historian, we shall call "the pious and splendid Margaret O'Carroll."

It is unnecessary here to dwell at length upon the social and domestic qualities which appertain by right to Irish womanhood; the grace, the culture, the accomplishments, the innate refinement of a high-born Irishwoman, are enhanced in her by those qualities which give superiority to even the lowliest type of her countrywomen. We mean that feminine modesty, purity, and true womanliness, which combine with a warmth of heart, a fervor of faith, and a tender piety. The most impartial observer may declare that it will be an evil day for Ireland when her women, of whatsoever station, begin to lose their claim to such attributes. The Irish mother has been the fosterer of heroes, poets, men of action and of thought, the prelate and the politician, the statesman and the soldier. Nor has it ever been known that such sons, in the proudest acme of their fame, ever bent with other than reverence to the Celtic mother, who had been their guiding star. Having said this much, we will go on to remark, that in the ordinary sense of the word heroine, Ireland has produced but few.

It is therefore that we single out from the shadows of many hundred years a female figure, who, in personal greatness, equals those which any other country has produced. We cannot attempt, with the fragmentary accounts which have reached us, to give such a detailed sketch as we might of some contemporary of our own, or of one even belonging to a more distant date whose life-annals have been completely preserved. We can only offer to our readers a fleeting glimpse of this extraordinary woman, who reigned with all the power and magnificence of a

sovereign, while giving to her descendants the example of a truly Christian life.

It will be well to consider, in the first place, something of the state of Ireland at this era. It was an age no less remarkable for its warlike character than for its profound piety. Pilgrimages were the order of the day, and they were usually conducted upon a scale of great magnificence. Irish pilgrims went in multitudes to Rome, Jerusalem, and Compostella. It was they who, in 1450, on the occasion of the jubilee at Rome, brought back into these Western Islands the news of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. We read, then, how Tregury, Archbishop of Dublin, proclaimed a three days' fast, and headed a procession of his clergy, clad in sackcloth, through the streets of the metropolis. Miracles were at this time recorded as having been wrought at the shrine of our Lady of Trim, while the Baculum Christi, the holy cross of Raphoe, and other relics at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, were the objects of universal veneration. It was an essentially Christian age, characterized by the deepest faith and piety. It had, however, other attributes, which by partial observers are not always considered quite consistent with the last. It had a very passion for learning. This fine frenzy, as it might be termed, which had in the very earliest days characterized the Island, returned in full force when the Danish Invasions and other disturbing elements had disappeared. Ireland had been in the early centuries the Isle of Scholars, no less than the Isle of Saints. Montalembert tells us of two hundred Irish poets, known to fame, besides all those of whom no written record remains. In the 8th century, this couplet in Latin is found in the life of Sedgenus :

> "With love of learning and example fired,
> To Ireland, famed for wisdom, he retired."

Had it not been for the destruction of valuable MSS. at the time of the Danish Invasion, as well as much later at the Refor-

mation, Irish literary remains would have been of uncommon value. As it is, many of them are preserved in the principal libraries of the civilized world. This love of learning had continued among the people, both "noble and ignoble," down to the period in which Margaret O'Carroll appears upon the scene. The Brehons had still, as of old, the place of honor at the festal board, and O'Neil, O'Donnell, O'Reilly and O'Kelly vied with each other in the homage paid by them to the student and the poet, the philosopher and the minstrel.

Hospitality was in some sense the predominant virtue of the age, and no greater stigma could be cast upon an individual or a family, than any falling off in this respect. It, indeed, at times almost degenerated into a vice, where it was kept up with a state and magnificence totally incompatible with the fortunes of a family. One more characteristic of the time it may be useful for us to mention before we proceed direct to give such gleanings as have fallen in our way, concerning the illustrious Margaret O'Carroll. This was the reverence in which women were held. Their influence was almost unbounded, and they were regarded with a certain chivalric veneration, which speaks very highly for the civilization of the epoch. Thus, women of high rank, as in the instance of our heroine, were permitted to retain their maiden name after marriage, giving them, as it were, a separate individuality, a custom long since become obsolete. With this single remark we turn to our subject proper.

Margaret was the daughter of Teige, or as he is sometimes called, Thady O'Carroll, Lord of Ely. In common with his illustrious race for generations, he seems to have been a warrior of renown and a most determined patriot. Ever and anon throughout the fragmentary chronicles, inscribed by those almost mystic hands, "the Four Masters," as well as in the notes so copiously furnished by the gifted antiquarian, O'Donovan, occurs the name and the fame of this particular O'Carroll of Ely. Now, he is marching against the English, as most frequently occurs,

or again repelling some encroachment of native tribes upon his territory. Here, we read of the Earl of Ormonde, marching into Ely, ravaging the country, and destroying two of O'Carroll's castles. There, comes the final story of his death. It is in battle against the English. "A battle was gained by the English," says the Four Masters," "over the Irish of Munster, in which O'Carroll, Lord of Ely, general patron of the Literati of Ireland, was killed." In the appended notes, the learned author* to whom we have lately referred, explains as follows :

"Literati does not mean clergy or priests, but poets, Brehons, minstrels and other classes."

A historian † gives this more detailed account of his death: "The English of Ireland, with Scroope, King's Deputy, gave an overthrow to the Irish of Munster by whom Teige O'Kervell, (O'Carroll) prince of the territory of Ely was slain. This Teige was deservedly a man of great account and fame with the professors of Potrye and Musicke of Ireland and Scotland for his liberality extended towards them and every one of them, noble and ignoble."

Such is the quaint account of the immediate progenitor of an illustrious Irish woman. We can readily perceive therefrom that some, at least, of her high qualities came down to her with the good old name she had inherited. Descended from this noble stock, the heiress as well of worldly possessions, as of a high purpose, an ardent but well-directed patriotism, a personal fearlessness, a magnanimity and a love of learning, Margaret O'Carroll, was early in the fifteenth century, married to the Calvagh O'Connor of Offally, a chieftain of high rank and of noble qualities. He was a direct descendant of the renowned Brogarvan, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf. Nor did he belie his ancestry. His record comprises an almost uninterrupted series of wars, in nearly every case against the English. Thus in 1436

* O'Donovan, Notes to the Annals of the Four Masters.

† Mac Geogheghan.

the Annals tell us that O'Connor Faly made war upon the English, and in 1437 the English were brought into Offally by Cahir O'Connor a brother of the Calvagh, and in 1440, he made an incursion into Luix O'Moore's territory, where he was defeated by the Earl of Ormonde and MacGillapatrick. On this occasion he lost one of his sons, Con, who was killed with sixty warriors. There was mourning that day at Offally, and the high-hearted woman who kept almost regal state there, mourned her young warrior with all the passion and tenderness of which natures like hers alone are susceptible. It was as a shadow darkening the threshold of that warlike keep of Offally, and shutting out the light that fell thither from the green hills and from the blue Irish sky.

In 1443, the Calvagh seemed to have been particularly active. He entered into a confederacy with the De Brimaghams against the common foe, the English, and as a result thereof, we read that the greater part of Meath was burned. This struggle seems to have lasted for several years with varying success, as when in 1445 occurs the announcement, that "the sons of the O'Connor Faly were defeated and Cathal Ol taken prisoner by the English, and many men killed." In 1446, O'Connor and the De Brimaghams are more successful, taking many prisoners, but again there are reverses, and a number of distinguished Irish fall into the hands of the foe.

Upon this occasion, Margaret O'Carroll appears as it were, in a public capacity. She rode to Trim with a few followers, without the knowledge of her husband, as the annalist declares, to treat for the release of the Irish prisoners. She succeeded in effecting an exchange, giving up certain English captives for those of equal rank among the Irish. This, in itself, is a proof of what influence was placed in the hands of a woman at that time, and how capable she was of judiciously exercising it, even in matters which went beyond the usual province of her sex.

The story of war, with its thrilling excitements, its episodes of

daring and its often futile valor, repeated itself from year to year in the life of the Calvagh O'Connor and his sons, as also of necessity in the life of Margaret O'Carroll, to whom their conquests were triumphs, their danger cruel suspense, and their failures, her defeats.

In 1446 the Calvagh's son was taken prisoner by the English, and in 1447, "Lord Ffurnivall came to Ireland from the king of England with six or seven thousand English, about his own son and the son of the Earl of Ormonde and they forced O'Connor to make peace and to send many beeves to the king's kitchen, and O'Connor's son to be ransomed." It is superfluous to continue the story farther, nor shall we more than glance at that still gloomier picture, the great famine of 1449, which fell upon the country like a pall. So dreadful was this famine, "in the spring of the year," as the chronicler remarks, "that men had to eat all parts of herbs." It was followed by a great plague in summer, autumn and winter, of which many in Meath, Munster and Leinster died.

But there are more pleasing glimpses of events brought before the student's eye. The shadows are dark enough, but they only make the light the stronger. The piety of Margaret O'Carroll is sung by bard and chronicler alike. It was famed throughout all that far countrie, and when a pilgrimage was organized to the shrine of St. James at Compostella in Spain, hers was among the first of the noble names to grace it. "The admirable Margaret O'Carroll," says a historian,* "was a principal person in this pilgrimage." "Many Irish of Ireland," say the Four Masters † "went towards the cittie of St. James the Apostle to Spaine, in that summer about (with) Margaret O'Carroll's daughter, Offally's wife,... with many other noble and ignoble persons..."

Some of the names have come down to us, the chieftains O'Driscoll, MacDermott, MacGeogheghan and several of the

* McGee. † McFirbiss's Annals.

Munster Geraldines, as well as Eveleen, wife of Pierce d' Alton. It was, in truth, "a goodlie company" and little wonder that a minstrel * of modern days has tuned his harp to a lay in praise thereof:

"O bards and bardsmen far and near, hers was the name of names—
The lady fair of Offally, the flower of Leinster dames,
And she has joined the pilgrim host for the cittie of St. James."

The poet† goes on to describe, by an effort of his imagination, how the Calvach, Margaret's husband, during her absence, wandered about overshadowed by a great dread, that his pearl of ladies should have fallen into the hands of the Moors. His fears are set at rest by a carrier pigeon, who brings tidings to "her good lord and husband," of Margaret's safe arrival at the shrine of good St. James.

The student of history finds a peculiar fitness in the romantic connection which for so long and under such varying circumstances was maintained between Catholic Ireland and Catholic Spain. Early settlers came from that far-off Hispaniola into the Western Islands, and from time to time individuals at least, among which were scions of the proudest and most ancient families of Ireland, went thitherward to serve as soldiers or to try their fortunes in commerce. But these pilgrimages wherein the noblest Irish chieftains and the fairest daughters of Innisfail went in numbers to pay their homage at the shrine of St. Iago, whose name had so often nerved the Spanish chivalry in their contests with the infidel, form a most dramatic chapter in Irish annals.

However, we learn, that "Margaret and many others returned safe and sound from Spain to their own houses in Ireland, after receiving the Indulgences at St. James." But one of the Geraldines and some others are mentioned as having died and been buried at sea on the homeward journey.

There was of course, upon this occasion great rejoicing at

* McGee. † McGee.

Offally, where Margaret was regarded as the good genius of the place. To the poor she was a mother, to the rich a presiding spirit, gracing their festal halls by the rare gifts of her mind, and the affability of her manners. To men of learning she was, as we shall hereafter see, a patron of unbounded munificence. In the dark ages of which we hear so much, the benighted middle ages, it is a spectacle for gods and men to find an Irish-woman, animated too by a spirit of the most profound faith, occupying herself with works which even the most highly cultured, the most advanced women of our own day, would scarcely venture to attempt, and this without losing an iota of her womanliness. She was no less the true and loving wife and mother, the benefactress of her people, the humble servant of Holy Church because her great mind and exalted station led her to undertake works of public utility, and to busy herself with the high whispers of state. When we say that she was an enlightened patron of letters, and gathered about her men of learning, the children of genius who so often find this earth of ours but an indifferent stepdame, the careless observer may surmise that the learning of that day and what it involved was a something very different from our own, "a darkness made visible" in the night of ignorance. It may therefore be of interest to note here some of the works contained in a library belonging to an Irish nobleman of the 15th century, from a catalogue thereof preserved at Maynooth College. Let us remark, that as these works were of course MSS., we may form some idea of the relative difficulty of collecting them. "Of Latin books," says a historian,* "there were the works of several of the schoolmen, the dialogues of St. Gregory, Virgil, Juvenal and Terence; the Holy Bible; Bœthius' Consolations of Philosophy, and St. Thomas' Summa; of French works, Froissart, Mandeville, two French Bibles, a French Livy and Cæsar, with the most popular romances; in English there were the Pollychronicon, Cam-

* McGee, Hist. of Ireland, vol. I.

brensis, Lyttletons' Tenures, Sir T. Moore's book on Pilgrimages, and several romances." Besides this there were copies of the Psalter of Cashel and many other Irish chronicles, lives of saints and so on. Though this library belonged to one of the lords of the pale, the historian above quoted remarks that there was every reason to believe that the "Castles of the older race" were no less abundantly furnished in this respect. Having thus formed some idea of what learning meant in those dim ages, we shall presently transcribe verbatim the account given by one of the annalists, of Margaret and her princely hospitality.* It may be well at first, though it be a digression, to take a look at these dwellings of the Irish nobility, amongst which Offally became preëminent. We learn that the dwellings of the chieftains and wealthy proprietors were often near palisaded islands, or on promontories moated by lakes. The houses were of wood, though sometimes built of stone in the Norman fashion. The bawn was generally surrounded by one or more strong walls, the inner sides of which were lined with barns, stables, and houses of the retainers. The castle "green," whether within or without the walls, was the scene of those athletic sports and manly rural games in which the youth of that time delighted. "The ancient Offalia or Offaly, from Slieve-Bloom to the hill of Allen," says a chronicler,† "and from the Sugar Loaf Hills to the great Heath, is a plain nearly as level as the surface of a level sea, and the hill, though not high, becomes a feature in so level a district." The place was described as one of rare beauty, rich in verdure, yellow with grain, catching the evening glow from the hill, beholding the dawn breaking opal-white over the plain. It was an abode which a queen might have envied, and it fitted as a rich setting to the sovereign spirit who ruled it—the charm of whose memory lingers there yet, and has reached us in the traditions of the country, as well as in the pages of the annalists

* Annals of Four Masters for 1451.

† O'Donovan, notes to the Annals of Four Masters.

through all the mists with which antiquity has robed this fairy island of the West.

Here follows an account of the festival held by Margaret at her Castle of Offally, in which is contained a lament for her death, and a eulogium upon her virtues. The event chronicled took place the very year of her demise, A. D. 1451

"A gratious yeare this yeare was though the glory and solace of the Irish was sett, but the glory of heaven was amplified and extolled therein, and although this is a yeare of grace (Jubilee) with the Roman Church, it is an ungratious and unglorious yeare to all the learned in Ireland, both philosophers, poets, guests, strangers, religious persons, soldiers, mendicants, or poore orders, and to all manner and sort of the poore in Ireland, also for the general support of their maintenance, decease, to wit, Margarett, daughter to Thady O'Carroll, King of Ely, O'Connor Offaly, Calvagh's wife, a woman that never refused any man in the world for anything that she might command . . . It is she that twice in one yeare proclaimed to and commonly invited (i. e.) in the dark dayes of the yeare, to witt, on the feast day of Da Sinchell, (26 of March, in Killally) all persons both Irish and Scottish, or rather Albaines to two general feasts of bestowing both meat and moneyes with all manner of gifts, whereunto gathered to receive gifts, the matter (number) of two thousand and seven hundred persons, besides gamesters and poore men, as it was recorded in a Roll to that purpose, and that attempt was made thus, *ut vidimus*, namely the cheife kins of each family of the learned Irish was by Gilla-na-Nœmh MacRegan's hand the cheife Judg to O'Connor, written in the Roll, and his adherents and kinsmen, so that the aforesaid number of 2700 was listed in that roll with the arts of Dan or poetry, musick, and antiquitie. And Maelin O'Mulconry one of the cheife of the cheifes learned of Connaght, was the first written in that Roll, and first payed or dietted, or sett to supper, and those of his name after him, and so forth every one as he was payed was

written in that Roll, for feare of mistake, and set down to eat afterwards. And Margarett on the garrots of the greate church of Da Sinchell clad in cloath of gold, her deerest friends about her, her clergy and judges, too. Calvagh himself on horseback by the churche's outward side, and that all things might be done orderly, and each one served successively. And first of all she gave two chalices of gold as offerings that day on the altar of God Almighty, and she also caused to nurse or foster too (two,) young orphans. But so it was she never saw nor heard neither the like of that day nor comparable to its glory and solace. And she gave the second inviting proclamation (to every one that came not on that day) on the feast day of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady Mary in harvest, at or in the Rath Imayn, and so we have been informed that that second day in Rath Imayn was nothing inferior to the first day. And she was the woman that has made most of preparing highways and erecting churches and mass-books, and of all manner of things profitable to serve God and her soule, and not that only, but while the world stands, her very many gifts to the Scottish and Irish nations shall never be numbered. God's blessing, the blessing of all saints, and every blessing from Jerusalem to Inisgluais be on her going to heaven, and blessed be he that will reade and heare this, for blessing her soule. Cursed be the son that killed Margarett."

We shall hereafter give our readers some verses written in commemoration of this event by the gifted historian and poet, so often quoted in this sketch. In the meantime, let us consider something of Margaret's surroundings at the time when she was stricken by death.

That she was happy in her immediate surroundings is certain. Her husband is everywhere mentioned by the chroniclers in tones of the highest praise. He seems to have been in every respect worthy of the illustrious woman he called his wife. Her son is thus celebrated by the ancient annalist :

" Felim, Son to Calvagh O'Connor and Margrett aforesaid,

the only king's son that has got most of faime, reputation and notable name, and that was most courageous that lived of the Lagenians in latter ages, died, and there was but one night betwixt his and his mother's death. He died of the leprosy. Ann. Con."

Her daughter, who was married to the great chieftain O'Donnel, being early left a widow was again espoused to Hugh Boy O'Neil, one of the most renowned captains of the day. Of her the Annals give the following account : " Finola, the daughter of Calvagh O'Connor Fally, and of Margaret O'Carroll, first married to O'Donnell and after to Hugh Boy O'Neil, the most beautiful, stately, the most renowned and illustrious woman of her time in all Ireland, her own mother only excepted, retired from this transitory world to prepare for life eternal, and assumed the yoke of piety and devotion in the monastery of Cill-achaidh." This monastery is now Killeigh in the barony of Geshill, King's County. The ruins of a nunnery are pointed out, adjoining the modern church. Says O'Donovan in his notes to the Four Masters, " I believe them to be the ruins of the Abbey Church." The tomb of O'Connor Faly, husband of Margaret, a rough marble slab, exhibiting a long inscription in Latin, much effaced, is shown in the old cemetery of the abbey just mentioned.

But brilliant as were those surroundings, we have seen the dark thread of human vicissitude that runs through them, the early death of one son, the capture of others, the cruel anxiety, protracted through so many years, her husband and sons engaged in perpetual warfare, and the disease, to which the historian rightly or wrongly gives the name of leprosy, which fell like a blight upon her heroic " first born," in the very flower of his youthful achievement.

If we have, however, imperfectly made our readers acquainted with this heroine of Ireland's heroic age, it will be reward enough for us. " In these days of exhortation to female patriotism,"

says McGee, "such a type of an Irishwoman in the middle ages will, I am sure, gain more admirers than the grotesque fiction which is usually made of Grace O'Malley, who is represented in our 'historians' much more like a savage than the high-bred and high-spirited gentlewoman that she was." Several traits of her (Margaret O'Carroll's) character given in McFirbiss' Annals prove her to have been a woman of remarkable spirit and capacity."

"She was the one woman," say the annals, "that has made the most of preparing highways and erecting bridges, churches and mass-books, and of all manner of things profitable to serve God and her soul."

Higher praise there could be none, nor shall we attempt to bestow it. Margaret O'Carroll flashes meteor-like before us, through the vagueness and ambiguity of early MSS. chronicles, and we have sought to detain her but an instant that our readers may form an idea of a high-born Irishwoman, which, perhaps, will be at variance with certain preconceived ideas upon the subject. It has been the fashion unduly to depreciate or at least to underrate the claims of Ireland, and of her children in many respects. The current of popular opinion, at all events, among Irish people, runs at present towards a revival of their past, which has been both great and glorious. It is well that they should therefore seek and keep before their minds whatever reveals Ireland or her men and women in their true greatness. It is well for them likewise to believe that real patriotism and real love of country can never be in opposition to the warmest and tenderest devotion to the Faith. On the contrary, Ireland's greatness as a nation, must forever be commensurate with her loyalty to God. The philosophy of her history teaches us this lesson, and repeats it over and over again. Her great men have been, but with few exceptions, devout children of the Church, her women have been models of true piety. It is as an exemplar of all those qualities which adorn the Irish character when placed upon its

proper basis, that we have striven to give a glimpse of Margaret O'Carroll. We shall conclude what we have said of her by verses from the pen of Canada's greatest statesman,* to whom we are already indebted for information upon this subject. They will more gracefully say the last word of her than we could have done. We shall therefore take our leave of her with it.

THE PRAISE OF MARGARET O'CARROLL OF OFFALLY.

The myriad shafts of the morning sun had routed the woodland fays
And in the forest's green saloons danced the victorious rays.
Birds, like Brendans in the promised land, chanted matins to the morn,
And the lark sprung up with the chorus broods from the yellow fields of corn.
In cloth of gold like a queen new-come out of the royal wood,
On the round-proud-white-walled rath Margaret O'Carroll stood.
That day came guests to Rath Imayn from afar, from beyond the sea—
Bards and Brehons of Albyn and Erin—to feast in Offally."

The poet describes in detail the illustrious visitors who flock to the gate, and are inscribed in the Roll "by the Brehon of Offally's lands, whose

"Sallow brow like a vellum book, with mystic line is traced."

He continues as follows :

The Calvagh at the outer gate he bids them welcome all,
The Brehon meets them at the door, and leads them up the hall,
The lady on the dais sits, amid her rich awards,
Goblets, and golden harps, and ancient books for studious bards.
For them in the green meadow-lands a thousand horses feed,
And a golden bit and a gilded rein hangs in stall for every steed.

* * * * * *

Over the fields of Erin, war-horns may blow to-day.
Many a man in town and tower may don his war-array,

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*McGee.

The mountain-tops of Erin red alarm-fires may light,
But no foot shall leave that hall of peace for the track of blood to-night.
To-morrow as to-day shall rise in melody and peace,
The Mass be said, the cup be fill'd, nor the evening revels cease—
For Margaret, like our lady's self unto the troubled land
Brings quiet in her holy smile, and healing in her hand.

It is not that her father is renowned through Innisfail,
It is not that her lord is hail'd the sentinel of the Gael,
It is not that her daughter is the wife of the O'Neil,
It is not that her first-born's name strikes terror through the pale,
It is not all her riches, but her virtues that I praise.
She made the bardic spirit strong to face the evil days,
To the princes of a feudal age she taught the might of love,
And her name, though woman's, shall be scroll'd their warrior names above.

Low lie the oaks of Offally—Rath Imayn is a wreck;
Fallen are the chiefs of Offally—Death's yoke on every neck.
Da Sinchel's feast no more is held for holy in the land,
No queen-like Margaret welcomes now the drooping bardic band,
No nights of minstrelsy are now like the Irish nights of old,
No septs of singers such as then McEgan's book enrolled;
But the name of Margaret O'Carroll, who taught the might of love,
Shall shine in Ireland's Annals even minstrel names above.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

Cold is the open, generous hand
Of her who freely gave
Her jewels rare to trace a path
Across the trackless wave.
For whom the venturous flag of Spain
Beside the cross unfurled
Its silken folds—the first to wave
Above the Western world.

Religion mourns her brightest gem,
Her shield of glory gone,
And Spain her strength, her star of hope,
Her purest spirit flown.
Amid the crowned and sceptered dead,
The eye will seek in vain
One loved so well, so truly mourned
As Isabel of Spain.

UNA.

Isabella of Castile.

Queen of Spain, surnamed The Catholic.

THE character of Isabella of Castile is one to which the world has done full justice. Few there are so base as to venture to malign a woman, who, in the splendors of a gorgeous court lived the life of a true disciple of Christ, and as a sovereign invested herself with the full responsibility of that office, and sought to make her government of Spain a truly maternal one. The interest of every subject was dear to her, and the welfare of his soul no less than of his body. But while Isabella of Castile has met with fairness and a certain amount of impartiality from her chroniclers, it is to be regretted that they have been, for the most part, Protestants, that is, those who have written of her in English. Thence it follows that they cannot feel a full measure of enthusiasm for Isabella the Catholic. They see her virtues, and the admirable results of the science by which she guided her life, but they fail to draw the inference. They will not admit that it was the faith she held which so elevated and purified her noble, natural qualities, and they would even seek to represent that that faith was the sole drawback to an otherwise perfect character. Hence, in studying the life and acts of Isabella as we find them portrayed for us, there is a curiously mixed feeling perceptible in what her biographers say of her, the natural admiration for a truly magnificent sovereign, for an exemplary woman, and the no less

natural antipathy to her faith, and the acts which her zeal and piety inspired.

Let us then, however, briefly consider her now, in a purely Catholic spirit. By the light of Catholic science, we shall be able to understand those actions, which the heretical or the unbelieving represent as tyrannical, iniquitous, and only performed under the pressure of "ghostly influence." Isabella was the daughter of John II., of Castile, and his second wife, Isabella, of Portugal. Her father, some idea of whose reign, with its turbulence and its trials, may be gathered from his dying words, that he lamented "not having been born a mechanic instead of King of Castile," provided for his daughter by willing to her the town of Cuellar, with its territory and a certain sum of money. The dying king likewise consigned her to the care of her half-brother, Henry IV., who succeeded her father on the throne of Castile. Isabella, upon the death of her father, retired with her mother to a little town, Arevalo, where she was brought up in such a manner that the seeds of virtue and piety were sown in her from the first. Her youth was made beautiful in the sight of heaven by the observance of all those Christian maxims which guided her after life. In this calm seclusion, far from the bustle of a court, she gave forth the aroma of gentle piety, which was thereafter to diffuse its fragrance throughout that fair and noble Kingdom of Castile.

In the course of events, her brother, whose reign was no less disturbed by the fury of faction than had been his predecessor's, recalled Isabella, for purposes of his own, to the court. Now, in the first bloom of that rare, sweet beauty so famed in after years, the young girl was called upon to take her place in an atmosphere of adulation, and worse than adulation, of corruption to which there was scarcely any limit. Ambition was warring fiercely in its egotistical strife, license was at its height, war was shaking its grim gauntlet in the face of the nation, and

disorder reigned supreme. Isabella became at once an example. Her exact performance of her religious duties, her modesty, her constancy to religious principle and to religious truth, soon made her conspicuous. A blameless life cannot, in such a sphere, hide its light under a bushel. Almost from that time forth, a series of intrigues were in progress, now to oust Henry from his throne, a punishment richly deserved by his conduct, now to form alliances with foreign nations, now to marry the young Isabella to some one who would be a prop to the crumbling Castilian monarchy. In fact, as the years went on, Isabella was not without suitors. Her beauty, her excellence, her spotless character, were incentives, blended with her future pretentions to the crown, which urged many of the princes of Christendom to seek her hand. Ferdinand, afterwards her husband, was offered as a candidate. Carlos, his elder brother, was for a time affianced to Isabella. Next upon the list was Alfonso of Portugal. It is cited by the biographers as a peculiar instance of Isabella's turn of mind, that though only thirteen years of age, when this proposal was made to her, she at once objected to it, on the ground of disparity of age, and warned her unscrupulous brother that "the Infantas of Castile could not be disposed of in marriage, without the consent of the nobles of the realm." *

But a still more distasteful alliance was shortly to be placed before her. When she was in or about her sixteenth year, Henry, in conjunction with some of his unscrupulous favorites, conceived the design of uniting the young Princess to Don Pedro Giron, grand-master of the Order of Calatrava, the necessary dispensation having been procured by the latter from his vow of celibacy. Everything in the person and character of the new suitor was distasteful to Isabella, and yet despite prayers, entreaties and remonstrances, the union would have actually taken

* Prescott, Aleson, Annales de Navarra, vol. IV. Florez, and others.

place,and magnificent preparations were in progress for the ceremony, when Don Pedro died. His death was in fact so sudden that suspicions of poison were entertained, and some of the nobles, who had regarded his approaching elevation with envy, were accused of participation in the crime. It seemed, however, a providential interposition on behalf of the future Queen.

About this time occurred one of those unhappy episodes in the history of Spain, which deluged the kingdom with blood, and without attaining any good result, exposed it to the horrors of civil war. The usurpation of Alfonso, brother to Isabella and step-brother to the king, caused an outbreak between the opposing parties. The conflict might have been long and severe, was not Alfonso, who despite his unjust pretensions was really an amiable and well-disposed prince, carried off by death. The confederates had now but one hope, Isabella. She had of late sought the protection of Alfonso, and on his death, had taken up her abode in a convent at Avila. Here her virtue was tested, by a proposal which might well have turned the head of an older and more experienced pretender to a crown. The confederates came to offer her their arms, and with fallacious hopes of success, boasted that they could at once place her upon the throne. To the daring and resolute mind of the young princess, such an offer must have been peculiarly tempting. The glittering bauble of a throne, for which nations have fought, and multitudes died, was placed within her reach. She had but to stretch forth her hand and grasp it. But the path of duty and honor was before her. All these years she had never swerved once from that rugged ascent that was leading her upwards, beyond and out of herself, superior to all the allurements of earth. She declined the proposal resolutely and magnanimously. "While her brother Henry lived," she said, "none other had a right to the crown; that the country had been divided long enough under the rule of two contending monarchs; and that the death of

Alfonso might, perhaps, be interpreted into an indication from Heaven of its disapprobation of their cause."

She declared that her most ardent desire was to see the contending factions reconciled, and dismissed the insurgents without hope of appeal. Other deputations came to her, other cities of Spain made known to her that they were ready to unfurl the banner in her cause—the banner which she would have borne so nobly, so gloriously, keeping the pennon so free from stain, so immaculate in its integrity. However, as the result of her action, Henry became reconciled to her. She was declared the heiress of Castile and Leon, a cortes being assembled for the purpose, and it was farther agreed, that her brother should use no further coercion with her as to her marriage.

Henry and Isabella met at Toros de Guisando in New Castile. The King embraced his sister, and she took her place beside him as heiress presumptive to the Crown. It was an imposing sight. The youthful but majestic figure of the future sovereign, unique in that brilliant gathering, apart from all the rest, above them in more than the mere title which was that day bestowed upon her. The nobles advanced one by one to kiss her hand in token of allegiance, shouts rent the air, and the far valleys and the deep gorges of the hill country knew that Isabella was to be their queen, and even the Moors heard it, and wondered stolidly what new change was to come upon the kingdom of their Christian foes. The cortes held at Ocaña confirmed the proceedings at Guisando, and it became known to all Christendom that Isabella was to reign upon the throne of the Asturias.

New suitors now appeared for her. The Duke of Guienne brother of Louis XI. of France; a brother of Edward IV. of England, supposed to have been the Duke of Gloucester of infamous memory, afterwards Richard Third. There were others besides, but Isabella had fixed her thoughts upon one, Ferdinand of Arragon, who seemed in every respect a desirable match

for her. Moreover, young, handsome, and chivalrous, already noted for his daring feats of arms, and in personal character worthy of his kinswoman, the heart of Isabella weighed the balance in his favor.

Meanwhile new disturbances arose. Henry, in perfidious violation of the treaty of Toros de Guisando, again sought to force upon his sister an alliance with the old king of Portugal. Ambassadors were sent to her. Every effort was made to shake her constancy, but Isabella, supported by her powerful friend, the Archbishop of Toledo,* was resolute. She had some rather singular allies in her determination. That is to say, the common people They made various demonstrations in favor of the marriage with Ferdinand, and "boys paraded the streets," says Prescott, "bearing banners emblazoned with the arms of Arragon, and singing verses prophetic of the glories of the auspicious union. They even assembled round the palace gates, and insulted the ears of Henry and his minister by the repetition of satirical verses, which contrasted Alfonso's years with the youthful graces of Ferdinand."

But the marriage was not consummated without difficulties, which, in detail, it would be impossible to mention here. Suffice that we are now coming to one of the most critical and perilous situations in the life of our heroine. Having secured the assent of some of the most powerful Castilian nobles to her marriage, Isabella formally accepted the hand of Ferdinand, to the intense satisfaction of that prince, and his father John II., then reigning on the throne of Arragon. The articles of marriage were signed, and therein were made every stipulation, which could gratify the national vanity of the Castilians to win over the parties opposed to the marriage. Ferdinand was to reside in Castile, he was to respect Henry's rights, to be guided in all matters of state by Isabella, and leave her, in fact, the sole sovereignty of her own Kingdom. Her dowry was larger

* Alfonso de Çarillo.

than any ever bestowed before upon the Queen of Arragon. Yet despite all this, Henry's anger, or more properly speaking that of his ministers, was aroused by these negotiations. An attempt was made to seize upon the person of Isabella, by her deadly enemy the Marquis of Villena, Henry's unworthy favorite. Spies were placed on the young princess's every movement, and at length a force was sent to Madrigal, where she was now living with her mother, to take possession of her person. The townspeople were warned to give her no aid, under pain of being treated as insurgents. At the very time when Isabella's hopes of happiness were fairest, she found herself suddenly deserted by every one, and with no friend or ally near to save her from deadly peril. At length she contrived to send news of her situation to the grand admiral of Castile, Don Frederic Henriquez. He, with the Archbishop of Toledo, came at once with an armed force, and brought her to a place of safety in Valladolid.

But the danger was not yet over, and the farther adventure of the young betrothed is more like some old chivalric romance than reality. Word was sent to Ferdinand to hasten his entrance into Castile. When, however, the message reached him, his father's kingdom Arragon was involved in war, and it seemed impossible for him to reach his betrothed in safety. The young prince, who was, indeed, of a fearless and adventurous character, set out now for Castile with half a dozen attendants all in disguise of merchants, while a second expedition, arrayed with all necessary "pomp and circumstance," hastened in another direction, as ambassadors to Henry. Ferdinand and his companions had now to pass through a country patrolled by armed bands, whose mission it was to intercept the Arragonese. He had likewise to cross a frontier, lined with fortified castles, hostile to his cause. Yet the journey came happily to an end. A halt was made at Osma, which was occupied by some followers of Isabella. Here the gallant little band arrived,

weary, well nigh overcome with cold and hunger. But a stone thrown from the gates above by the sentry, who did not recognize Ferdinand, narrowly missed the future King consort of Castile. However, in due time, being now escorted by a considerable armed force, Ferdinand reached Duenas in Leon. There he received the homage of the friendly Castilian nobles, and on the 15th October, taking with him four attendants, went to Valladolid, where he was presented to Isabella by the Archbishop of Toledo. He remained there two hours, and returned immediately after to Duenas.

Meanwhile Isabella had written an account of all that had transpired to Henry, assuring him that whatever she had done that might be displeasing to him, was forced upon her by her enemies, and imploring his consent to her approaching union.

On the 19th October, 1469, Isabella and Ferdinand were publicly married, to the great joy of a large portion of the nation. But it is recorded that both parties were, at this time, so poor, that money had to be borrowed to defray the expenses. Who can foresee the picture, or could Castile and Leon anticipate then, the glory which was to accrue from this union to the most Catholic Kingdom.

The young couple began life under most unpropitious circumstances. Henry, instigated by his ministers, commenced to put forward the pretensions of his daughter Joanna in opposition to those of his sister, and to increase the former's influence, sought for her a powerful French alliance. This, however, came to naught through the death of the suitor, and though Henry secured for Joanna the allegiance of some of the most powerful nobles, who had, indeed, so short a time before vowed fealty to Isabella, we shall soon see that the cause of Joanna was not destined to triumph.

But Ferdinand and Isabella had many a trial in store for them, before they came peaceably into possession of their rights. It is pitiful to think of them holding their little court at Duen-

as, in the direst poverty, so that they could scarcely feed their faithful adherents who gathered around them. But they were not their only partisans ! The northern provinces of Biscay, and Guiposcoa, the province of Andalusia, and more powerful almost than a province, the influential Archbishop of Toledo.

To add to the difficulties of the situation, however, Ferdinand was forced to hasten to the aid of his father. The dauntless old monarch was sorely beset by the French, as well as other enemies. Isabella besought Ferdinand to proceed at once to his relief. But it was a sad necessity. The young wife alone, in the face of the perils which everywhere surrounded her, in the heart of a kingdom, which was a prey to anarchy in its worst form. Disorder, riot, violence of every description disgraced the country, and never was Castile in more dismal plight, than at this very time, when its union with Arragon gave promise of a new hope for the future.

In these early years of her marriage we find in various biographers, that charming picture of Isabella, which we cannot do better than to give in the words of one of our most classical authors.*

"Contemporary writers," he says, "have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red ; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose, and earnestness of spirit. Though strangely attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She

*Washington Irving; Life and Voyages of Columbus, Part I., Book II., p. 55.—Prescott, following Spanish chroniclers, gives substantially the same description of her.

exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul."

"She was," says one of her household "the handsomest lady whom I ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners." "The portrait still existing of her," says Prescott, "in the royal palace, is conspicuous for an open symmetry of features, indicative of the natural serenity of temper, and that beautiful harmony of intellectual and moral qualities which most distinguished her. She was dignified in her demeanor and modest even to a degree of reserve."

Nor does it appear that beauty was her sole attraction.

"She spoke the Castilian language with more than usual elegance; and easily imbibed a relish for letters."

However, in the course of her long and eventful reign, we shall note those various accomplishments, which made her the admiration of Europe during her epoch. Meanwhile, the picture given of Ferdinand is not unpleasant. He was a year younger than his wife, and was, in fact, only eighteen years old at the time of the marriage. He "was of middle stature, well-proportioned, hardy and active from athletic exercise. His carriage was free, erect and majestic. He had a clear, serene forehead, which appeared more lofty from his head being partly bald. His eyebrows were large and parted, and, like his hair, of a bright chestnut; his eyes were clear and animated; his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and scorched by the toils of war; his mouth moderate, well-formed, and gracious in its expression: his teeth were white, though small and irregular; his voice sharp; his speech, quick and fluent. His genius was clear and comprehensive; his judgment grave and certain. He was simple in dress and diet, equable in temper, devout in his religion, and so indefatigable in business, that it was said he seemed to repose himself by working. He was a great observer and judge of men, and unparalleled in the science of the cabinet."*

* Irving. Life of Columbus. Part I., Book I., p. 54.

This, then, certainly was a union, upon which the united Kingdom might henceforth justly found proud hopes. The great-hearted Isabella allied to "the most subtle statesman that ever sat upon a throne." It was a reign marked by great events, abounding in noble incidents; and where a scope was given for the varied faculties of these two sovereigns, which is almost unprecedented elsewhere in Europe.

The virtues of Isabella, indeed, surely and certainly won her a way into the good graces of all parties in the Kingdom, and none could deny that Spain need not hope for a worthier ruler. Hence, when after a partial reconciliation with Isabella, whom he met at Segovia, and publicly attended through the streets, leading her palfrey, and after even receiving Ferdinand, and treating him with every appearance of good will, Henry fell under the influence of his favorites, and suffered himself to be again placed in hostility to his sister, the nation received the intelligence with profound disgust. But it was of little moment, for in a year from the time of the interview with his sister, in December, 1474, Henry died.

Isabella, whose pretensions to the crown, had long since received the sanction of the Cortes, and who was moreover, it might be said, the chosen ruler of the people, proclaimed that it was her will to have the ceremony of coronation at Segovia. That 13th of December, 1474, was a glorious day for Spain. At the distance of centuries, we can feel the heart throbs of popular joy that must have hailed the accession of sovereigns, who offered at last some surety for the peace and prosperity of the nation. Harassed and torn, as it had been, by every species of internal dissension, and ever threatened with external assault, it turned now, with eager, tear-dimmed eyes strained to catch a sight of that regal figure, and threw itself a suppliant before the majestic Isabella. The nobles, the magistrates, the clergy assembled, and with joyous faces, proceeded to the Alcazar to escort thence their royal mistress. Isabella came forth, in magnificence of attire, suitable

to the occasion, and mounted on a superb Spanish palfrey. Her bridle was held by two of the muncipal authorities, a canopy of gorgeous brocade was carried over her head, and a courtier rode before her, bearing the emblem of sovereignty, a naked sword. The cortege moved through the principal streets, which were thronged with spectators, and rendered gay by their motley costumes, and brightened with flags and banners. In the chief square had been raised a high, broad platform. Isabella, dismounting, ascended thither and seated herself upon the throne prepared for her. The royal standards were then flung to the breeze, a herald proclaimed aloud: "Castile, Castile, for the king Don Ferdinand and his consort Doña Isabella, queen proprietor of these kingdoms." The bells pealed forth with mighty accords, cannons boomed from the castle, and the voice of a tumultuous multitude hailed the advent of the new sovereigns. Isabella then took a solemn oath to keep intact the liberties of the realm, and received the allegiance of her subjects. Her first act as a queen was to proceed to the Cathedral; there a solemn Te Deum was offered up, and Isabella prostrating herself gave thanks to God, and fervently begged His protection upon the threshold of the new existence which was opening before her.

Throughout the Kingdom, most of the principal cities, and nearly all the nobles openly proclaimed their fealty to Isabella and her consort. Deputies came from all parts, and the new reign was gloriously inaugurated. Nevertheless, almost from the first, there were difficulties to be overcome. Even between the sovereigns themselves and their respective friends, a matter of vital importance had to be settled. This was as to whether Ferdinand, as the nearest male heir, possessed a claim to the sovereignty of Castile, or Isabella the lawful heiress, should possess the supreme power. The question was settled, by arbitration, in favor of the Queen, but, in fact, Isabella's womanly tact had more influence with Ferdinand than the representations of the nobles.

But a more serious difficulty, which now had to be overcome, was the invasion of Castile by Alfonso V., of Portugal, under pretence of putting his niece, Joanna, upon the throne. The King's forces consisted of well-trained soldiers, and the "flower of the chivalry of Portugal." Ferdinand and Isabella could as yet raise but few and ill-disciplined bodies of men. Besides the young sovereigns were but too well aware of the fatal fickleness and instability which the leading nobles had displayed in previous reigns. This was a time of the severest bodily and mental fatigue to Isabella. It is related that she sat up a great portion of the night, dictating to her secretaries. She had moreover, to make frequent journeys on horseback, being compelled to visit such garrison towns, as were likely to become disaffected. She knew that she had to rely for the success of her cause on the warm, inalterable attachment of the lower and middle classes to her person. By the Queen's untiring efforts a respectable force was at last assembled by the beginning of July.

Meantime, the town of Toro was traitorously delivered up to Alfonso, though a singular instance of fidelity and heroism is there recorded. A woman kept possession of the fortress, and successfully defended it. The city and castle of Zamora likewise surrended to the Portuguese. Ferdinand, without waiting for further misfortunes, advanced, and before the walls of Toro, summoned his enemy to a general engagement, or to decide the issue by a single combat, according to the laws of chivalry. Alfonso chose the latter alternative, but through some disagreement as to certain formalities, the contest did not take place. This first effort of Ferdinand's was so disastrous that it well nigh caused the final triumph of the Portuguese. Some powerful nobles openly joined Alfonso's forces, and the issue seemed more than doubtful. At the very time, when Isabella was the most harassed by terrible apprehensions for the future, a proposal was made by Alfonso, that he would relinquish all

his designs upon the crown of Castile, on condition that Galicia should be given up to him, and that he be suffered to keep Toro and Zamora. It is asserted that the ministers, and even Ferdinand, would gladly have accepted these terms, for a worse ruin stared them in the face. But Isabella nobly refused to give up a single acre of Spanish territory, and the war went on. The heroic queen redoubled her efforts, and ably seconded her consort in all that he undertook. A second test of her integrity as a soveerign was now granted to Isabella. She was advised to make certain grants to her nobles and the people, which, when seated on the throne, she might revoke, and the example of other sovereigns was held before her. Isabella was indignant at so base a suggestion. She utterly refused to avail herself of such means, and declared that she would assuredly trust to the loyalty of her subjects. Nor was her confidence misplaced. Even a portion of the plate of the churches was placed in her hands to supply her with the means necessary for carrying on the war. This plate was to be redeemed after a term of three years. Thus did the clergy unite with the people in showing their attachment to their gracious Queen. It is impossible to follow the Castilian forces through the various battles of this campaign, suffice it to say, that in six months from the battle of Toro, the Portuguese were driven from Castile. Ferdinand fought throughout with his accustomed valor. And it is related that he showed the utmost humanity to the vanquished. Many of the Portuguese troops, while seeking to escape were slain or mutilated by the Spanish peasants, in revenge for excesses by them committed, on their arrival in the country. Ferdinand gave safe passports to all, and took means to insure their safety. He likewise, with surprising magnanimity, supplied many of them with clothing and money, sending them safely back to their own country.

Meanwhile, Isabella, hearing the glorious tidings of victory in her retreat at Torresdillas, ordained a public procession to the

Church of St. Paul, in thanksgiving. She herself, with a faith and piety worthy of her age, and ascribed usually only to the primitive days of Christianity, walked bare-foot, praying fervently aloud, and giving glory to God. In fulfilment of a vow, she, in conjunction with her husband, built a noble monastery for the Franciscans in the city of Toledo. This structure, famed in Spanish history, was known as San Juan de los Reyes.

Now was the moment of triumph for the youthful pair—Spain was at their feet. The disaffected nobles came cringing before them, the disloyal towns returned to their allegiance, and the new monarchs took their places upon the throne of Castilia.

But this disastrous War of the Succession was not, however, ended. The restless ambition, and the baffled vanity of Alfonso, again led him to take up arms. In the winter of 1479, Isabella, herself, with regular troops and a force consisting of what was called the Holy Brotherhood, took up a position near Truxillo, and despite all remonstrances, superintended the operations of the army. No hardship could deter her, and when the danger of thus exposing her person was represented to her, she declared, "That it was not for her to calculate perils of fatigues in her own cause, nor by an unseasonable timidity, to dishearten her friends, with whom she was now resolved to bring the war to a conclusion."

Her presence, indeed, was a mainspring of action to the troops. All their enthusiasm was aroused at sight of her clad in armor, her graceful form full of the animation produced by the exhilaration of battle, and the prospect of victory. To prove that Isabella's part in this and other campaigns was no idle boast, armor of hers is still shown, which offers sufficient testimony, that her person was really exposed to imminent peril. However, the war was soon after terminated by an interview held between Isabella and her aunt, the Infanta Doña Beatriz of Portugal. By this means a treaty was arranged, and the vexed question put at rest, as it seemed, forever. The crown of Arragon shortly

devolved on Ferdinand by the death of his father, and thus were these two monarchies of Castile and Arragon united after four centuries of separation.

Isabella to whom the domestic government of Castile was principally intrusted, now began with her usual vigor to prosecute internal reforms. Such chaos prevailed in the Kingdom, that reforms were needed everywhere. Isabella pursued them with an energy which left her no rest. Each separate matter was settled under her personal superintendence. Her tact, penetration, delicacy, and the confidence in her perfect sincerity and good faith, which had already taken hold of the people facilitated all her schemes. Isabella could do anything with her subjects. A most remarkable instance of her astounding influence was that of the insurrection at Segovia. The citizens had revolted against Cabrera, Marquis of Moya, then governing the city. The outworks of the place were in the hands of the insurgents. The Princess Isabella, infant daughter of the sovereigns, and all the officials of the place, were compelled to take shelter in the interior, where they were besieged. Terror prevailed. But the Queen, on hearing the news, set out from Torresdillas on horseback, accompanied by Cardinal Mendoza, and a few others. Near the city, some of the townspeople met her, and requested her to leave behind one or two of her attendants, who were obnoxious to the insurgents. Isabella replied, with all the dignity of a sovereign, " that she was Queen of Castile; that the city was hers, moreover, by right of inheritance ; and that she was not used to receive conditions from rebellious subjects."

So saying, she rode forward into the beleaguered town. The popular outcry now increased. The citadel was surrounded by a furious mob. Isabella's people were terrified. They begged of the Queen to secure the gates and endeavor to keep out the angry multitude. Isabella, instead of being dismayed, went down alone into the courtyard, and had the gates thrown wide open. The mob burst in, only to find their royal mistress standing

quietly within the enclosure. She demanded of them the cause of the tumult:

"Tell me," said she, "what are your grievances, and I will do all in my power to redress them; for I am sure that what is for your interest, must also be for mine, and for that of the whole city."

They asked for the deposition of Cabrera. Isabella declared that their desires would be granted, and so calmed and quieted the tumult, that she persuaded the people to return to their several occupations, advising them to send a deputation in a day or two, when all was quiet, to lay their grievances before her. Finding, on inquiry, that Cabrera was innocent of the charges imputed to him, she afterwards restored him to office, without provoking the slightest popular opposition.

But this was not the only occasion, upon which was shown this fearless disposition of the Queen, and her rare gift for controlling the angry passions of factions and of individuals. In Estramadura and in Andalusia, a deadly feud was in progress, in which were involved two of the most powerful houses of the Kingdom, Ponce de Leon and Guzman. The feud was, indeed, so widespread, that a great portion of these two provinces participated therein. It was represented to Isabella, by her adviser, Cardinal Mendoza and others, that she was merely exposing herself to unnecessary danger, by hastening to the scene of this turmoil. Isabella replied, that:

"It was true there were dangers and inconveniences to be encountered; but her fate was in God's hands, and she felt a confidence that He would guide to a prosperous issue such designs as were righteous in themselves and resolutely conducted."

We have a description of the truly royal doings at ancient Seville on this very occasion. The citizens greeted the advent of Isabella, with rare enthusiasm. Those were gala days for Seville. Tournaments, and the various games of chivalry which delighted the world of old, were held during several days. After

the festival time was over, Isabella set herself to the real business of the hour. A throne was erected for her, and following a very ancient precedent, Isabella herself presided over the administration of law. In the chair of state, on the platform covered with the cloth of gold, the young sovereign seated herself, each Friday. Trial progressed after trial with marvellous rapidity. Justice reigned supreme. No corruption was possible. Punishment followed swiftly upon condemnation. Abuses that had existed for centuries were swept away ; delinquents were surprised in the fancied security of their misdeeds. Four thousand persons, as chroniclers relate, fled the Kingdom in terror of being brought before that stern tribunal. At last, the citizens sent deputies to Isabella, imploring mercy, and declaring that through the baneful influence of party spirit, and hereditary feuds, nearly all within the town were in some way guilty. Thenceforth mercy sat side by side with justice, and tempered its severity. Isabella at this time succeeded in putting an end, for the moment at least, to the long standing feud between Guzman and Ponce de Leon, these houses being then represented respectively by the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the Marquis of Cadiz.

On some occasions, efforts were made, as of old, to tamper with justice. Thus a certain lord, Alvaro Yañez de Lugo, offered in atonement for offences to pay an immense sum of money to the crown—a sum larger than were the yearly royal revenues. Some counsellors would have persuaded Isabella to accept it, and pardon the offender. But she refused, and left his punishment to the law. No offender, howsoever high his station, or extended his influence, could hope to escape the consequences of his misdeeds.

Isabella, in company with Ferdinand, made a royal progress through the Kingdom, everywhere reforming abuses, putting restraint upon the lawless, and making salutary laws. In Galicia, alone, as ancient chroniclers tell, fifty fortresses which were, more properly speaking, robbers' dens, were razed to the ground

and no less than fifteen hundred evil-doers driven from the realm.

Isabella, herself, conceived the design of utilizing a formidable institution which had been hitherto for centuries, a great terror to the Crown of Castile. We mean, the *Santa Hermandad,* or Holy Brotherhood. This body was now re-organized, and being, of course, a military one, was used to execute the laws against offenders, and to strike terror into the hearts of those proud nobles who had been from immemorial time, the tyrants of the Commonalty. Isabella, despite the fiery opposition of the aristocracy, caused the Brotherhood to be legalized by the Cortes. Henceforth, it was a powerful and efficient instrument of reform. In some of the laws against criminals, now enacted under the jurisdiction of this body, it was decided that: "the convict shall receive the Sacraments like a Catholic Christian, and after that be executed as speedily as possible, in order that his soul may pass the more securely."

All writers testify to the sweeping and effectual changes for the good of the Kingdom. "This was, indeed," cries a contemporary writer,* "the Golden Age of Justice, and since our sainted mistress has been taken from us, (it was after the Queen's death) it has been more difficult and far more costly, to transact business with a stripling of a secretary, than it was with the Queen and all her ministers."

"A decree signed by two or three Judges, was since that time more respected than an army before."

Isabella devoted considerable attention to the important work of having the code of law, hitherto insufficient and semi-barbarous, revised. But one of her great enterprises, in which she displayed a combined firmness, sagacity, and courage, which have commanded the admiration of posterity, was in restraining the hitherto unlimited power of the nobility, too often put to base uses. They were forbidden to erect new castles, to make

* Oviedo, Quincuagenas MSS.

war upon each other, or to engage in duelling; this was in fact, a practice, against which the most stringent laws were directed, laws always carried out with the utmost impartiality. The nobles on one occasion, petitioned the sovereigns to repose more confidence in their order, and to cease from imposing such restrictions upon them. The reply was haughty and concise. It left them the option to retire from the court if they wished. "It is our province," said the sovereigns, "to determine who are best entitled to preferment, and to make merit the standard thereof."

The financial reforms, which also obtained, were chiefly conducted by the Queen's confessor, Ferdinand de Talavera. He was a man of austere and saintly demeanor, of tried sanctity, ascetic in his habits, prudent in his counsels, and ever aiding his royal penitent, by his wisdom and rectitude, to steer the barque of state through troubled waters.

It was in this auspicious reign that trade was put on such a basis, as to produce an almost magical transformation in the commercial prosperity of the country. The adulteration of the coin, and the various other deplorable abuses for which the preceding reigns were responsible, had, commercially speaking, laid waste the country. "To Isabella," says Prescott, "was principally ascribed this auspicious revolution in the condition of the country and its inhabitants, which seems almost as magical as one of those transformations in romance wrought by the hands of some benevolent fairy."

In fact, while Ferdinand and Isabella established on a firm basis, the pre-eminence of the monarchy, they left no order of the people, no institution, no province nor city unbenefited by their salutary interference. Every abuse, with the minutest details thereof, came under their personal notice, every reform was made under their direction. It would be impossible to follow this branch of our subject at any greater length, and as we have many important episodes in the history of our royal

heroine to chronicle, we shall turn aside here for a moment to glance hastily at Isabella, as she appeared at home, in that court over which she presided so graciously and with such truly maternal solicitude : She made herself beloved by everyone who was brought into contact with her. While her great qualities might have dazzled, and her wonderful vigor and energy in the conduct of public affairs repelled, her gentleness, her womanliness, and graciousness, universally attracted. There was a largeness of heart, a truly royal generosity about her, that won love as imperatively as her piety, her modesty, her devotion to God and the interest of holy Church, commanded respect and inspired confidence. The ladies of her court were her children. She watched over their every act, and shielding them from the too often pernicious influence of a life of splendor, encouraged them to rise, even above those natural qualities, which in the standard of the world pass for virtues, into the more exalted sphere of true Christian piety. Her maids of honor were "educated under her own eye," and on their marriage, she endowed each of them, with a liberal marriage portion. The atmosphere of the court, was now completely purified. All the evil of the previous regime was purged thence. Justice and sobriety reigned supreme. Vice was banished. The slightest approach to licence repressed. Gambling, which had been the ruin of so many, hitherto, was now forbidden. The King and Queen were alike remarkable for their simple and temperate habits, both as to dress and the table. There was no luxury, no extravagance, no excess of what kind soever. It is true, when occasion demanded, Isabella and her royal consort appeared apparelled in a magnificence, which seems to us now all but fabulous, if we trust to the testimony of contemporary writers. But this "pomp and circumstance" was in season, and befitted the public events of a monarchy rapidly becoming the grandest in the universe. What a majestic figure is that of Isabella, standing already at the pinnacle of human

greatness, her outstretched hand as it were touching the confines of civilization, and leading withal the humble, pure and mortified life of a practical Christian. The affairs of state were for her, so many paths leading into eternity. Each one she had to utilize for her own everlasting welfare. She had the souls of her subjects to save, she had the destinies of an Empire to control. Every insignificant act was fraught with terrific responsibility. In all the concerns of her life, she sought direction, where the humblest Catholic may seek it, in the Confessional, from the ministers of God. Hence the extraordinary strength she displayed in pursuing the rugged path of public righteousness. Hence her integrity, upon which her subjects so confidently relied, her adherence to principle, to justice, her constancy in the paths of truth and right. Her statesman craft she learned at the foot of the Altar, before the hidden Lord of the Tabernacle, or from the mouth of his servant in the sacred Tribunal. The "ghostly influence," of which the enemies of God complain, was the helm that steered this noble ship through troublous waters. Without it, there must have been lamentable shipwreck. No unchristian queen, nor simply indifferent queen could have avoided those shoals and breakers. Only a religious sovereign, a deeply and thoughtfully religious one, could have saved Spain then. She showed it the upward path, to the earthly grandeur it afterwards attained, and to the solid Catholic stability of principle, which preserved it for so many centuries, from the curse of godless doctrines, and the innumerable evils following in its train.

Happily for Isabella, the principles and ideas of Ferdinand coincided in all important respects with her own. He, too, was a practical Catholic. Were confessors the ruling power at courts, there would be few revolutions. Did "ghostly influence" prevail, the groans of the populace would not so often be drowned in the effeminate and sometimes riotous revelry of a godless court.

We now come to a chapter in the history of Isabella which

has been subjected to more adverse criticism, than anything in modern annals. Protestant and other non-Catholic critics have exhausted themselves in vituperation of an institution, which impartial judgment must admit, was in some degree required by the exigencies of the age. The present is not a time to advance arguments for or against the much belied Inquisition. Neither will space permit us to dwell long upon its advantages. Modern bigotry execrated it. But that proves nothing. On the other hand it tempts us to inquire whether a really harmful institution, that is, harmful to religion or morals, or to the true interests of humanity, would have provoked such an outcry. That in some cases the salutary power of this restraining agency was abused, we freely admit. That abuses did arise thence, may be granted. But that the Inquisition was wholly harmful, altogether iniquitous, or in that age and country even unnecessary, we emphatically deny.

To transport ourselves into Spain just then, might clear up many doubts upon this subject. Anarchy and wild disorder ran riot. The holiest interests of the nation and of the individual were at stake. Religion, Christianity, must have perished. Every evil was present, and no remedy. In many cases, the King and Queen, these model rulers, were compelled to resort to devices which now would seem strange, perhaps inexcusable. As an instance we may give the employment of the *Santa Hermandad* in the work of reform. Is any outcry raised against them? No. The excuse is ready. Exceptional evils, required exceptional remedies. Was it, then, only when the interests of God were at stake, that some measures of restraint became unnecessary? Was crime to be permitted to lay waste the territory of the Most High alone? Were offences against Him only to go unpunished? Were evil doctrines, infidelity, the scourge of our so-called enlightened days, errors of all kinds, to be freely promulgated among the people, engrafted upon their ignorance? Was their faith, the sole preservative left them, to be tampered

with ruthlessly? We say, no. Some safeguard, some breakwater was needed, or the deluge of corruption and unbelief would have swept Spain into an abyss of universal ruin. Nor does the political aspect ofthe Inquisition seem less justifiable. Only, we may remark, that thence arose those abuses, which have made the Inquisition a bugbear to liberalism. The false liberalism, which leaves room in the universe for everything but God. It protects all other interests but those of the Omnipotent, would give liberty to all but the workers in God's service.

The Inquisition, of course, had been established at a much more remote period than that of which we write, but, as it was revived, and put into active operation during the reign of Isabella, we are therefore, concerned therewith. Some of its enactions were directed against the Jews, a hapless people, who, indeed, in the more remote ages were constantly subjected to persecution. Far, indeed, be it from any Catholic to approve of any spirit of intolerance shown against a people whose misfortunes were too often the result of mere popular prejudice. That such a spirit is not Catholic, has been amply proved even in modern times, when the Popes have shown their opposition to all anti-Semetic outbreaks, and openly protected the Jews. But in those early days, there is no doubt that they were in constant conspiracy with the enemies of the State. They fraternized with the Arabs to an astonishing extent, and we find these facts stated, again and again, by those who most loudly denounce the Sovereigns of Spain for their decrees against them. Thus Prescott * speaks of "the Saracenic invasion, which the Jews, perhaps *with reason are accused of having facilitated.*"

He continues at length to prove that the Jews harmonized, in spirit and in act, with the Moslem enemies of the kingdom. A careful examination of the workings of the Inquisition, which it is useful for every Catholic to make, as far as lies in his power,

* Life of Ferdinand and Isabella, Vol. I. chap. II. p. 191-2.

will reveal gross exaggeration and wilful misrepresentation, in the charges brought against it. Very often they are malicious calumnies invented by those who had private grievances against the government or Church, or ever since that time in mere hatred of religion. Never was evidence so distorted, never was there such patent hearing of false witnesses, and of prejudiced testimony as in this matter of the Inquisition. All statements which militated against it were received with eager, open-mouthed avidity by chroniclers outside the Church, modern as well as ancient. They lost sight at once of fairness and impartiality when there was question of the Inquisition ; no old wife's tale was too improbable to be swallowed. They boast of their enlightenment, and they accept with a species of superstition which attaches to the theme, fictions that even in a barbarous age could only have gained credence from an ignorant multitude.

Long before the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella, there had been a popular outbreak against the Jews. Allowing for the blind prejudices of a mob, there must have been something in the charges which led to this outbreak. It was closely following upon this tumult that St. Vincent Ferrer, converted, as it is related, thirty-five thousand Jews, to which sneering allusion is made by a historian, who might well be above the pettiness of such ill-timed sarcasms, against a great religious episode. Were there not many of old who stood by and mocked when Peter and Paul were gathering beneath the banner of the Crucified those thousands of neophytes? However, on the testimony of this same biographer,* the converted Jews were often raised to important positions of trust in the kingdom, under Ferdinand and Isabella, and intermarried with the first Castilian families.

It is astonishing to find historians of high character accepting

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*Prescott, vol. I., chap. VII., p. 195.

the testimony of Llorente, a bad, disgraced priest, and a most *untruthful witness* in matters relating to the Inquisition. He had himself held office therein, and was dismissed for misappropriation of the funds, hence his malice. Do any of those who quote him assign a cause for his deadly hatred of the institution, and his wilful perversion of facts?*

In support of the pure motives with which this Tribunal was established, we have the character of Isabella, noble, magnanimous and inspired with the broadest Christian charity, the wise, politic, almost too cautious character of Ferdinand, usually so moderate and so prudent in its acts, and so inspired like his consort, with a sense of responsibility in his government of the country. We have the wisdom and the virtues of Cardinal Mendoza, one of the chief advisers of the sovereign, who could not have been in ignorance of the establishment of such an institution. "The conduct of this eminent minister" in this affair, says Prescott, "seems to have been equally politic and humane." And we have the broad enlightenment and statesmanship of the immortal Ximenes.

Every fact of the life and reign of Isabella, so sincerely good and useful to her countrymen, is a proof that this institution was a political and even, perhaps, religious necessity of that lawless and hardened age. If "ghostly influence" had hitherto led the Queen well and wisely in paths which few sovereigns have had the courage or magnanimity to tread, if it continued to guide her steps in all righteousness and Godliness, why should the same influence have urged her to the commission of such an enormity, without the shadow of extenuation, as some histori-

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*"Don Juan Antonio Llorente," says Prescott, "is the only writer who has succeeded in lifting the veil from the dread mysteries of the Inquisition." It would be more in accordance with truth to say, that the ex-secretary of the Tribunal was he who had most shamelessly perjured himself in its regard.

ans would represent the Inquisition to have been. However, before its actual establishment, we mean in the reign of Isabella, various measures were resorted to under the Queen's direction, and that of Cardinal Mendoza, to lead heretics by more gentle means into the way of truth. A catechism was specially compiled, and the clergy were urged to neglect no means which might tend to the conversion of Jews, or unbelievers of what kind soever. In January, 1481, an edict was finally issued requiring all to assist in apprehending persons guilty of the sin of heresy, or of inculcating false doctrines. We would consider such a decree now, tyrannous and unjust. So would it undoubtedly be, in our day, under present circumstances, with our actual views of life. So we cannot pronounce it positively to have been unless we go back centuries, and find ourselves in the precise surroundings in which Isabella found herself, hampered by the same difficulties, beset by the same perils, burning with the same zeal for the salvation of her neighbors. For a soul such as hers to find that a deadly poison was being slowly but certainly diffused amongst her people, was no ordinary trial. Had the poison been material, no outcry would be made against the sovereign for punishing offenders. Extraordinary it is how little the spiritual weighs in the balance of the world. It is a praiseworthy act to save a man from suicide, it is culpable to save him from eternal death; it is laudable to punish with death one who deprives his fellow-man of the life of the body, but criminal to chastise, even by minor penalties, one who deliberately and of malice aforethought kills his neighbor's soul.

As, however, the Inquisition has always been considered a stigma upon the Church, we may mention here that many of the victims of the Tribunal escaped into various countries of Europe, and there appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff, Sixtus IV., against the severity of its decisions. Some of them even went to Rome, and remained there under the protection of the Pope.

Yet the Pope, who nobly sheltered these people in the time of their adversity, by no means disapproved of the Inquisition. On the contrary, he approved its general character and acts, only remonstrated against any harshness, or excess of zeal. He, in fact, threatened, if any such excess was duly proved, to remove the Inquisitors, and rebuked them for intemperate zeal. Later on, in 1483, he wrote to Isabella, encouraging her in the work she had undertaken, and giving her a special blessing. There is no doubt that he was convinced of the necessity and utility of the Inquisition. History proves that the Popes were always upon the side of the oppressed. In no case that can be quoted did they take part with the tyrant. Wherever legitimate liberty was desired, the Popes were on the side of the weak. In this single instance it is not likely that the Sovereign Pontiff would have acted in opposition to the policy of his long line of predecessors. Taking the array of virtue, learning, justice and moderation which were on the side of the Inquisition, considering that much information upon the subject has been derived from the infamous Llorente, who admits having destroyed all documents relating thereunto, and others of his stamp, that an oft-quoted writer thereupon is the Christ-hating Voltaire, what are we to conclude? That we must be cautious in basing our opinion upon the scources of information nearest at hand, which are often unworthy of credence, and believe that in its original intentions the Inquisition was good, in its acts much more lenient and merciful than many civil courts in various parts of Europe at the period; that its punishments, which appear to us most horrible now, were commonly used for the most trivial offences in the ordinary courts of law throughout mediæval Europe, that no persons were put to death by the Inquisition, but that the hardened and contumacious were handed over to the secular power. More than all, that many statements published in regard to it are false.

That the abuses charged upon it arose from many causes,

above all from the wild and turbulent character of the times, the lawless condition of the kingdom, and as we have said before, the political elements which entered into its composition. That it leaves no stain upon the character of Isabella is obvious. What she did in regard to it, was done with the purest motives. That allowing for some sternness or harshness in the conduct of Torquemada, the most famous Grand Inquisitor, his motives and his personal character were blameless. He, the bugbear of the heretical child, was, in point of fact, a devout, religious man, inspired with a mighty zeal for the conversion of souls, and the saving of the kingdom from the curse of unbelief. As time goes on, and light is thrown clearer and stronger, year by year, on the dark places of the past, when the human mind becomes superior, if it ever does, to the weakness of accepting any fable which harmonizes with its own prejudices, and throwing aside the sober testimony of facts, the Inquisition will be cleared of much of the odium that rests upon it, and even the much-abused Torquemada will stand out as a man whom deep religious earnestness, and profound conviction of the vanity of all but spiritual things, led to the adoption of means, repugnant, most heartily repugnant to us now, but by no means discordant to the spirit of his age, and the circumstances of the country wherein he lived. Enough of the Inquisition.

We have now to follow the gracious and beautiful Isabella through a phase in her military experiences, which is more than any other connected with her name. Those Moorish wars, which ended in the fall of Granada, so prolific as they are in poetry and romance, in weird pathos, in picturesque heroism, in thrilling feats of arms, in noble enthusiasm, in dauntless valor, in all those elements which mingled in this conflict, and have woven an imperishable wreath around the name of Isabella. It is an inexhaustible theme. The beauty and luxuriance of that kingdom of Spain, fair as the gardens of the terrestrial Paradise : those wild Sierras, those richly flowering

Vegas, those streams so silvery and so bright, that they might have been the water which flows through the fabled Mahome tan Paradise ; the gorgeous magnificence which came of the Oriental sway of the Moslem, the barbaric splendor of the Alhambra, of the Generalife all unite to make the theatre of this war, one which combines whatever can attract the imagination, and appeal to the lover of the romantic. That Granada, with its walls, flanked by a thousand and thirty towers, and its alhambra resting upon the brow of the hill, now a ruin, then a palace, with all the magnificence in which the monarchs of the East revelled ; the streets of the town, with their high lofty houses of marble adorned with glittering metals. Those streets of Granada, cry the Moorish chroniclers, enthusiastically, "glittered like stars through the dark foliage of the orange groves." There is no city in history that has so interested the poetic and imaginative, as that hapless capital of Moslem power. There is a wild and a mystical romance about it, and in the sad-eyed Moors, who are supposed to haunt it still, there is a charm which makes us forget that these "infidels" were the deadly-foes of Christianity, that the city of Granada, compared as it has been to "an enamelled vase, sparkling with hyacinthes and emeralds," was once the lurking place of those warriors who did to death the flower of Christian chivalry, and whose inroads, if not arrested, would have been fatal to the fortunes of Christendom. The most sober historian is fain to forget all facts in presence of this romantic story of the Moorish wars. Those streams of the Xenil and the Darro, that luxurious Vega de Granada, have each a curious fascination about them. They are interwoven with the varied incident of a people's fall, and the rise of a new empire. The mind is never tired of dilating upon the glories of those ancient days, when the valorous Ferdinand and the lion hearted Isabella stood forth at the head of the knightliest band that ever Christendom has seen, to combat foes, knightly, too, in all their unbelief, and so often, in the vicissitudes of war, proved chivalrous.

We are about to take a bird's-eye view of this celebrated struggle for Christian or Moorish domination in Spain, and to catch brief glimpses of the magnificent Isabella making war upon the infidel, in all the splendor of her youth, beauty, and magnanimity. No more chivalrous soul ever broke a lance for God and country. The woman is forgotten, to be remembered only when the wounded, or the captive, or the wretched, appeal to that generous heart, which never heard appeal in vain. The sovereign is before us in her full majesty, with the old fiery Castilian blood throbbing in her veins, and the proud, tumultuous Castilian heart leaping at sound of battle, and the ardent Castilian faith, eager to overcome only that it may convert those hapless Moors, who in the sensual delights of an earthly paradise, live heedless and ignorant of a spiritual life to come. Granada and those Moorish cities of the past are a fitting stage for Isabella to play her part. None other would have beseemed her. Her every quality is brought out into full relief, the strong and the gentle, the masculine, and the intensely womanly, the romantic, the religious, the poetic, the chivalrous; her high soul, her dauntless heart, her lofty intellect are all brought into play. She is a heroine suited to her times and to her surrounding. Bright with the splendor of the old mediæval faith, dark with the turmoils that gathered about it, resplendent with the glory of the Christian arms, dim and obscured with the tears of Araby, gorgeous with the jewels, and the broideries and the gems of the Orient, shining brighter yet with the lustre of a Christian court, encircled by fabled streets, gardens, rivers, perfumes, incense, the indescribable luxury of the Moslems, the ineffable sweetness of its own soft climate, by everything that is beautiful and picturesque, we have a picture of Spain, forming a back-ground for the gracious figure, the noble and majestic face of Isabella the Catholic.

In the time of Aben Ismail, the Moorish ruler during the two last reigns in Castile, the Christians and the Saracens

were at peace, and it is asserted that the grandees of Spains did not disdain appearing at the court of Granada, and taking part in tournaments and other games of knightly prowess. But all was changed. The fiery Muley Abul Hacen was on the Moslem throne. The old hatred of Christianity, springing up in the heart of the monarch, descended through him to the meanest of his subjects. Abul Hacen became the aggressor, and sent an expedition into Andalusia. He had chosen his time badly. Spain was once more restored to something like order.

Ferdinand and Isabella were eager for an opportunity to drive the crescent back into the deserts of Africa. The united kingdoms of Castile and Arragon were ripe for combat. Hundreds of knights, belonging to the proudest Spanish families, whose natural ardor and thirst for glory had been restrained by the restrictions imposed upon the nobles, were now eager for new and more honorable fields of prowess. They awaited but the signal, and like the war horse, "scented the battle afar off."

One wild, tempestuous night, the 26th December, 1481, when the wrath of Heaven seemed sweeping over the earth, and the Spanish guards were at rest within the walls, the Moors scaled the ramparts of Zahara, a town in Andalusia. The surprise was complete, the disaster unmitigated. All the inhabitants of the place, soldiers and citizens, men and women, were carried into captivity. This was but two years after the time that the same Muley Abul Hacen had replied to the Spanish Sovereigns when they demanded their yearly tribute: "The mints of Granada coin no longer gold, but steel."

His boast seemed justified by this first of a long train of warlike achievements. Yet it is said that an aged Alfaki, cried out on hearing of this primal victory:

"Woe is me! the ruins of Zahara will fall upon our own heads; the days of the Moslem empire in Spain are now numbered."

His prophetic words found an echo not only among many of

his own race, but in Castile. The Moors had now to reap the whirlwind. The chastisement of this first audacious act was speedy and severe. The taking of the fortress and city of Alhama, by the Marquis of Cadiz and his followers, was attended with circumstances of extraordinary daring and reads like a romance. Alhama was in the very heart of the Moslem territory and not far from Granada itself. The marquis marched thither, with a small but carefully chosen force, and did not reveal his actual purpose to his men, till they were close to the place. In the darkness, and like the invaders of Zahara, in the midst of a furious storm, the Spaniards seized upon the fortress and entered with colors flying and drums sounding. The city was awakened too late. The townspeople, however, made a long and desperate resistance, but Spanish bravery prevailed, and that important fortified place fell under the Spanish dominion. It was a city celebrated for its baths, which yielded an enormous revenue to the Moorish sovereigns. There was even a royal residence there and this doomed Alhama had been, indeed, an abode of delights. The King and Queen heard the news in Castile with delight. They proceeded with the principal nobles, and a number of the clergy, to sing a Te Deum and give public thanks to God for the victory. But they likewise resolved to send forces at once to the relief of Alhama, on which the Moor Abul Hacen was already preparing to make a descent.

And, in fact, before any Spanish troops could reach their brethren, the Moors had blockaded Alhama, after unsuccessful efforts to take it by assault, and had almost entirely cut off the water supply. The want of provisions likewise completely disheartened the Spaniards, and had it not been for the indomitable spirit of the Marquis of Cadiz, the enterprise must have been abandoned. The relief of Alhama by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the hereditary foe of the Marquis, is one of the most dramatic situations in all Spanish history, besides furnishing a noble speci-

men of true patriotism, and forgetfulness of personal grievances in a great cause. When the town was rescued from its evil straits the leaders embraced in presence of their armies, and pledged themselves to bury past differences forever.

However, the Spanish forces shortly evacuated Alhama, leaving only a small detachment of the Santa Hermandad, under Don Diego Merlo. News now came that the Moorish King Abul Hacen had again advanced upon Alhama, which was a second time beleaguered. Ferdinand now made all haste to advance thither. Isabella was the life and soul of the enterprise, hastening hither and thither, urging, entreating, almost compelling the crown vassals to take part in the glorious strife. When it was suggested that Alhama should be abandoned as untenable, Isabella exclaimed that :

"Glory was not to be won without danger. The present war was one of peculiar difficulties and danger, and these had been well calculated before entering upon it. The strong and central position of Alhama made it of the last importance, since it might be regarded as the key of the enemy's country. This was the first blow struck during the war, and honor and policy alike forbade them to adopt a measure which could not fail to damp the ardor of the nation."

Her words were received with enthusiasm, and before long we find Ferdinand marching victoriously into Alhama, without having struck a blow. The entrance was made with pomp and splendor, and was followed by the purification of the three principal mosques, and their dedication as Christian Churches. Isabella with joyful heart sent thither the sacred vessels, and worked with her own hands an altar cloth for that new temple dedicated to Santa Maria de *la Encarnacion*. The thought that the sacrifice of the Mass was soon to be offered there, in those dim old Moorish temples, and that their arches would ring with the praises of Mary Immaculate, was honey and nectar to the great soul of Isabella, athirst as it was for the glory of the Catholic faith.

She made no secret that in these wars she sought the propagation of true religion and the conversion of the infidel.

Meanwhile Ferdinand prepared for new conquests and the Queen sent out fleets to cut off the Barbary coast, while busying herself in arousing the provinces and taking other measures to insure the success of the undertaking. The expedition to Loja, however, in which Ferdinand displayed great prowess, and considerable coolness, was both rash and ill-advised, and ended in a complete victory for the Moors.

But internal dissensions among the Moslems now began to weaken their cause. Boabdil, the oldest son of Abul Hacen, was proclaimed in his stead and from this arose a deadly feud between the parties.

Some time after, the Spaniards met with dire disaster in the Axarquia. The tale is too long to tell, full of thrilling incident, of vainly glorious achievement. Suffice it to say that Andalusia offered up a hecatomb of martyrs. There was scarcely a family in the province but had to lament a member. However, the forces of the Moslems received an equal check before Cabra. They lost their renowned leader, Ali Altar, surnamed "el Morisma," and the young King Boabdil was taken prisoner. There was, moreover, terrible loss of life on the Moorish side, and abundance of spoils fell into the hands of the Christians. Amongst the rest, nine, or some say twenty-two Moslem banners were captured. Hence the sovereign granted to the Count of Cabra the privilege of bearing on his shield the same number of pennons, "with the head of a Moorish King, encircled by a golden coronet, with a chain of the same metal round his neck." *

The hapless Boabdil was afterwards released, on terms far from being honorable to himself or advantageous to his country. He, in fact, consented, virtually, to aid the Spaniards in their war upon his father. An interview was granted him with Ferdi-

* Prescott, vol. I., p. 273.

nand, and when it was suggested to the latter that Boabdil should be made to kiss the Castilian monarch's hand as a sign of the latter's supremacy, he replied, "Were the King of Granada in his own dominions, I might do this; but not while he is a prisoner in mine."

The Count of Cabra on his return, after this expedition, was received with unparalleled honors. The nobles and the clergy went out to receive him, and he appeared before their majesties on the right hand of the Cardinal of Spain. The King and Queen advanced to meet him in the audience chamber, and placed him at a table with themselves, saying that "the conqueror of kings was worthy to sit with kings."

Isabella, who was indefatigable in her labors, took under her control the provisioning of the forces in Moorish territory. Hence:

"The Queen," says Prescott, "moved along the frontier, stationing herself at points most contiguous to the scene of operations. There, by means of posts regularly established, she received hourly intelligence of the war. At the same time, she transmitted the requisite munitions to the troops, by means of convoys sufficiently strong to secure them against the irruptions of the wily enemy. Isabella, solicitous for everything that concerned her people, sometimes visited the camp in person, encouraging the soldiers to endure the hardships of war, and relieving their necessities by liberal donations of clothes and money. She caused, also, a number of large tents, known as 'the Queen's hospitals' to be always reserved for the sick and wounded, and furnished them with the requisite attendants and medicine, at her own charge. This is considered the earliest attempt at the formation of a regular camp hospital on record."

"Isabella," he continues, "may be regarded as the soul of this war. She engaged in it with the most exalted views, less to acquire territory, than to re-establish the empire of the Cross over the ancient domain of Christendom."

Nor would she permit any other purpose to divert her attention from this central one. When the King would have engaged in war with Louis of France, Isabella dissuaded him, and shamed the grandees of Spain into continuing the conflict with the Moors, which at times they would have abandoned. "They did not wish to be surpassed in valor by a woman," says an ancient chronicler.

The war went on with ever increasing vigor. It would be in vain to attempt an enumeration of the towns that fell one by one before the Christian arms. In all the principal battles Ferdinand took part, rushing into the midst of the combat, like the meanest of his vassals, and when remonstrated with, crying out: "That he could not stop to calculate chances, when his subjects were perilling their lives for his sake." One of the most soul-stirring episodes in the fight, was the siege of Malaga, so obstinate, so desperate, so almost hopeless. At last, when after the most recklessly daring ventures, all seemed lost. Ferdinand sent for Isabella. She came thither at once, with the Cardinal of Spain, and attended by a gorgeous retinue. At sight of her, the aspect of things changed. The Spanish cavaliers felt that in her presence they must win or die. Young aspirants sought honors with two-fold eagerness, when that much loved Sovereign Lady was at hand to witness their triumph.

The Queen, however, on this occasion, narrowly escaped a terrible danger. After one of the sorties made by the beseiged Moors upon their Christian foes, a Moor was made prisoner, and asked to see the King and Queen, as he had news to communicate to them. As it happened, Ferdinand was asleep, and the Queen bade the Moor remain without, in an adjoining tent. The Moor, not understanding what was said, and finding two richly dressed people in the tent into which he was ushered, drew forth a dagger and inflicted severe wounds upon both, mistaking them for the King and Queen.

On the 18th August, after a siege of three months, Ferdinand

and Isabella made their solemn entrance into the city. Nothing was omitted that could lend grandeur and solemnity to the occasion, and the victorious sovereigns prostrated themselves with their army, before the altar of one of the Cathedrals, once a mosque, where Mass was said. Then pealed forth the *Te Deum Laudamus,* which was the mediæval pæan of victory. A most touching incident was the release of the unhappy Christian captives, who for years had groaned in the dungeons of Malaga. Some of them were wasted and worn beyond recognition. They threw themselves with tears at the feet of their sovereigns, who raised them and embraced them, loading them with gifts.

The protracted operations before Baza, too, deserve to be chronicled as among the most important of the campaign. So expensive was this enterprise, that when every other resource failed, Isabella pledged her jewels, to procure the necessary means. But as discouragement had seized upon the soldiers and even the leaders, it was absolutely necessary that Isabella should appear as before at Malaga. It was, indeed, her noble and courageous letter, exhorting the warriors of the Cross not to lose their confidence in God, that had induced them to continue their efforts as long as they had done in face of such deadly perils. On Isabella's arrival, it is said the beleaguered citizens of Baza assembled on the ramparts of their doomed city, to behold the royal cortege, winding through the sombre passes of the Sierras. Never to be forgotten sight. It acted as a charm on beseiged and besiegers alike. The latter took new heart from the presence of their beloved lady, while the former sent out a flag of truce, a few days after Isabella's arrival, and in a very short time Baza capitulated. Once more the Christian host entered the walls, with martial music, the singing of hymns and prayers of thanksgiving on their lips. This was a final blow to the Moslem power, and was soon to be followed by the surrender of Granada, which, in the words of the historian, "the baneful horoscope of Boabdil had forecast."

The details of the siege of Granada are marvellous, especially the building of that city, completed in four days, to shelter the troops. At Isabella's request it was called Santa Fé, as a tribute to the faith and confidence in God displayed by her army throughout the campaign. Isabella and her ladies, even before the building of this city, remained in camp all the time. And many a noble tournament, in which the bravest and proudest in Spain broke a lance, took place on that plain in view of the doomed city, that Moorish Eden, whence soon were to be driven the hapless sons of Islam. At last came the day of victory ; on the 25th November, 1491, the ancient city of Granada capitulated, on terms honorable to the besieged, and so brought to an end a war in which are witnessed more numerous and more striking instances of heroism, of magnanimity, of chivalry and of lofty faith and confidence in God, than in any other struggle on record. Both sides were conspicuous for noble actions ; many a touching episode is told of Moslems as well as of Christians. We shall have a few words to say upon the general conduct of the war, but shall first briefly chronicle the glorious entrance of the sovereigns into Granada.

The pageant was a rare one, indeed. The Cardinal of Spain in full robes riding forward with his guard of honor, the King at some distance back, and after a short interval the Queen, each surrounded by the flower of the Castilian Knighthood. The gorgeous costumes of the Queen and her ladies, the burnished armor of the knights, the display of banners and pennons, escutcheons and crests, all the picturesque details of a royal triumph, cannot be here described. At that solemn moment, sublime with the destinies of two nations, when the standard of Castile and St. Iago appeared upon the crimson towers of the alhambra, and the great silver Cross, the gift of Sixtus IV., to the sovereigns, borne triumphantly through the wars, shone above the gates of the city, the proud and warlike host prostrated themselves with one accord, with the King and Queen at their head.

Emotion kept all silent, till they broke forth again into that mighty hymn of thanksgiving, the Te Deum. The procession having entered Granada, the nobles of Spain knelt and kissed the hand of the Queen in token of allegiance to the sovereign of the new kingdom. We need not follow the hapless Boabdil, in his exit from the town, and his last mournful glance backwards from the summit of that hill, since called the "Last sigh of the Moor." Fatal spot, whereon even his own mother taunted him with his defeat. He, like his uncle, the valorous El Zagal, who had surrendered at Baza, were treated with every courtesy by the Sovereigns of Castile, but no amount of consideration could console those who were forced to depart from this fair, though usurped inheritance of Granada, to re-enter it no more. In reviewing the whole conduct of the campaign, we are struck with the wonder which fills every biographer on finding that the army comported itself throughout with a sobriety, a decency, a moderation truly amazing. They acted like Christian soldiers in the truest sense of the term. Vice of every kind, which too often prevails in the camp, was completely banished hence, and for this we have the testimony of every chronicler who has written upon the subject. Thus Prescott, who follows in his recital several of the most noted ancient chroniclers: "The Castilian army," he says, "swelled by these daily augmentations, varied in its amount, according to different estimates, from sixty to ninety thousand men. Throughout this immense host, perfect discipline was maintained. Gaming was restrained by ordinances interdicting the use of dice and cards. Blasphemy was severely punished. So entire was the subordination, that not a knife was drawn, and scarcely a brawl occurred among the motley multitude. Besides the higher ecclesiastics who attended the court, the camp was well supplied with holy men, priests, friars, and the chaplains of the great nobility, who performed the exercises of re-

ligion in their respective quarters with all the pomp and splendor of the Roman Catholic worship." *

"Who would have believed," says Peter Martyr, an Italian contemporary writer, who was an eye witness of the siege, "who would have believed that the Galician, the fierce Asturian, and the rude inhabitants of the Pyrenees, men accustomed to deeds of atrocious violence, and to brawl and battle on the slightest pretence at home, should mingle amicably not only with one another, but with the Toledans, La Manchans, and the wily and jealous Andalusians, all living together in harmonious subordination to authority, like members of one family, speaking one tongue, and nurtured under a common discipline; so that the camp seemed like a community modelled on the principles of Plato's model Republic."

Marvellous accounts are given of the splendid rivalry among the grandees during the campaign. Each one sought to outvie the other, in bright, burnished armor, and complete equipages in plate, and in apparel. Their tents were fitted up with the utmost luxury, and without, each displayed armorial bearings and myriad colored pennons, which gave the scene the rich coloring of precious gems. At night, each cavalier was preceded by innumerable torches, and surrounded by pages and lacqueys in brilliant liveries. Though the King and Queen deplored such extravagance, yet it had no bad effect upon the courage of the warriors. Thus the most magnificent of all, the Duke del Infantado, of the house of Mendoza, cries out to his followers, at the siege of Illora, when, in the face of fearful odds they were about to turn back from the breach: "What, my men, do you fail me at this hour? Shall we be taunted with bearing more finery on our backs than courage in our heart. Let us not, in God's name, be

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* Prescott, Vol. I., p. 307.

laughed at as holiday soldiers." The assault was made and the place carried.

That the war had a religious character, our narrative, brief as it is, has proved. Thanksgiving to God after victory, supplication beforehand, invocation of the Patron of Spain, St. James, the constant attendance and ministry of the clergy, are chronicled on every occasion. And the Court of Rome had part in all the joy, special tidings being sent thereto. The Pope, indeed, at the outset not only gave his blessing to all who engaged in these wars, but granted them special indulgences. After the fall of Granada, the Pope, Cardinals and other clergy marched in procession to St. Peter's in solemn thanksgiving. We will conclude our glance at this most glorious war by quoting once again from the eminent biographer of Isabella :

"The history of this campaign is, indeed, most honorable to the courage, constancy, and thorough discipline of the Spanish soldier, and to the patriotism and general resources of the nation ; but most of all to Isabella. She it was who fortified the timid councils of the leaders after the disasters of the garden, and encouraged them to persevere in the siege. She procured all the supplies, constructed the roads, took charge of the sick, and furnished, at no little personal sacrifice, the immense sums demanded for carrying on the war ; and when at last the hearts of the soldiers were fainting under long-protracted sufferings, she appeared among them, like some celestial visitant, to cheer their faltering spirits, and inspire them with her own energy. The attachment to Isabella seemed to be a pervading principle, which animated the whole nation by one common impulse, impressing a unity of design on all its movements. The sympathy and tender care with which she regarded her people naturally raised a reciprocal sentiment in their bosoms ; but when they beheld her directing their councils, sharing their fatigues and dangers, and displacing all the comprehensive intellectual powers of the other sex, they look up to

her as to some superior being, with feelings far more exalted than those of loyalty. The chivalrous heart of the Spaniard did homage to her as to his tutelar saint."*

During the campaign, the sovereigns did not neglect those reforms which they had begun for the welfare of the kingdom, but pursued them vigorously. Moreover, foreign affairs more than once engaged their attention, the intrigues of Louis XI. of France and various negotiations with the Navarrese. Also, mediation in some Italian affairs, highly approved by the Pope. At all these things we cannot even glance, nor do they vitally concern our narrative. Ferdinand had ambassadors at all the European courts, and he is said to have been the first to send thither these resident representatives. In 1487, when the war was at its height, the Spanish Sovereigns, with their children, went into Arragon to secure the succession of their eldest son Prince John, then ten years of age.

In April, 1490, took place the ceremony of the betrothal between the Infanta Isabella, their daughter, and Alfonso, the Portuguese heir-presumptive. Don Fernando de Silveira represented Alfonso. The occasion was celebrated with all due solemnity, and great splendor of rejoicing. The ordinary course of festivities, tournaments and trials of knightly skill, in which even King Ferdinand took part, graced the betrothal. In the fall of the same year, the Infanta went into Portugal under the care of the Cardinal of Spain, attended by the Grand Master of the Order of St. James, and other distinguished nobles. Her dowry and her trousseau are the marvel of contemporary writers.

It is now our task to behold Isabella in a new character, and to consider her as the protector of a man universally misunderstood, who became in time the discoverer of a continent. If Christopher Columbus were enabled, at last, after

* Prescott, Ferdinand and Isabella, Vol I, p. 332-33.

many weary struggles, after being again and again despised and rejected, to attain his result, it was due to Isabella. We cannot at present enter into the merits of the case nor follow Columbus in all those disheartening failures, which would have shaken the constancy of a less indomitable spirit. His first friend, in Spain, was Fray Juan Perez de Marchena, Guardian of the Convent of ha Rabida in Andalusia. This monk, who was deeply interested in the projected discoveries of Columbus, gave him a letter to Ferdinand de Talavera, the Queen's confessor, who introduced him at court. However, Columbus was also befriended by Cardinal de Mendoza and the Dominican Friar Deza, who was afterwards Grand Inquisitor of Spain, in place of Torquemada. As the Moorish war was then in progress, Columbus was exposed to much delay; finally, however, the monarchs received him, Ferdinand coldly. But Isabella, urged by the desire of saving those millions of souls, whom it was said existed beyond the deep, cried out impulsively:

"I will assume the undertaking for my own Crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate." Immortal words, destined to echo through the universe.

"Isabella," says Irving, "was the soul of this grand enterprise. She was prompted by lofty and generous enthusiasm."* "She was filled with a pious zeal at the idea of effecting such a great work of salvation."

"No sooner," says Prescott, "were the arrangements completed, than Isabella prepared with characteristic promptness to forward the expedition by the most efficient measures. Orders were sent to Seville and other ports of Andalusia to furnish stores and other articles requisite for the voyage, free of duty, and at as low rates as possible."

On the morning of the 3d of August, 1492, the little fleet set

* Irving. Life of Columbus, p. 81.

sail, after all on board had received Holy Communion. On the 15th of March, 1593, it returned—successful. All is said in this word. What the triumph of Columbus must have been is scarcely conceivable. He appeared before the Sovereigns at Barcelona bringing with him many curious things from those lands beyond the main, and a few of the aborigines. We can judge of the wonder and amaze of the Spaniards, as the discoverer passed from city to city, with his strange attendants.

On coming into the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, they arose and advanced to meet him, with unparalleled condescension, considering that he was but a poor mariner. A poor mariner heretofore, but destined to rank in the eyes of posterity as the greatest man in Spain. In his account of the world which he had visited, and all its marvels, nothing interested Isabella so much as the description of those innumerable souls, waiting only for the pure light of the gospel to come to them. When Columbus had ended that unique narrative of his, the assembly by one accord fell upon their knees in thanksgiving and soon the Te Deum arose, anthem of jubilation, announcing that "Peace hath her victories no less than war."

Columbus remained for some time at Barcelona, as the honored guest of the King and Queen, while arrangements were being made for his return to the new continent, and for the establishment of intercourse therewith. Missionaries were also chosen, twelve in number, with Las Casas at their head, to go out with the good tidings to the infidel. The Indians who had come to Spain with Columbus were baptized, the King and Prince John being sponsors for two of them. Some of these converted heathens were now sent to receive a special course of instruction in the faith, that they might go back as missionaries to their countrymen. Strict injunctions were given to Columbus to deal as gently as possible in all respects with the natives, and to permit no tampering with their rights, nor injury to be done them in any way. Isabella's warm heart already

felt for them a portion of that deep affection which she extended to all of her own subjects.

The Pope, Alexander VI., now granted to the Spanish sovereigns, at their request, a bull confirming them in their possessions in the new World. From time immemorial the Popes regulated thus all matters of foreign policy for the various European States. On the 25th September, 1493, Columbus again set forth, this time with a fleet of seventeen vessels, all fully equipped.

A very few words will suffice here, of that event, which like the Inquisition, has called down a storm of condemnation on the heads of Ferdinand and Isabella, we mean the expulsion of the Jews. The number of these hapless people driven out of Spain is variously estimated, but it ranges from one hundred and sixty thousand souls to eight hundred. The harshness of the measure can scarcely be justified now, but it was undoubtedly extenuated by the political circumstances of Spain, following upon the Moorish Wars.

In the capital of the province of Catalonia on the 7th December, 1492, the career of Ferdinand was near being brought to an untimely close. It was on the eve of the Immaculate Conception, and the King, who had just presided at a court of justice, was descending a narrow staircase in the palace, when he was attacked by a hidden assassin. The wretch aimed a blow with a short sword or knife at the King's neck, but the blow was in a measure turned aside by a gold chain or collar. Ferdinand cried out: "St. Mary help us! Treason! Treason!" The retinue returned, and would have despatched the murderer, but the King, with his wonted coolness, bade them seize the wretch, instead, so that they might find out the authors of the conspiracy. The King, faint from loss of blood, was conveyed to his apartment, to which, indeed, he was confined for some time, the wound proving rather dangerous. The outcry amongst the populace was tremendous, for the feeling of

loyalty prevailed throughout the kingdom. The assassin was found to be insane, and Ferdinand had him discharged, but the people of the province, indignant at the outrage, put him to death themselves. Meanwhile the Queen never left her husband, praying, and having prayers offered for him till he recovered.

The state of literature during Isabella's reign was most flourishing. Isabella, herself, was possessed of all the elegant accomplishments, which, indeed, in our own so-called enlightened days, are not very common amongst women. "She was," says her biographer, "acquainted with several modern languages, and both wrote and discoursed in her own with great precision and elegance." But, as she was unacquainted with Latin, then much in vogue, she devoted herself to its acquirement, and soon became quite a proficient therein. Following her example, the Castilian ladies became each in turn votaries of science and of literature. In point of fact, they studied branches of knowledge the most recondite, and ladies, such as Doña Lucia de Medrano and others of her rank publicly lectured on the classics. "Female education at that day," says the historian, "embraced a wider compass of erudition, in reference to the ancient languages, than is common at present."* Curious commentary on the modern contempt for the darkness of the Middle Ages, and the superstition and ignorance which are ascribed to this period in Spain. In reality letters flourished everywhere, and in no country was a greater impulse given to learning, and greater inducements held out to scholars. In fact, it was one of the darling projects of Isabella, to create a taste among the younger nobility for the pursuit of learning. In this she was eminently successful. "No Spaniard," cries a writer of the day, † "was accounted noble who held science in indifference." The emi-

* Prescott, p. 405. † Givoo, Eulogy on Lebrija.

nent scholars who had been invited into Spain by Isabella to carry her scheme into execution, were fairly amazed at the rage for learning which prevailed. Peter Martyr describes the crowds who besieged his lecture room. The university of Salamanca attained its highest reputation, while academies were founded in all the principal cities. The glory of Spanish learning was, however, crowned by the foundation of the University of Alcalá by the magnificent Ximenes, one of the noblest and most enlightened patrons that letters ever found in any country. History, medicine, chemistry, were cultivated with the greatest success. The *ci-devant* Inquisitor Talavera had turned his house into an academy, and his "princely revenues," were spent for the advancement of learning. Cardinal Mendoza was only surpassed by his successor, the before mentioned Ximenes. The higher clergy, in fact, entered into this noble emulation with ardor. The progress made by science was unparalleled anywhere. "Theological studies," says Prescott, "were pursued with ardor, the Scriptures copiously illustrated, and sacred eloquence cultivated with success."

Yet, from mouth to mouth, among the vulgar and the lettered alike, is circulated the fable that the world needed a Luther to open the treasures of the Gospel to the people, when in Spain, Ximenes alone had compiled his immortal Polyglot Bible, which was sufficient glory for one reign.

Yet Spain, in this 15th century, is cried down as the abode of priestcraft and ignorance, as groaning under monkish rule; yet Isabella is represented as too much swayed by "ghostly influence." Never since the beginning of the world was there a reign when the spread of letters was more universal, and became even the prevailing fever of a gorgeous and aristocratic court. A handful of priests, under the regime of the Most Catholic Sovereigns, did more to favor learning than all the reformers who ever lived. Isabella herself, of all sovereigns

was the most enlightened, the most liberal, the most generous patron of letters, and the most devoted to reforming every department of her kingdom. In the very face of their own assertions as to superstition and ignorance, as to narrow and bigoted priests, historians, writing upon that time, pay a glorious tribute to the golden era of literature and science, that was then inaugurated in Spain, and fostered, most of all, by the clergy. If our space but permitted us to dwell upon this subject, we might produce proof after proof of what we say. Books were brought into the kingdom *free of duty*, and a certain German, Theodoric, was exempt from taxation, as being "one of the principal persons in the discovery and practise of the art of printing books, which he had brought with him into Spain at great risk and expense, with the design of ennobling the libraries of the kingdom."

The sole fault which modern cavillers have to find with all these regulations, is one which, in a Christian point of view, should redound to the glory of those who made them. This was a certain censorship appointed over volumes coming into the kingdom, or being there produced. Every book had to have a special license from the king, or other authorized person. It was a safeguard for the people, which it would be well if all Christian legislators provided. There would be fewer revolutions, less discontent in suffering humanity, and more harmony between the classes. The spread of dangerous doctrines among the masses can have none but evil results. If the Inquisitors, therefore, inquired into the reading of the populace, whose spiritual interests were in their keeping, and if Isabella desired above all to preserve her people from the scourge of bad reading, so devastating in its moral influence, they did wisely and well, and accomplished a reform more valuable than any other of their improvements in the condition of the kingdom.

* Life of Ferdinand and Isabella, Vol. I., p. 405.

With the wars in Italy and the other foreign relations of the kingdom, our narrative has little to do, the more especially that these things belonged rather to Ferdinand's department, while Isabella occupied herself, as we have seen, and continued to occupy herself with the internal affairs of the kingdom. However, Spain, at this critical juncture, owed to the Queen's penetration, one of her greatest captains, Gonsalvo de Cordova. Isabella selected him, in preference to many veteran officers, for the chief command of the Spanish forces. Another great man, who rose upon the splendid zenith of Isabella's reign, was one we have already mentioned, Cardinal Mendoza's successor, the renowned and saintly Franciscan, Ximenes. Of this great prelate, whom Prescott calls, "the most remarkable man of his time," we need only say here, that he acted in perfect accordance with the views of Isabella. Their lofty souls arose above the pettiness of worldly things and together they arranged their magnificent schemes for religion and for humanity. The reign of these most Catholic Sovereigns was a splendid arena, upon which men of varied attainments displayed each the full splendor of his genius. Ximenes, Cordova and Columbus are names written in gold upon the annals of the world.

It is time for us now to glance hastily at those domestic misfortunes which so saddened the gentle Queen. Her fortitude in supporting these afflictions shows as much moral grandeur as her heroism in the moment of battle. Her son, Prince John, who had made so auspicious a marriage with the Princess Margaret of Austria, was stricken down, in the midst of the public rejoicings incidental upon his marriage. The King, who was with him, was afraid to tell Isabella of her son's approaching death. But at last when the fatal news was broken to her, the Queen said calmly: "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His name."

But a second, and perhaps more cruel blow, was in the death

of the Sovereigns' eldest daughter, Isabella, Queen of Portugal, which took place less than a year after the death of John. It is said that, with all her resignation to the Divine Will, and the outward composure with which she bore this new and grievous affliction, Isabella never completely rallied from the load of grief which seemed to weigh her down. It brought on a severe illness, in which her life was threatened. Another of her children, Joanna, was, as is recorded, of feeble mind. So that, in truth, this most illustrious Sovereign was in her private life compelled to tread by that "royal road of the Cross," which alone can lead to the mountain of salvation. To her womanliness and gentleness of character in her domestic relations, all her biographers bear testimony. And they speak unanimously of her dignity and her modesty, her pure and spotless life, upon which not a shadow is cast. The love she bore her husband and children, and her devotion to them, blended in exquisite harmony with the duties of her public life. She was as exemplary a wife and mother as she was a sovereign. Her character is of perfect symmetry. All its proportions agree. Her intellectual gifts, lofty as they are, are balanced by her moral qualities, which are no less grand and striking. The tenderest emotions of a truly womanly heart, fit in among the grandest schemes of reform, for the advancement of science, and for the common good of humanity. Her beauty of person was the reflex of her soul; her generosity and magnanimity of heart were adjusted by firmness and sound judgment. It is little wonder that considering her in all relations of life, the Spaniards should revere her almost as a saint, and justly esteem her as the greatest in the long line of Castilian Sovereigns. Her heroism and daring on the battle-field were, indeed, masculine, but her gentle caring for the wounded and the dying was tender and merciful as that of a Sister of Charity. Her judgment was calm and penetrating, combining the perception of a delicately organized woman with the solidity and consistency of a man's

understanding. Her humility, her childlike confidence in God, and obedience to the advice of her spiritual guides, have been counted, indeed, against her; but the Catholic reader must recognize in them rare beauties, which are the brightest adornments of a Christian soul. Isabella's integrity of motive has never been disputed. Such fault as posterity has to find with her administration belongs to her age. In fact, we recognize in Isabella a degree of virtue which is rare outside the cloister. She was one of those typical women, who prove that sanctity is possible under any circumstances, in the court as in the convent. Her faith was the loadstar of her life, strong, lively, ardent. Her charity animated her to desire the good of all, and to mourn over those who for offences against Church and state, were subjected to the sad penalties imposed by the times. She erected schools and hospitals, and spent a large portion of her revenue in the endowment of charitable institutions and of monasteries. There was no scheme for the good of her people, or for their education and improvement, in which Isabella did not have a share. Her plans for the wellfare of the American aborigines, and her steadfast opposition to the introduction of slavery among them, would in themselves deserve a chapter, did space permit. The Queen declared that the Indians were "as free as her own subjects." It was the darling wish of her heart to propagate the Gospel among them, and send the "good tidings" into the very heart of their wild and trackless dominions.

It is beautifully recorded, that in those troubles with France, which led to a French invasion of Spanish territory, and marked that period, swiftly approaching now, when Isabella is to disappear from the history of Spain, that the Queen remaining at Segovia, was informed of all the operations of the army. When she heard that Ferdinand had set out from Girona with a large force to fall upon the French, she was much distressed at the probable shedding of Christian blood. She wrote to her husband begging of him not to close the retreat of the French, but to let

them go in peace, and leave vengeance to the Most High. She followed up her petition by prayer and fasting, in which her whole household joined. Her prayers were heard. The French retreated in good order, pursued by their foe. In many places on the frontier, which was abandoned to the Spaniards, Ferdinand, it is said, refused even to make prisoners, because the inhabitants were Christians.

We must unhappily take our leave now of a sovereign whose career we follow, and find it stainless, whose character we study in its intricacies, and find it, humanly speaking, without flaw, whose exquisite purity of life has made her an example to all succeeding sovereigns. "She was," says Prescott, "surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,

'Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.'

He dwells particularly upon her piety and faithfulness to her private devotions. "Her actions," he says, "were habitually based on principle. Her measures were characterized by practical good sense."

"She was careful," he adds, "to instruct her daughters in the more humble departments of domestic duty; for she thought nothing too humble to learn which was useful."

Her own leisure moments—few, indeed, they must have been—were divided between study and the embroidering of rich vestments and ornaments for churches.

Her fortitude, which enabled her to bear the greatest pain without a groan, to withstand the hardships and to encounter the risks of battle likewise, as her historian tells us, supported her in the darkest hour of adversity.

"Queen Isabella," says a chronicler,* "by a singular genius, masculine strength of mind, and other virtues most unusual in our own sex as well as in hers, was not merely of great assistance in, but the chief cause of, the conquest of Granada. She

*Navagiero, the Venetian minister.

was, indeed, a rare and most virtuous lady; one of whom the Spaniards talk far more than of the King, sagacious as he was, and uncommon for his time."

As regarded the internal administration of the government we have spoken much already. "Such was the justice dispensed to every one, under this auspicious reign," says a Spanish writer,* "that nobles and cavaliers, citizens and laborers, rich and poor, masters and servants all equally partook of it." In fact, the sovereigns, and more especially the Queen, sought merit, wherever it was to be found, and often raised the lowly into positions of high trust. Moreover, Isabella steadily resisted any encroachments upon her people, and prevented all undue or illegal taxation, while various laws were made for the protection and encouragement of trade.

It would be far too long to attempt the most cursory review of the benefits heaped upon the country by Isabella. Nor can we pause longer to contemplate her in self-devoted and tender care of her aged, infirm mother, in watching beside her husband's sick bed, in forgetting her rank in the sympathies of friendship, ever true, generous, and self-sacrificing towards those whom she honored with her affection. She was to be seen watching beside her sick friend, consoling this one in sorrow, or sharing in that one's joy.

We have approached the time when Spain was to lose this incomparable sovereign. Columbus on his return from his last voyage, in 1504, was met with the melancholy tidings of her decease. In his affliction he wrote to his son: "It is our chief duty to commend to God most affectionately and devoutly the soul of our deceased lady the Queen. Her life was always Catholic and virtuous, and prompt to whatever could redound to His holy service; wherefore we may trust she now rests in glory, far from all concern for this rough and weary world."

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*Marineo.

The circumstances of Isabella's death are fully in keeping with her life. She had been failing ever since those accumulated domestic afflictions which we have already chronicled. But her mental vigor, or her interest in the welfare of her kingdom had never diminished. It is believed that her exertions, coupled with the sorrow which was preying upon her heart, hastened her end. She was taken with a fever, somewhere in the spring of 1504, from which she never entirely recovered. It was at this time that the Italian nobleman made his celebrated remark to Ferdinand, that, "he had come to Castile to behold the woman who, from her sick bed, ruled the world." *

It was a sick bed from which she never rose.

"We sit sorrowful in the palace all day long," writes Peter Martyr, "tremblingly awaiting the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow hereafter where she is soon to go. She so far transcends all human excellence, that there is scarcely anything of mortality about her. . . . . I write this, between hope and fear, while the breath is still fluttering within her."

In vain did the nation besiege Heaven with prayers and tears. Public processions were held, to avert what was deemed a national calamity. Isabella knew from the first that her end was near, and prepared for it with the grand simplicity which had been so conspicuous in all important actions. Her will was worthy of her. She commanded that her obsequies should be conducted in the simplest and plainest manner possible, and that the money thence saved be given to the poor. That her body should be laid in an humble tomb, with merely an inscription thereupon. But her expressed wish was that she be laid in the Franciscan monastery of Santa Isabella, in the Alhambra. Even in this she shows, however, her characteristic

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* Prospero Colonna, an Italian officer of high rank. This remark of his is recorded by various Spanish chroniclers.

humility. "Should the King, my lord," she adds, "prefer sepulchre in some other place, then my will is, that my body be there transported, and laid by his side, that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and, through the mercy of God, may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth."

She regulated all her affairs, revoked such grants as she believed might have been made without sufficient warrant, and commanded that all her personal debts be paid within the year. She charged her successors to preserve "the integrity of the royal domains," and "to retain possession, at all hazards, of the fortress of Gibraltar." She settled the succession upon her daughter Joanna, and the arch-duke Philip, husband of the latter, as Prince Consort, and gave them much advice as to the government of the country, and their relations with each other. She appointed Ferdinand as Regent. Having settled many other public matters, she provided for various charities, such as dowries for poor girls, and large sums for the redemption of the Barbary captives.

She concludes in these exquisitely tender and touching words: "I beseech the King, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live the more justly and holily in this." The King and Cardinal Ximenes were the chief executors, in conjunction with four others. She made a codicil to this will, however, three days before her death, in which she firstly directs that a new codification of the laws should be made; secondly, makes an earnest entreaty to her successors to carry on the work of conversion among the Indians, to redress any wrongs these poor people may have suffered in person or property, and to treat them gently; thirdly, she begs that inquiry be made into a certain tax from which the princi-

pal revenue of the crown was derived, to discover if it were originally designed to be perpetual and if so, was it with the free consent of her people. That if this were the case, it should be so collected as least to oppress her subjects. In case of its invalidity, she enjoined the Cortes to take measures to supply the crown in some other manner—"Measures," to use her own words, "dependent for their validity on the good pleasure of the subjects of the realm."

So that, even in death, this magnanimous sovereign was mindful of the liberties and of the interests of her people. Having done all she could for them, and endeavored by her will to secure a continuance of those benefits which she had in her lifetime heaped upon them, Isabella turned her thoughts entirely towards that other Kingdom, which she had earned by her faithful administration of an earthly one. To her friends, who stood weeping about her, she said :

"Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery, but pray rather for the salvation of my soul."*

On Wednesday, November 26th, 1504, Isabella died. She had received the Sacraments with the liveliest faith and most ardent charity. She passed away very quietly with no struggle, and but little evidence of suffering. It was about noon of the day, a sad noontide, indeed, for Spain. The whole nation were her mourners, not outwardly alone, but in spirit and truth. For the people loved her, and were absolutely inconsolable for her death. She was then fifty-four years of age, and had reigned for thirty years.

The day after Isabella's death, a numerous train of nobles and priests set out to convey her body to its allotted resting place. The journey was beset with every obstacle, for a storm had set in which laid waste the country in all directions.

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* Marineo, Cosas Memorables, and other Spanish writers of note.

Bridges were swept away, streams swollen, roads rendered all but impassable. Horses and mules were carried away by torrents, sometimes taking their riders with them. Martyr says it was the most hazardous journey he ever took. Neither the sun nor the stars were seen during the whole of the melancholy voyage. It would seem as if Nature mourned, too, for the death, which had laid Spain waste in a moral sense. On the 18th of December, while the storm was still raging, Isabella was buried in that little Franciscan Church, which had grown up in what was once the heart of Moorish power. That city, which she had won back from the infidel, was her mausoleum. Its restored Christian character was her panegyric. But there is a poetical beauty in her chosen burial place. There, where the rage of Moslem fanaticism, mingled at times with the softer elements of a chivalry and courtesy, that would have done credit to any nation, was expended in vain, to save the last stronghold of Saracenic dominion in Spain: there under the shadow of whose towers the Knighthood of Castile had done such deeds of almost fabulous valor, there whither Isabella had come like a good genius, inspiring the army, raising enthusiasm to the loftiest pitch, and giving herself the example of Christian heroism. She came silently enough now and was laid in the spot that had been dearest to her heart in life. The mournful walls of Granada, its olive groves and its orange bowers, its gemlike streets and lofty towers became, as it were, embellished, idealized by the presence of that generous heart, once the foe of Granada, now stilled to all passions of earth. The remains were afterwards removed to a splendid tomb in the Cathedral Church of Granada, beside Ferdinand, who survived his consort several years.

In the words of Peter Martyr, we will take leave of Isabella: "My hand," says his letter to the Archbishop of Granada, "falls powerless by my side for very sorrow. The world has lost its noblest ornament; a loss to be deplored not only by

Spain, which she has so long carried forward in the career of glory, but by every nation in Christendom. For she was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked. I know none of her sex, in ancient or modern times, who in my judgment is at all worthy to be named with this incomparable woman."

MARGARET PEPER.

Morn broadened on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head.

TENNYSON.

"With many a tear she pondered o'er
The story of Sir Thomas More,
And frequent flashed her eye of jet
At thought of his true Margaret."

McGEE.

Margaret Roper.

Daughter of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England.

IN the hour of her glory and for centuries after, England was called the Island of the Saints. From one extremity to the other, she was endowed with churches, abbeys, and innumerable institutions of learning, each dignified by the title of one of those blessed citizens of heaven, who had won his beatitude by toiling there on English soil. To behold England then, was to behold her in her grandeur, before a single seed of decay had been planted within her breast. She was mighty, she was Catholic, she was princely in her benefits to religion and to the human race. But we are about to contemplate her at a much more melancholy period, when the canker had begun to gnaw at her vitals. The reign of Henry VIII. opened with the fairest promise. Young, ardent, full of faith, Henry soon won for himself the title of Defender of the Faith, which is still, with a vain clinging to shadows, whence the substance has departed, the appanage of the English Sovereign.

There was the court of that day, with its splendor of pageants, from the royal entry of Queen Katherine, to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, presenting in all respects a brilliant arena. An arena upon which a host of great or notorious men and women played parts, which had an important share in the subsequent history of the universe. From the multitude of these dramatis personæ, we select one, who was, perhaps, the most unobtrusive, the most modest, and least regarded amongst them. The life and character of Margaret Roper were individualized by her

crowning trait of filial devotion to an illustrious father. In following the career of Sir Thomas More, making its sublime trial, soaring to its lofty flights, attending it to the martyr's death upon the scaffold, the figure of Magaret Roper is conspicuous everywhere.

In or about 1507, Thomas More was married to Jane Colte, a woman of estimable character, and with whom he had every prospect of happiness. But she died six years after her marriage leaving a son and three daughters. Of the children of this union, our narrative is concerned with one only, Margaret, afterwards, the wife of William Roper. She was his eldest child, being born in 1508, and incomparably the best beloved. Such gleanings of her history as we find recorded will form a simple, yet striking sketch of a true Christian heroine. In 1512, her father married again, this time a widow, Dame Alice Middeton, who had one daughter, afterwards married to a Mr. Allington. The picture of the home in which Margaret Roper's early years were passed is a beautiful one. More, himself, an accomplished scholar, superintended the education of his children, and endeavored to inspire them all with a love of learning, and to surround them with those elegant amusements, which should withdraw their minds from the current frivolity of the age. It is recorded that if "even a servant discovered an ear for music, or a talent for any particular art or accomplishment, it was sure to be encouraged." During meals, More had some useful book read aloud, and would then question his children upon such and such a passage, and engage them in witty and pleasant conversation. He suffered no slander, no detraction, nor objectionable discourse of any kind at his table. More was himself an early riser, and accustomed all his family to rise early too. Prayers were then said by the head of the house, and he also recited certain Psalms, "which he had selected and caused to be transcribed neatly in a volume." In Holy Week, he had the Passion of one of the Evangelists read every day, and he

himself commented on the text to his household. At evening, the family again assembled and prayers were said in common.*

When upon that home the shade of dire affliction had fallen, and Sir Thomas More himself was in the Tower, a Confessor of the Faith, Margaret wrote to him :

"What do you think, my most dear father, doth comfort us, at Chelsea, in your absence? surely the remembrance of your manner of life passed here amongst us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsels, your examples of virtue."

More was wont to come into the school-room where his children were at study, saying: "My children, remember that virtue and learning are the meat, and play but the sauce."

More, it is said, was one of the first to make a stand for the higher education of women, not such as would disqualify them for their duties as housewives, but such as would make their whole manner of life more elevated, more enlightened, more intellectual. His daughters, therefore, and especially the accomplished Margaret, became the first fruits of his views upon this subject. As a specimen of the kind and tender interest which the great statesman betrayed in his children's studies, even amid the turmoil and bustle of his very busy life, we will quote here and there from letters of his, the first addressed to his whole school, as he playfully called them. Besides his daughters, were his stepdaughter who became Mrs. Allington, and an orphan girl, Margaret Giggs, whom he had educated with his own family.

"You are all so dear to me," he says, "that I can leave none among you unsaluted. Yet there is no better motive why I should love you than because you are scholars : learning seeming to bind me more strictly to you than the nearness of blood. Did I not love you exceedingly, I should envy you the rare happiness of having so many great scholars for your masters."

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* Sir Thomas More, His Life and Times, by W. Jos. Walter.

Speaking to them of the new science of astronomy upon which they were then engaged, he continues :

" Go forward, then, with this your new and admirable skill, by which you thus climb up to the stars and while you daily consider them with your eyes, let your minds also be in heaven, and more especially during this holy season of Lent."

Again, written from the court, September 3d, 1516: "Thomas More to his dearest daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and to Margaret Giggs, as dear to him as if she were his own, sendeth greeting.

" I cannot sufficiently express, my best-beloved wenches," he says, " how exceedingly your elegant letters have pleased me. Nor am I the less delighted to hear, that in all your journeyings, though you change places often, you omit none of your accustomed exercises, either in making declamations, composing of verses, or in your logical exercises. * * * Persuade yourselves that there is nothing in the midst of these my troublesome cares and fatigues of business, that recreateth me so much as when I read some of your labors, by which I find those things to be true which your loving master writes so affectionately of you."

We quote from these to show the affectionate understanding which subsisted between an illustrious father and his children. Moreover, it gives us an insight into the atmosphere in which our heroine grew from womanhood. There can be no more delightful subject of contemplation than that home at Chelsea, wherein, while surrounded with every facility for the acquirement of mental accomplishments, the moral nature had a sphere as wide. Piety was side by side with culture, the affections of the heart were combined with the qualities of the head. The home was essentially a happy one, in the best sense of the word, too, where every talent, every noble trait of character were brought out to the fullest. Grace of manner, an intimate acquaintance with the various branches of polite learn-

ing were never suffered to interfere in the education of Margaret and her sisters, with the acquirement of all practical womanly knowledge. Thus the daughters of More, and in particular the gifted Margaret, were renowned as housewives, and as skillful in the humblest details of domestic economy, as in construing a Greek verb, or writing Latin verse. It would have been nearly impossible for Margaret, the favorite daughter of such a man as the Chancellor, growing up, as she did, amid virtue, learning, the delights of a home, to have been anything else than what she was, an exemplary wife, and a daughter, who has become a typical one, a very model of filial devotion. It is pleasant to read at random portions of More's correspondence with this beloved Margaret. On one occasion he writes as follows :

" My dearest Margaret : you ask for money of your father without the slightest fear or shame, and what is worse, the letter in which you ask it is of such a kind, that I cannot refuse your request, do what I will. Indeed, I could find it in my heart to recompense your letter, not as Alexander did by Choritus, giving him for every line a Phillipine of gold ; but, if my pocket were as large as my will, I would bestow two crowns of the purest gold for every syllable of the same. Herein, I send you as much as you requested ; I should have been willing to send you more, but I like to have my pennyworth for my penny. As I bestow with pleasure, so am I desirous to be asked, and to be fawned on by my daughters ; and more especially by you, Meg, whom virtue and learning have made so dear to me. Therefore, the sooner you have spent this money well, as you are ever wont to do, and the sooner you ask for more in as handsome a way as you did for the last, know, that the sooner you will do your father a singular pleasure. My beloved daughter, farewell." More's biographer speaks of the " blameless and even lofty character of their (More and his children's) domestic life, the school, the playful and unreserved intercourse of the father and his children, their severe studies, their relig-

ious exercises, the truly moral feeling which regulated every hour, the charity to others, and the perfect union among themselves."

It is sad to contemplate all this with a view to those tragic events which were to come, ending with that last "interview between More and his daughter, than which history has recorded few things so affecting." It would, indeed, be our delight to linger over those happy days at Chelsea, when More's house was the resort of all the most accomplished men of the time, when Erasmus, the subtle scholar, complimented his beloved More on the proficiency of his daughters, and especially Margaret, in learning ; when to Margaret was given the sole care of that refuge for the aged poor, which More had established hard by his home, that home of which Erasmus speaks as "destined to enjoy peculiar felicity," which he compares to the "Academy of Plato," and describes "as a palestra for the exercise of Christian virtues."

"Wherein," he writes, "all its inmates, male or female, apply their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, though piety is their first care. Where no wrangling, no angry word is heard within its walls. Where no one is idle ; every one does his duty with alacrity, and regularity and good order are prescribed by the mere force of kindness and courtesy. Where every one performs his allotted task, and yet all are as cheerful as if mirth were their only employment."

Nor did this model home become less peaceful, when in course of time More's son came to reside there with his wife, and each of his three daughters with their husband. Not to speak of the eleven grandchildren. However, it is at a subsequent period that the celebrated picture of the More family by Holbein was taken. A copy of this having been sent to Erasmus, he wrote as follows to Margaret :

"I want words to express to you my delight on contemplating the picture of your family, which Holbein has so happily executed.

If I were present with the originals, I could not have a more accurate idea of them. I see you all before me, but no one more strikingly than yourself, in whose features shine those mental accomplishments, those domestic virtues, which have rendered you the ornament of your country and of your age!"

These are the words of an eminent scholar, who, whatever his peculiarity of opinions, was undoubtedly no mean judge of people and of manners. And it was previous to Margaret's marriage, and while she was still quite young. High testimony, indeed, to her worth and to her acquirements, upon which her father, too, often dwells with delight. "In perusing More's letters to his daughter," says a chronicler, "the reader will be struck by the importance attached by More to Margaret's learning. The encomiums bestowed on her progress are such as no common acquirements could deserve."

This famous picture of Holbein "is divided into two groups. In the foreground of the first are More's two daughters, Margaret and Cecily, kneeling with their mother-in-law, Alice, in the same position. In the centre of the second group stand More and his father. John More, the son, and Harris, his favorite servant, are standing the last in the group. Behind More and his father stands Ann Cresacre in her 15th year, to whom young More is supposed to be newly espoused. Elizabeth, More's second daughter, and Margaret Giggs stand foremost in the second group."

Before proceeding to the really celebrated period of Margaret's life, which unhappily is of so tragic a character, we will proceed to take a glance at those literary acquirements of hers, which gained for her a name at the time in which she lived. It is said, on the authority of the best biographers, that Margaret was thoroughly acquainted with Greek and Latin, that both one and the other were no superficial accomplishment with her, but something in which she was thoroughly versed. Moreover, she had a practical and extended knowledge of the various sciences,

was proficient in polite literature, and in the learning of the past and of her own time. In the most enlightened age, her education would have been considered a rare one, and her acquirements unusual. She left some compositions in Latin, as a proof of these testimonies borne to her by her biographers. One is Epistles, Discourses and Poems, and a "Discourse in reply to that in which Quintilian accuses a rich man of having poisoned a poor man's bees by planting venomous flowers in his garden." *

After her marriage with William Roper, a young man of great merit, who occupied the honorable position of attorney-general, Margaret proved herself as devoted a wife as she had been a daughter, though she continued for several years to reside in her father's house.

There never was a better instance than that of Margaret Roper, to prove that the higher education of women is perfectly compatible with their feminine duties. There was, perhaps, never a more lovable character than that of our heroine as she is described to us, generous, warm hearted, sympathetic, intensely womanly, the affections of her heart cultivated in exact proportion to the culture of her mind. She performed every duty the better, because she did it with broad and enlightened views thereof. Her intellectual endowments served to fit her to accomplish better the least detail of household management. However, as her life at this time was of a purely domestic character, far from the splendors and the turmoils of a court, there is little remarkable to record therein. An amiable and accomplished woman, young, of pleasing appearance, of elegant manners, of uncommon intellectual power, Margaret Roper lived contentedly in the sphere to which Providence had assigned her. She reminds us of the description of the queenly house wife in Solomon. "She riseth while it is yet night, and

* Feller. Biographie Universelle, vol. 7, p. 316.

giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing silk and purple. Strength and honor are in her clothing and she shall rejoice in time to come."

But in the time to come, Margaret Roper had little opportunity for rejoicing. She was to enter upon, so to say, the public portion of her life, public at least in the sense that it belongs to the world in its acts and deeds, in the simple, beautiful ideal it presents of filial devotion carried to the verge of heroism. In one sense Margaret Roper was a martyr, no less than her father, in the cause of truth and justice. She endured all that he endured, consoled him, strengthened him, and approved, despite her anguish, of his inexorable firmness of principle. It may be added that the acute grief occasioned by his death, from which she never recovered, brought her to an untimely death, at the age of thirty-six.

Sir Thomas More had in the years that intervened arisen almost to the height of earthly honor. His name was deservedly revered throughout Christendom. He was everywhere held up as a model of learning, wisdom and judgment, while his piety and holiness of life far exceeded that of most laymen. The whole melancholy story would be out of place here. From the day when, for conscience' sake, he delivered up the great seal with its honors and emoluments into Henry's hands, his downfall was gradual but certain. Henry had long sought to obtain from his chancellor some approval of the course which he was pursuing, but in vain. More observed at first a guarded silence; when he did speak it was to assure the king that he considered his marriage with Anna Boleyn unlawful, and advised him to consult the Fathers of the Church, instead of his actual advisers. Question after question came up. More adhered to his principles and his conscience, standing almost alone, as it were, in an ocean of corruption. But the incorruptible ex-chancellor could not escape the ruthless vengeance of a na-

ture that had violated every law of honor and of conscience, and that must, indeed, have been maddened by the awful consciousness of its own position in regard to an offended God. We dare not speak here at length of the author of the English reformation, as history daily unfolds him to us, more and more clearly, in his hideousness. Placing him in juxtaposition with his fellow-reformer Luther, we find in each the parallel of the other. History shows us scarce any other instances, wherein blind passion had so run away with judgment that it led to every excess, and yet would fain have cloaked its crimes under the garment of religion. Henry, who had defended the Church against Luther, Luther who had replied to Henry with ridicule and invective, stand side by side, before the gaze of posterity, truly an unrighteous pair ; let partial men strive, ever so hard, by special pleading, to justify them in their infamy.

More, who had been, in better and happier days, the king's beloved friend and faithful counsellor, began now to anticipate his own arrest. After his arrest he went forward even and foresaw his final doom. To Margaret, who had become, in these later years especially, his child of predilection, as well as his confidante and adviser, he says:

"And notwithstanding also I have good hope that God shall never suffer so good and wise a prince, in such way to requite the long service of his true, faithful servant, yet, since there is nothing impossible to fall, I forget not in this matter the counsel of Christ in the gospel, that ere I should begin to build this castle for the safeguard of mine own soul, I should sit and reckon what the charge should be. I counted, Margaret, full surely many a restless night, and weighed ere I slept, what peril might befall me ; so far forth, that I am sure there came no care above mine. And in devising thereupon, daughter, I had a full, heavy heart. But yet, I thank our Lord that, for all that, I never thought to change, though the very uttermost should happen to me that my fears are upon."

Sir Thomas was first summoned before the Council to answer some charge in connection with disturbances occasioned by a woman known as the "Maid of Kent" against the king's majesty. Nothing could be proved against him, and when More returned home, William Roper, Margaret's husband, said to him :

"I hope all is well, since you are so merry?"

"It is so, indeed, I thank God," answered More.

"Are you, then, out of the parliament bill?" asked Roper.

"By my troth, I never remembered it," cried More ; "but I will tell thee why I was so merry ; because I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I had gone so far as, without great shame, I can never go back again." Sir James Mackintosh speaks of "a greatness in these few and simple words which scarcely belongs to the sayings of any other man.

But as More well knew, his acquittal on this occasion was temporary, indeed. On the 13th of April, 1534, a summons reached Chelsea for him to appear at Lambeth, and take the oath acknowledging the supremacy. With a sort of presentiment of the events of that day, the ex-chancellor had arisen early and received the Sacraments. When the pursuivants arrived to arrest him, his children accompanied him sadly and silently towards the water's edge, as had been their invariable custom. But alas, with what different feelings. At the garden-gate, leading to the Thames, he kissed them all and bade them return. William Roper accompanied him, as well as four of his servants. While the boat pushed off from the shore Margaret stood within the garden, rooted to the spot, gazing after her beloved father. It was but the first step on the sorrowful path she had to tread. Nor could she be comforted, while More and his son-in-law went on to the dire end of that sad journey, the former saying to the latter : "Son Roper, I thank

our Lord the field is won!" Which Roper took to mean, that the love of God had overbalanced every other feeling in his own soul. We will not dwell upon that preliminary investigation nor upon that mournful 17th April, when More was conveyed to the Tower, in the custody of Sir Richard Southwell. He went with his accustomed cheerfulness, speaking kindly and pleasant words to all who crossed his path.

The news would have prostrated Margaret were it not for the heroic fortitude with which a long and habitual piety and love of God had inspired her. It afflicted all that once prosperous and even devotedly attached family, but the keen sensibilities, the delicate organization of Margaret, and her peculiar love for her father, caused her to suffer incomparably the most. She had but one thought thenceforth, and that was, how she might reach her father to comfort and console him, if not to deliver him from his terrible situation.

During the first month of his imprisonment Margaret could not get near him. Despite all her efforts, she was deprived of what would have been a supreme consolation. She contrived, however, to send him the following letter, which it cannot be out of place to give here:

"Mine own good father:—It is to me no little comfort since I cannot talk with you by such means as I would, at the least way to delight myself in this bitter time of your absence, by such means as I may, by as often writing to you as shall be expedient, and by reading again and again your most fruitful and delectable letter, the faithful messenger of your very virtuous and ghostly mind, rid from all corrupt love of worldly things, and fast knit only in the love of God and desire of heaven, as becometh a very true worshipper and a faithful servant of God. He, I doubt not, good Father, holdeth His holy hand over you, and shall, as He hath done, preserve you both body and soul; and namely, now when you have objected all earthly consolations, and for His love resigned yourself,

willingly, gladly, and fully to His holy protection. Father, what think you hath been our comfort since your departing from us? Surely, the experience we have had of your life past, and Godly conversation, and wholesome counsel, and virtuous example, and a surety not only of the continuance of the same, but also a great increase, by the goodness of Our Lord to the greatness and gladness of your heart, devoid of all earthly dregs and garnished with the noble vesture of heavenly virtues, a pleasant palace for the Holy spirit of God to rest in, who defend you (as I doubt not, good Father, but of His goodness He will) from all trouble of mind and body; and give me, your most loving, obedient daughter and handmaid, and all of us your children and friends, to follow that which we praise in you, and to our only comfort remember, and, coming together of you, that we may in conclusion meet with you, mine own dear father, in the bliss of heaven, to which our most merciful Lord has brought us with His precious blood.

"Your own most loving, obedient daughter and beadswoman, Margaret Roper, who desireth above all worldly things to be in John-a-Wood's * stead, to do you some service. But we live in hope that we shall shortly receive you again. I pray God heartily we may, if it be His holy will."

When Margaret received no answer to this letter, her sufferings were increased ten-fold, and her woman's wit set to work to devise some means of gaining access to the being whom, perhaps, of all others she loved the most dearly.

"Her ingenuity," says a biographer, † "devised what ordinary ingenuity would have failed to discover. In hours of severest trial, woman has often shown herself possessed of resources denied to him who claims to be her superior. Of this truth

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* John-a-Wood, an attendant, who accompanied More to the Tower.

† Walter. Sir Thomas More, His Life and Times, p. 251.

did Margaret, in the instance before us, exhibit a striking example. The pious yearnings of a daughter's heart were to be satisfied, and love devised the means, daring, if not desperate, as they might appear to a less resolute spirit."

"After Sir Thomas had been in prison a month's space or so," says another chronicler, * "his daughter Margaret, anxiously desiring to see him, wittily invented this craft. She wrote a lettter, wherein she seemed to labor to persuade him to take the oath, and sent it to her father, nothing doubting that it would be intercepted and carried to Cromwell, and that it would be the means of gaining her access to her father, and the sleight succeeded."

Cresacre, a nephew of Margaret, also alludes to it, in the same sense. For nothing could be farther from Margaret's thoughts than to persuade her father against his conscience. However, her device had its effect. An order was given by Cromwell for Margaret's admission into the Tower. But in the meantime, she received from her father a tender but reproachful letter. For of course he had not divined her motive in writing as she had done. Speaking of his sorrow and troubles, he says:

"But surely they all touched me never so near, nor were so grievous unto me, as to see you, my well-beloved child, in such vehement, piteous manner, labor to persuade unto me the thing wherein I have, of pure necessity for respect unto mine own soul, so often given you so precise answer before."

He implores her in conclusion to have recourse in all her agonies and distress to the Passion of Christ. His whole letter throughout is a model of courage, tenderness, and fervent piety.

However, in or about the end of May, Margaret obtained permission to visit her father. The account of their interview

* Rastell, a nephew of Margaret.

is deeply touching. It would be difficult, indeed, to enter into that daughter's feelings, as she entered those portals, so terrible already in their dire historic interest. How her faithful heart must have throbbed with mingled joy and anguish at the approach of that longed-for meeting. The door of his cell was thrown open, and in another instant Margaret had fallen upon her father's neck in a long, silent embrace. Neither spoke a word. There were no words for such thoughts as theirs. It was joy to Margaret to see the beloved face again, it was agony to her to meet her father as a prisoner, that father whom she had so lately seen in the day of his power, having within reach the summit of earthly ambition. In a moment more, the captive had sunk upon his knees and Margaret knelt with him. Prayer, which had entered into all their actions, came now to restore the tranquillity of both. When they had arisen, More spoke, embracing Margaret again, and looking to the full as cheerful as the latter had ever seen him. "Well, I verily believe, Meg," he said, "that they who have put me here, ween they have done me a high displeasure. But I assure thee, on my faith, mine own good daughter, if it had not been for my wife, and ye who be my children, I should not have failed long ere this to have been inclosed in as straight a room, and straighter, too. But, since I have came hither without my own desert, I trust that God of His goodness will discharge me of my care, and with His gracious help supply my lack among ye. I find no cause, I thank God, Meg, to reckon myself in worse case here than at home; for methinks God maketh me a wanton, and setteth me on his lap, and dandleth me."

But the visit was necessarily of short duration, and Margaret had the grief of parting from her father, who was, indeed, as much distressed to witness the departure of her, "whom," says a chronicler, "he loved first and best." He gave her a letter to convey to his wife and other children, which the courageous daughter concealed in her dress.

Margaret, however, had another interview with her father, of which she gives a long but most interesting account of all that transpired between them, in a letter to Alice Allington, her step-sister, who had informed her of certain influence she had brought to bear on the Lord Chancellor Audley, to procure Sir Thomas' release. This epistle contains many characteristic touches, and gives us an admirable insight into the relations between father and daughter, and the womanly weakness with which Magaret puts forward arguments, and grasps at any straw which may enable her father, with a clear conscience, to obey the King's good pleasure. This pardonable weakness is controverted by the father's unanswerable logic. His consistency found no outlet from the position wherein he was, save treason to his God. Margaret writes as follows:

"Sister Allington:—When I came next unto my father, methought it both convenient and necessary to show him your letter: Convenient, that he might see your loving labors taken for him: necessary, since he might perceive thereby, that if he stood still in this scruple of conscience (so at least it is called by so many who are his friends, and by his wife), all his friends that seem most able to do him good, either shall finally forsake him, or, peradventure, not be able, indeed, to do him any good at all. For these causes, at my next being with him, after your letter received, when I had awhile talked with him, first of his diseases, and that I found by his words they were not much increased, but continued after the manner that they did before, and as at that time I found him out of pain, and, as one in his case might, meetly, well minded, after our Seven Psalms and our Litany said, to sit and talk, and be merry, beginning first with other things, of the good comfort of my mother, and the good order of my brother and all my sisters, disposing themselves every day, more by more, to set little by the world, and draw more and more to God; and that his household, his neighbors, and other good friends abroad diligently remem-

bered him in their prayers. I added: I pray God, good father, that their prayers and ours, and your own therewith, may purchase of God the grace, that you may in this great matter (for which you stand in this trouble, and for your trouble, all we also that love you) take such a way by time, as, standing with the pleasure of God, may content and please the King, whom ye have always found so singularly gracious unto you, that, if we were stiffly to refuse to do so the thing that were his pleasure, which, God not displeased, you might do (as many great, wise and well learned men say, that in this thing you may), it would be a great blot in your worship in every wise man's opinion, and as myself have heard some say.

"But as for that point, farther I will not be bold to dispute upon, since I trust in God, and your good mind, that you will look surely thereto; and your learning I know for such, that I wot well you can. But one thing is there which I, and other your friends perceive abroad, which, if it be not shown you, you may, peradventure, to your great peril mistake, and I hope shall be likely to fall to you for less harm, than I sore fear me, or, as for good, I wot well that in this world, of this matter at least, ye look for none. I tell you, father, that I have received a letter of late from my sister Allington, by which I see well, that, if ye change not your mind, ye are likely to lose all those friends that are about to do you any good. Or if you lose not their good will, you shall at least the effect thereof, for any good that they shall be able to do you. With this my father smiled upon me and said, 'What! Mistress Eve, as I called you when you came *first*, hath my daughter Allington played the serpent with you, and with a letter set you a work to come tempt your father again: and for the favor that your bear him, labor to make him swear against his conscience, and to send him to the devil?' And after that he looked sadly again, and earnestly said to me, 'Daughter Margaret, we two have talked this thing over twice or thrice, and the same tale in effect that you tell

me now, and the same fears, too, have you twice told me before, and I have twice answered you, that, if in this matter it were possible for me to content the King's grace, and God therewith not offended, there hath no man taken this oath already more gladly than I would do; as one that reckoneth himself more deeply bounden than any other to the King's highness, for his singular bounty many ways showed to me. But since, standing my conscience, I can in no wise do it, and that for instructing my conscience in this matter, I have not slightly considered, but many years advised and studied, and never yet could see nor hear the thing, nor I think ever shall, that could induce my mind to think otherwise. I have no manner of remedy; God hath placed me in this strait, that either I must deadly displease Him, or abide any worldly harm that, for any other sins He shall, under the name of this thing, suffer to fall upon me. Which thing, as I have before told you, I have ere I came here, not left unbethought or unconsidered the very worst and uttermost that can by possibility befall. And albeit that I know my own frailty full well and the natural faintness of my own heart, yet if I had not trusted that God would give me strength rather to endure all things than offend him by swearing ungodly against my conscience, you may be very sure I should not come here. And as in this matter I look only to God, it concerns me but little though men call it as it pleases them, and say it is no conscience, but a foolish scruple.'

"At this word, I took a good occasion, and said to him thus: 'In good faith, father, for my part, I neither do, nor would it become me to mistrust your good mind or your learning.'"

She goes on to remind her father that the Lord Chancellor Audley had treated his firmness as a mere scruple and advances arguments, all of which Sir Thomas combated with his usual gentle wisdom. Thus he said to her, as she relates in her own words: "And yet believe I not very surely that every man so thinketh that so saith. But though they did, daughter, that would not

make much to me, not though I should see my Lord of Rochester (Bishop Fisher) say the same, and swear the oath himself before me. For, whereas you told me right now, that such as love me would not advise me, against all other men, to lean upon his mind alone ; verily, daughter, no more I do. For albeit of very truth, I have him in that reverend estimation, that I reckon in this realm no one man, in wisdom, learning, and long approved virtue, meet to be matched with him, yet, that in this matter I was not led by him, plainly appeared both in that I refused the oath before it was offered him. Verily, daughter, I never intended to pin my soul to another man's back, not even the best man that I know this day living."

He goes on to dwell upon the different motives which might induce men to subscribe to the oath, and continues :

"'But, in good faith, Margaret, I can use no such ways in so great a matter ; but as if mine own conscience served me, I would not let to do it, though other men refused, so, though others do it, I dare not, my own conscience standing against it. If I had, as I told you, looked but lightly on the matter, I should have cause to fear ; but now have I looked on it so long, that I purpose at least to have no less regard unto my soul than had once a poor honest man of the country, called Cumpany.' And with this," continues Margaret, "he told me a tale, which I ween I can scant tell you again, because it hangeth upon some turns and ceremonies of the law. But as far as I can call it to mind it was this. There is a court belonging to every fair, to do justice in such things as happen within the same. This court had a pretty fond name, but I cannot happen on it ; but it beginneth with a pie, and the remnant goeth much like the name of a knight that I have known, I wis, and you, too, I trow, for he hath been at my father's oft, at such times as you were there, a meetly tall, black man ; his name was Sir William Pounder."

A biographer remarks that in her manner of alluding to what

was called the court of *Pie Powder*, Margaret shows a touch of that quaint humor which characterized her father. It is not necessary to give here the anecdote, which Sir Thomas More told, according to his own manner of getting at truths by peculiar ways. He goes on to prove by weighty and impressive arguments that he could not frame unto himself a conscience as so many had done. "If," he says, "a man would in a matter take away by himself, upon his own mind alone, or with some few, or with never so many, against an evident truth, appearing by the common faith of Christendom, this conscience is very damnable."

He declared and even repeated over and over again, that he would misjudge no other man's conscience, nor impute to them ill motives. "But," he adds, "to this shall I say to thee, Margaret, that in some of my reasons, I nothing doubt at all, that though not in this realm, yet in Christendom, those well learned and virtuous men still living, who are of my opinion, are not the fewer part."

"Concerning mine own self," he continues, "for thy comfort shall I say to thee, daughter, that our conscience in this matter is such as may well stand with my own salvation; thereof am I, Meg, as sure as there is a God in heaven. And, therefore, as for all the rest, lands, goods and life itself (if the chance should so fortune) since this conscience is sure for me, I verily trust in God, that He shall rather strengthen me to bear the loss, than against this conscience to swear, and put my soul in peril."

"When he saw me," goes on Margaret, "sit at this very sad—as I promise you, sister, my heart was full heavy for the peril of his person, for in faith, I fear not for his soul—he smiled upon me, and said: 'Why, how now, daughter Margaret; how now, Mother Eve, where is your mind now? Sit you not musing with some serpent in your breast upon some new persuasion, to offer Father Adam the apple once again?'—'In good faith, father,' quoth I, 'I can no farther go. I am, as I trow Cresside

saith in Chaucer, comen to Dulcarno, even at my wits' end. For since the example of so many wise men cannot in this matter move you, I see not what more to say.'" She goes on speaking in this lighter vein, till suddenly resuming her gravity, she adds :

" 'But yet, father,' quoth I, 'I fear me very sore that this matter will bring you into marvellous, heavy trouble.'" When More in reply to her, hints "that the very uttermost may happen to him, which his fears run upon," Margaret writes:

" 'No father,' quoth I, 'it is not like to think upon a thing that may be, and to see a thing that shall be, as ye should (Our Lord save you) if the chance should so fortune. And then should you, peradventure, think what you think not now, and yet then, peradventure, it would be too late.' 'Too late,' Margaret,' quoth my father, 'I beseech our Lord, that, if ever I make such a change, it may be too late, indeed. For well I wot the change cannot be good for my soul ; that change, I say, that should grow by fear. And, therefore, I pray God, that, in this world, I may never have good of such a change. For as much as I take harm here, I shall at least have the less thereof when I am hence.'" Continuing in the same lofty strain, More adds : "If, for mine other sins, I shall suffer in such a cause as I shall not deserve, His grace shall give me strength to bear it patiently, and peradventure, somewhat gladly, too, whereby His High Goodness shall, through the merits of His bitter Passion, make it serve for a release of the pain in purgatory and over that for increase of some reward in heaven."

He goes on in a spirit of admirable humility to declare that like Peter he shall call upon the Lord if about to perish, or that if God should permit him to imitate that disciple in his fall, that the Lord would nevertheless raise him up again. In this whole paragraph we cannot too much admire the total absence of presumptuous self-confidence, which would deem himself impervious to temptation. His noble humility deserves

the greater admiration, when we consider how grandly he fought the fight to the end, and died a hero and a martyr. More then goes on to beg Margaret's care of "your good mother my wife. Of your good husband's mind, I have no manner of doubt," he says. He sends kindly messages to all relations, friends, acquaintances, and even servants, begging their prayers. "If anything happen to me," he adds, "that you would be loath, pray to God for me but trouble not yourself. Pray for me," he concludes, "as I shall pray for all of us, that we may meet together once in heaven, where we shall make merry forever and never have trouble more."

As if overcome by these words of her father's, Margaret ends her letter without a syllable of comment. It would seem as if emotion overpowered her. She merely subscribes herself, "Your Sister, Margaret Roper."

Margaret was permitted free access to her father, for his enemies hoped that her influence with him would avail to bring him over to the King's way of thinking. They little knew the father, nor, indeed, the daughter, who was able to rejoice at "the philosophic grandeur of his mind under such trials."

The various interviews of More and his daughter are most affecting. On one occasion, as she stood with him at the Tower window, they saw three monks of the Charter House, with their saintly abbot, on the way to execution: More breaking silence, suddenly exclaimed: "Lo! dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now so cheerfully going to their death as bridegrooms to their marriage. And hereby, mine own good daughter, thou mayst see what a great difference there is between such as have spent the whole of their days in a strict and penitential life, and such as have lived a wretched, worldly life, as thy poor father hath done, consuming their time in ease, and in things little conducive to salvation."

On another occasion, looking out through the prison bars on the roofs of the buildings whitened by snow: "Ah, Mar-

garet," said he, "how like to the shortest winter day is the prosperity of this world." Once or twice their conversation turned upon Anna Boleyn, a rare theme enough, for More studiously avoided all reference to the Court. But it so chanced that Sir Thomas asked his daughter :

"How say they that she is ?"

"In faith, father," replied Margaret, "never better, as they report." "Alas, Meg," quoth he, "it pitieth me to think into what misery that poor soul shall come, and that very shortly, too."

Again he was told that Anne delighted the King with her dancing. "Well may it fare with her," quoth he, "these sports will end in sorrow. Our heads must pay for this dancing ; let her stand fast ; I charge her !"

To Margaret, "the faithful depositary of her father's counsels," he writes upon another occasion :

"Our Lord bless you and all yours. For as much, dearly beloved daughter, as it is likely that you either have heard, or shortly shall hear, that the counsel were here this day, and that I was before them, I have thought it necessary to send you word how the matter standeth."

He proceeded to tell her that, indeed, there was little difference between that and his last examination, aud gave her in detail an account of the whole interview. He ended by saying : "In conclusion, Master Secretary said that he liked me this day much worse than he did the last time. For then he said he pitied me much, and now he thought I meant not well. But God and I both know that I mean well, and so I pray God do by me. I pray you be you and mine other good friends of good cheer, whatsoever fall of me and take no thought for me, but pray for me, as I do and shall for you and all of them.

"Your tender, loving father,"

"Thomas More, Knight."

Besides his letters, the prisoner had occupied his leisure in

writing various works, such as a "Treatise on Receiving the Blessed Body of Our Lord," and so on. But this source of consolation was to be taken from him. He was deprived of writing materials, as previously he had been of his spiritual joys, such as Mass, Communion and pious reading. When his writing effects had been packed into a bag, Sir Thomas was seen to go round and shut up all the windows. He was asked why. "Oh," said he, "when the wares are gone, and the tools taken away, what is to be done but shut up shop?"

After this he had to write his letters with a piece of coal. He himself said jestingly, speaking of his daughter Margaret, and of his letters to her, which were now his sole delight: "A *whole peck of coal* would not suffice me to do justice to her goodness."

In fact, during the dreary term of his imprisonment Margaret was his good angel. Her visits were his sunshine. Her gentle ministering to his wants, her words of hope and of good cheer, were all that remained of the fair promise with which his career had commenced. But they were not a little; Margaret's nature was capable of much that was beyond the ordinary range of her sex, while she had all a woman's power of alleviating suffering, a true, feminine fortitude, and a tenderness, which her extraordinary love for a gifted father exalted into something almost superhuman. The following two notes were written to her by Sir Thomas, with his new implement:

"Mine own good daughter: Our Lord be thanked, I am in good health of body, and in good quiet of mind, and of worldly things I no more desire than I have. I beseech Him to make you all merry in the hope of heaven. As to such things as I somewhat longed to talk with you all, concerning the world to come, the Lord put them into your minds, as I trust He doth and better, too, by His Holy Spirit. May He bless you and preserve you all.

"*Written with a coal,* by your tender loving father, who in his

poor prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babes, nor your nurses, nor your husbands, nor your good husbands' shrewd wives, nor your father's shrewd wife neither, nor our other friends. And thus fare ye heartily well, for lack of paper.

"THOMAS MORE, Knight."

"Our Lord keep me continually true, faithful, and plain; to the contrary whereof, I beseech Him heartily, never to suffer me to live. For, as for long life, as I have often told thee Meg, I neither look for, nor long for, and am well content to go, if God call me hence to-morrow. And I thank Our Lord, I know no person living that I would should have one fillip for my sake, of which mind I am more glad than of all the world besides. Recommend me to your shrewd Will, and mine other good sons, and to John Harris, my friend, and yourself knoweth to whom else; and to my shrewd wife above all; and God preserve you all; and make and keep you as His servants. T. M."

With Bishop Fisher, his illustrious fellow captive in the Tower, More was enabled to communicate by means of scrolls and fragments of writing. These good men consoled each other for the plight they were in, with Christian hope, and ardent, fraternal charity. They never met again on earth, and the correspondence was made a reproach to More at his trial.

But the closing scene of his own life was at hand. We can barely mention here the infamous efforts made to convict the ex-chancellor by means of spies. Nor are we concerned with that trial, which was one of the grandest on record. Sir James Mackintosh cries out: "that no such culprit had stood at any European bar for a thousand years." In spite of all the efforts made to prevent More from speaking, or confuse his mind, by a multiplicity of charges, he appeared in court with a majesty which is almost unparalleled in the history of political trials. He told Rich, the infamous spy, who had falsified his word in the Tower, that he was more concerned because of his per-

jury than for his own danger. "If this oath of yours, Mr. Rich, be true," he said, "then do I pray that I may never see God in the face; which, were it otherwise, I would not say were it to win the world."

However, spite of More's able and forcible defence, which was in every way worthy of his keen and vigorous mind, spite of everything to denote his innocence and his moral grandeur, the jury in a quarter of an hour returned a verdict of guilty."

After this More declared his belief that the supreme government of the Church could only belong to the Pope, "rightfully belonging to the See of Rome, as a special prerogative granted by the mouth of Christ Himself to St. Peter, and the Bishops of Rome, His successors."

He further declared that ten to one of "the learned and virtuous men of christendom were of his mind."

When sentence of death, hanging, drawing, and quartering was pronounced upon him, More once more made a full and free declaration of his belief, saying that the king had violated his coronation oath to protect the liberties of the Church, and adding that he had in support of his opinion, "the consent of all christendom for more than a thousand years." In conclusion, he said to the Commissioners, that the Apostle Paul had been present at the death of Stephen and consented to it, yet was now reigning with him in heaven. "So do I verily trust, and shall, therefore, right heartily pray, that, though your lordships have now, here on earth, been judges to my condemnation, we may, nevertheless, hereafter meet in heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation."

When More came out of the Court House guarded, William Roper, Margaret's husband, rushed through the crowd, and threw himself at More's feet, begging his blessing. When the barge landed at the foot of the Tower, More caught sight of his Margaret, whom the biographer sympathetically calls "his good angel." She saw the axe borne before her father, with the

blade turned towards him, and knew the sign. It was just without the gates of the old fortress that this most touching scene on record took place.

Margaret, overborne with grief as she was, made her way through the crowd, and flung herself on her father's neck, kissing him repeatedly, and crying with the tears running down her face: "O my father! O my father! are you going to leave us? Are they so wicked as to take your life?" A spectator writes that, "this scene made the hearts of the very halberd-men full of grief."

The father replied to his daughter's words, that she must submit to the will of God, and pray for his enemies, "that she knew full well all the secrets of his heart, and that, like him, she must conform to the decrees of Heaven and be patient."

"They parted," says a chronicler, but, "scarcely had she gone ten steps, when, not satisfied with the former farewell, like one who had forgotten herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, she again rushed through the closing guards, hung about his neck, and divers times kissed him." And she cried out, "Dear loved father, your blessing again." More's philosophy was not proof against this, and he burst into tears.*

This farewell being ended, More felt that the bitterness of death was over. He awaited his sentence with cheerfulness. He wrote to his daughter the day before his execution a letter which contained a message and a benediction to each of his friends, and even to his servants. In it he said, speaking of that last sad meeting: "I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last, for I am most pleased when your daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you, and for all your friends, that we may

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* Campbell's English Chancellors. Burke's Men and Women of the English Reformation. Walter's Life and Times of Sir. T. More.

merrily meet in heaven. I thank you for your great cost."

Again, he says: "I cumber you, good Margaret, much, and I should be sorry if it were to be any longer than to-morrow: for it is St. Thomas' even, and vigil of St. Peter; and therefore to-morrow long I go to God."

On the morning of Tuesday, July 6th, 1535, Sir Thomas More was brought to the scaffold. His progress thither, holding a red cross in his hands, is very beautiful, but we cannot give it in detail. As he went, a woman in the crowd offered him wine; he gently refused it, saying: "Christ at the time of His Passion drank no wine, but vinegar and gall." On the scaffold he begged the people to pray for him, and declared that he died in the Holy Catholic Faith, a loyal servant of God and the King. He jested to the last, even with his executioner, and, as a chronicler remarks, laid down his head upon the block, "with alacrity and spiritual joy." It is unnecessary to quote the unanimous opinions upon this great and good man. Christendom mourned him as one of the greatest losses it had ever sustained.

Certainly, the Reformation was not happy in these most conspicuous of its victims, Sir Thomas More, and the learned and saintly Bishop Fisher, who had expiated his loyality to God on the scaffold but two weeks before. It could not have chosen throughout Europe two men more universally esteemed, not by one party, but by nations, not alone on account of their piety and eminent virtues, but on account of their scholarship; on account of their acuteness of mind, profound philosophy, keen insight into men and things, and vigor of understanding. Were we speaking of a mere human institution rather than of the Church of God, we might say, that the fact that these men believed in its doctrines would be sufficient to commend it to any thinking person. Their disavowal of the act of supremacy, one of the most tyrannical, putting aside the religious aspect of it, that ever disgraced any legislation, might well tend to make rational beings reflect. It certainly goaded to madness

the wretched king, who was the cause of so terrible a misfortune to his people. By his act he cut them off for generations from the unity of christendom, and put them outside the pale of God's Church. Confront Henry with his ex-Chancellor, Luther, with Fisher, and assuredly if we judge of a tree by its fruit, we shall know which it is that deserves to be cut down and cast into the fire.

"In this dreadful deed," (More's death) says Mackintosh, "Henry approaches as nearly to the ideal standard of human wickedness, as the infirmities of our nature will permit."*

When the head of Sir Thomas More, the most learned and saintly man in the realm of England, was exposed to view on London bridge, Margaret, with an affection which amounts to heroism, had it taken down and kept it forever about her. That precious relic of one she had so loved and venerated never left her. It was buried with her. Margaret had other no less sacred memorials of her father, his hair-shirt and discipline, which he sent to her the day before his execution. "As one that was loth to have the world know that he used such austerity," says a biographer. "Having now finished the good fight, he sent away his spiritual weapons."

Margaret who alone had been privy to this holysecret of her father's had been wont to wash the hair-shirt with her own hands for him. Such ideal devotion of this father and daughter is but seldom seen. It was More's last request to his enemies that "Margaret should be present at his burial." It was Margaret's last prayer that the head of her father be buried with her.

The nine short years that remained to this pearl of daughters, clouded as they were, by a grief that never knew diminishment, were also, as the state of the times necessarily made them, troublous. "The small wreck of More's fortune," says his biographer, "which had been wasted in the public service, was

* Hist. of England, Chap. VII.

seized as a forfeiture to the crown, although the anxious father had endeavored to secure it to his unhappy family, by executing conveyances previous to his condemnation for treason, and in such abject misery were they left, that they were unable even to purchase a winding sheet for his remains. It was supplied by the liberality of a friend."

It is sad to see that once privileged home at Chelsea, with all its appurtenances, the chapel, the gallery, and the library, which More had himself built, the flower-gardens he had arranged for his own pleasure and that of his children, the room "stored with objects of natural history and instruments for the study of astronomy, and of music, of which he was passionately fond, all that that good father had provided for his children, given over to the hands of one of Henry's minions, Sir William Paulet. The desolate Margaret was now imprisoned for a time, for what crime? For keeping her father's head, and for threatening to have his works published. She was, then, sent home to her husband. Margaret had two sons and three daughters, to whom she thenceforth devoted all her care. She adopted her father's theories in relation to their education. Hence the eldest of her daughters, who married a lawyer named Clarke, became, as Roger Ascham tells us, "an elegant ornament of her sex, and of Queen Mary's Court." The second daughter was made one of the gentlewomen of Queen Mary's Privy Chamber, and married a Mr. Bassett. She, like her mother was conversant with Greek and Latin. She left an English translation of Eusebius' 'Ecclesiastical History,' which is preserved in MSS. form. She also translated some of her grandfather's works, and was considered an astonishingly faithful imitator of his style.

Margaret had, indeed, procured them every possible advantage. Roger Ascham relates that she sought to engage him as preceptor to her children. But that as he could not accept the place, on account of his many occupations, he recommended

Dr. Cole, and Dr. Christopherson, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, both masters of Greek.

In 1544, Margaret died, very peacefully and calmly, asking only that her father's head be placed in her arms. It was done as she had requested. She was faithful in death to the master passion of her life. She had loved that father, with a love passing ordinary human affection. She was buried in the family vault in St. Dunstan's Church, near Canterbury.

The intensity of Margaret Roper's filial devotion has perhaps thrown into the shade her conduct in her other relations of life. Never was their a truer, more loving or more wise and prudent wife. Once, when William Roper from the fervor of his youth relapsed into laxity, and even went so far as to imbibe some of the new religious notions, Margaret, like another St. Monica, by her prayers and wise counsels brought him back to grace, and to such good disposition as he was in at the time of his illustrious father-in-law's death. Nor was Margaret a less model mother. She had not learned in vain the lessons of that home in Chelsea, and that happy girlhood of hers, which we love to contemplate.

There, an irreproachable sister, an incomparable daughter, she was the ornament of that charming and refined circle, which is the model of all domestic circles, truly Christian, elegant and cultured, prosperous, even luxurious, and abounding in all those harmless pleasures with which More knew how to render home a sort of second Eden.

Of this pious and accomplished lady, it now but remains for us to take leave. Her example is a shining one. Her intellectual gifts, so happily combined with the rare moral qualities which have given her name to posterity, her elegant accomplishments and graces of manner, united with that wealth of generous and exalted affection, with that noble constancy, heroic fortitude, energy of purpose, which render her a heroic of filial devotion, accompanying her father on all the most important

stages of his pilgrimage, she parted from him with such agony, that an old chronicler cries out: "Yea, there were very few in all the crowd, who could refrain from weeping at the sight; no, not the guards themselves."

Yet Margaret had the courage to rejoice at her father's grandeur of soul, and the lively faith, which enabled her to look forward till they should, in her father's farewell words to her, "meet merrily in heaven," to renew once more that intercourse, which had been so sweet to both on earth,

> "And in communion sweet
> Quaff immortality and joy.

MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.

A gift of love unequalled
From His Heart came to Thee.
Like the rising of the ocean
Was the tide of glorious grace,
Like the beauty of the morning
Grew the beauty of thy face.
Like the glory of an angel
Was the purity within,
Like the whiteness of thy namesake,
Like the Mary without sin.

FABER.

Marie de l'Incarnation.

Foundress and First Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec.

PERHAPS in the whole history of the world there is no individual biography more extraordinary than that of the marvellously gifted woman, whose life and deeds shine out to us from early Canadian chronicles. It has a picturesque background: there is primeval Canada in all its glorious, virgin beauty, to which imagination lends an indescribable enchantment; there are torrents and mighty streams, rushing on to join their voices in the eternal roar of the ocean; there are the skies, many tinted and gorgeous, that must have delighted pioneer hearts, as still, in the winters and autumns, they charm hearts and minds effete with civilization; there are all the mysterious loveliness and wildness and weirdness of awaking life in the shadows of untrodden wildernesses; there is the fierce, strong, vitality of the children of the soil, Huron, and Iroquois and Algonquin; there is the varied incident, the strangeness of a new life, the war, the peril, the change, the tumult, the vicissitude; there are the missionaries, the martyrs, the patriots of heaven, so to speak, inflamed with zeal for the country of their adoption; and the patriots of earth; there are a motley group, soldiers, mariners, colonists, trappers, Indians, nuns, bishops, Jesuits, Sulpicians, Recollets. But amongst them all, forming a strange, translucent aureola, in the darkness of the colonial heaven are

a little group of illustrious women, Marguerite Bourgeoys, whom we shall in a succeeding sketch consider Madame de la Peltrie, who will occur in our present; and Marie de l'Incarnation, whose life and deeds we are now briefly to consider. These women were not only nuns, not only saints, but even in a secular point of view, benefactors of the early settlements and, if we may so express it, colonists, explorers, pioneers. The life of Marie Guyart did not, indeed, begin with her journey to Canada. In fact, she had before lived a whole life, replete with such change, trial, and vicissitude as do not occur within the limit of most ordinary existences. She was born in the town of Tours, in France, on the 28th October, 1599. Her father, Florence Guyart, was a silk mercer, her mother of the illustrious house of Babon de la Bourdaisière. Both were distinguished for fervent piety, and the practice of Christian virtues, and early sowed in the soul of their favored child the seeds of her future holiness. At the age of seven, Marie had a vision, which she relates herself in remarkable words. Our Lord Himself appeared to her in a most beautiful and attractive form, and asked her to be His. To which she readily assented. From that time forth, the child spent most of her time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and in various exercises of piety. She evinced an especial attraction for hearing the Word of God, and soon began, indeed, to impart it to others. As she grew in "wisdom and in grace," charity towards her neighbor became likewise a conspicuous trait in her character, and the work of the tabernacle and laboring for the poor were at once her occupation and delight. Her youth is, in all respects, a delightful study. As was to be expected, Marie began to think seriously of a conventual life, when in her sixteenth year. Her parents had no objection, merely advising her to wait and reflect. As no more passed between them on the subject, the parents naturally supposed her choice to have been a mere passing whim, and proposed to her a marriage, wherein they

saw every prospect of happiness. Marie, from her habit of implicit obedience, saw in their expressed wish the will of God and became the wife of a certain M. Martin. No doubt this union was permitted by Heaven, that the future foundress might give an exalted model of Christian wifehood and motherhood. No words can describe her exact fulfilment of every duty. Her attention to the smallest detail of household management, the gratification of her husband's slightest wish, her patient bearing of every trial, and trials were not wanting, her untiring solicitude for the welfare, spiritual and corporal, of her only son, are all recorded here and above. Her angelic sweetness of temper, tender and devoted affection for that husband, from whom she had much to suffer,—how and in what way are not mentioned either by her or her son—made her, indeed, another St. Monica. And it is said that her husband regarded her with an equal reverence and affection. She busied herself no less with the welfare of her servants, her husband's employés, for he employed a number of men. In a word she neglected nothing, and busy as her life was, found time for prayer, meditation, uninterrupted commune with her God. On the other hand, she was well aware that whenever domestic duties required "the sacrifice of her love of prayer and solitude," she was doing God's will most perfectly by attending to those material calls upon her. In fact, so perfect was the life she led during the brief years of her wifehood, that not even the heights she afterward attained dwarfs its greatness. She presented in those two years a beautiful picture of Christian heroism, Christian powers of endurance, Christian charity and unselfishness, in fine all those more amiable Christian virtues which shine conspicuous in the saints of God.

Her widowhood is no less remarkable. First the period of solitude and perfect communion with God. Other offers of marriage were made to her. New and bright prospects opened before her, but she disregarded them all. During this period of

seclusion, she herself records a wonderful favor vouchsafed her. On Christmas Eve, 1620, as she was going to church, praying as usual, her progress was suddenly arrested. All the sins of her past life, great and small, were then revealed to her with perfect distinctness. So terrible did even the least sin appear to her, that she says she would have died of terror, had not God supported her. She saw herself plunged, as it were, into a bath of blood, the Blood of Christ. It was revealed to her, that Jesus would have suffered as much for each of her individual sins, as for those of all mankind. She was so permeated with a lively sorrow for her offenses, that she says she could willingly have thrown herself into flames to be purified therefrom. She entered a neighboring church, and made her confession alone to a priest, whom she chanced to meet, and quite indifferent as to whether others heard her or not. She also wrote out that evening a list of her sins which she begged her confessor to affix to the church door. The confessor, Dom Raymond, refused, and tore the paper into fragments. He, indeed, spared her no test, and was constantly finding new means to try her virtue. From this miraculous occurrence, Marie dates her conversion, and yet her life, heretofore, had been to human eyes, as her son testifies, absolutely blameless.

Next came her curious experience at her sister's house. The latter had asked her—her capacity for business being widely known, from her management of her husband's affairs after his death—to come to assist her in hers, which were involved. On her arrival, and for long after, she did only kitchen work, and was treated with contumely by every one, even the servants in the house. Her life was a martyrdom, borne with perfect sweetness and submission. She even took a vow of obedience to her sister and brother-in-law. She practised, besides, marvellous austerities, wore a hair-shirt next her skin, slept on a board, and destroyed her taste for food by chewing wormwood. God bestowed upon her at this period very special favors. He

showed her a soul free from sin, which sight so enchanted her that she was willing to do anything to attain such a result. He likewise made known, that an unspecified grace, surpassing all hitherto given her, should be granted, when she had reached the proper degree of perfection. Then it was, that new offers of marriage being made to her, and that her relations being unanimous in urging her to accept one of them, for the welfare of her son, she for a moment thought of so doing. She ever after deplored this, as a grievous offence against the majesty of God, who had given her proofs so signal of His mercy.

After four or five years of servitude, her brother-in-law at last permitted her to assume the position for which she had come to his house. She had now control of various matters of business, which was, indeed, a wonderfully good preparation for her life in Canada. Her brother-in-law was Commissary-general for the kingdom, so we may imagine of what nature and extent were Marie's new duties. She tells us that she spent "great part of the day in a stable used as a store, and that she was often on the quay at midnight, sending off or receiving stores," and that her "companions were carters, porters, and other workmen." Besides she still fulfilled her household duties, and in the frequent absences of sister and brother-in-law, attended to all their affairs. This was, certainly, a strange epoch in Marie Guyart's wonderful life.

During this time God came to her, literally and in person bringing her the gift of peace, which she never afterward lost, howsoever sorely she might be tried. He also made known to her that the supreme favor which He destined for her, was the highest form of union with Himself, vouchsafed to but a few chosen souls. In preparation therefor, she renewed her vow of chastity, and added the two counsels of poverty and obedience. It was during this same period that Marie suffered the most terrible trial she had ever known—a long continuance of interior darkness and dryness, in which she felt, as it were, complete-

ly forsaken by God. Her spiritual sufferings were excruciating, and she was beset by various forms of temptation. Even her temper suffered, and she had constantly to guard against irritability and impetuosity. So faithful was she amid these trials, that they soon came to an end, and she received an ineffable reward. She saw her own heart united to the Heart of Jesus, and she was transported into the presence of the Blessed Trinity, which was made manifest to her in all its operations within and without of Itself, Its unity, Its distinctness, and all Its wondrous, infinite attributes. She also beheld the nine choirs of angels, and understood how a human soul is created to the image of God. So was that strong, human soul, strong because it had overstepped its humanity, to merge itself in divinity, permitted to contemplate supreme perfection. After this favor, the servant of God had to pass through another fiery furnace of trial and temptation. Still faithful, still strong. And again came the recompense. She was taught by new and astonishing revelations the wonders of the attributes of God. His Unity, Eternity, Infinity, Greatness, Goodness, Immensity. And all that is contained of heavenly things in that marvellous first chapter of St. John. Some two years after her first vision of the Trinity, she beheld it again, and was now united to it by mysterious bonds. The sovereign grace was at last won. Marie Guyart was intimately and completely united with God. The storms of earth might beat about her henceforth; as one on a mountain top she might even feel their rage, and experience their greater violence. The mountain height was that of Sion, and the heavenly city, with its blessed gardens, its gold-paved streets, and its walls of precious stone, were forever in her view.

We must pass from this era of grace to a brief glance at her monastic life, wherein her highest desire was fulfilled. Though her first attraction had been to the Carmelites or some other austere order, she now began to feel a strong and special preference for the Ursulines, a community which she had never seen. The

object of the institution, similar to that of the Jesuits, was laid down by St. Angela, its foundress, the salvation of souls by teaching. This mixed life of action and prayer suited Marie perfectly. A community of Ursulines came now to Tours to confirm her in her choice. Dom Raymond, her confessor, also approved it. She had now but one further trial—her son. In fact, the boy, then and for some years after, gave her considerable trouble. Thus when she had just settled him, as she thought, in a Jesuit College, he was expelled for insubordination. A celebrated Jesuit Father of that time, however, Father de la Haye, took Claude Martin under his charge, and placed him at another institution of the Order, where he did better. The boy, incited by his elders, not only opposed his mother's entrance into the community, but after she had actually entered, he being provided for by relatives, came with some young companions, and literally besieged the convent. However severe a trial as the parting with her son was, Marie Guyart overcame it and many others, and became at last Marie de l'Incarnation—name glorious in the Church, and casting so brilliant a lustre over the Order of her choice. We pass over her novitiate, marked by the most admirable fidelity to the Rule, her profession, January 25th, 1663, and her elevation two years after to the post of Assistant Mistress of Novices. She had many interior trials during these years, and many special graces. Amongst the external ones were an infused or supernatural knowledge of Latin, of the Holy Scriptures, and a miraculous gift of eloquence. When her interior trials were at their height the superior called in Father de la Haye, who caused Mother Marie to write out an account of all the graces God had given her, and the manner in which she had corresponded therewith. He decided that she had been really guided through all by the spirit of God.

There is one wonderful occurrence of her later years in France that it is necessary should be recorded here. This is, the vision in which her Canadian apostolate was shown her

in the clearest and most unmistakeable manner. She saw a lady in a secular dress standing near her. She took this lady by the hand, and led her through a toilsome road, though not knowing herself their destination. After many obstacles, they came to a closed place, guarded by what seemed to be one of the Apostles, an old man. He bade them enter. This space was "an enchanting spot," paved with white marble or alabaster, united by brilliant bands of red. A delightful stillness reigned around. There was a church, surmounted by a seat, on which sat Mary, holding Jesus. Beneath was a vast region of mountains and vales, all covered with mist, save one spot, the site of a church. Mary was looking fixedly at this desolate country to which but one rugged path led. The saintly Ursuline rushed towards it. Mary seemed to confer with her Divine Son, and direct His attention to the barren region. She then turned to the religious and embraced her three times. Meanwhile, the lady in the secular dress stood by, apparently watching all. Mother Marie de l'Incarnation had a second and precisely similar vision, wherein she learned that this desolate country was Canada.

All these years, she was consumed by a burning desire to convert heathens and infidels and offered to remain in purgatory till the Judgment Day, if by so doing she could gain such an end. It was about this time, too, that it was revealed to her that she could obtain anything from the Eternal Father, if she asked it through the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And this was long before the time of Blessed Margaret Mary, and the development of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

A report of the Canadian Missions by a Jesuit Father was sent to her just then. It was this self-same report that reached Madame de la Peltrie, the destined companion of her labors. The latter was a lady of rank, youth, beauty, and fortune. Left a widow after five years of married life, this saintly woman resolved to devote all she had to the service of God. When the

above-mentioned pamphlet came to her notice, it decided her, as it likewise decided Marie de l'Incarnation, subject to the will of her superiors, to go to Canada, and serve God by laboring among the savages. Madame de la Peltrie had many and almost insurmountable obstacles to overcome in going to the New World ; she had everything to keep her in France. When Marie de l'Incarnation, at the end of a year, made known by the command of God her visions, and her desire to go to Canada, she was reproached by confessors and superiors alike for intolerable presumption. Even Father le Jeune, Superior of the missions in Canada, with whom she corresponded, accused her of the same. She submitted joyfully to their decision. Meanwhile Madame de la Peltrie, wrote to the Jesuit, Father Poncet, asking him what nun or nuns she should take with her to New France, as she could not go alone. He wrote back that "Marie de l'Incarnation had a marked vocation for New France; that she possessed all necessary qualifications, and that she would fly to the ends of the earth at the call of God." He added "that she was to be found in the Ursuline Convent of Tours," Madame de la Peltrie wrote at once to the Superior of that convent and to Marie herself. She also came to see them both. The Forty Hours were begun as a means of deciding who should go to Canada. Every one of the community would fain have gone. Besides Marie de l'Incarnation another nun was chosen, Sister St. Bernard, in the world, Marie de la Troche, of a noble family of Anjou. She had promised St. Joseph to take his name if she were chosen. She had apparently been the least likely to be singled out, from her youth and not robust health. Yet she was Marie de l'Incarnation's companion to Canada and remained with her to the end. A young girl, Charlotte Barré, a kind of recluse, was also to go with them. The Archbishop confirmed the choice made, calling Marie de l' Incarnation and Madame de la Peltrie "the foundation stones or God's house in the New World."

On the 22d of February, 1639, Marie de l'Incarnation left the Convent of Tours forever, with much regret, and with ineffable joy. She had but one more trial to undergo in France. Her son was persuaded by others to meet his mother at Orleans, and implore her to remain in France. He assailed her at first with tears and entreaties, but moved by her words, consented to her going, and knelt at her feet for a blessing.

Just before sailing, Marie de l'Incarnation and her companions had an interview with Anne of Austria, that noble Queen, who is so often mentioned as a benefactress in the Annals of Canada. She ever after extended her protection over the newly founded Ursuline Order. Madame de la Peltrie left her faithful friend, M. de Bernières, the founder of a pious association for laymen, to arrange her affairs in France, which he did up to the time of his death, twenty years later.

On the 4th May, 1639, the Ursulines set sail from Dieppe. It was a remarkable coincidence, that the vessel which was to bear them to their adopted country was called the "St. Joseph." Besides their little group, there were on board some hospital nuns of St. Joseph, known more familiarly, now, as Hotel Dieu nuns, and the Jesuit Fathers, Poncet, Vimont, and Chaumonot. The voyage was truly remarkable. Never did more sublime or truly heroic company "go down to the sea in ships." Never was Viking or Berserker of old, in silken-rigged galley, aminated by such a spirit as these. In the old Norse fables women were not only debarred from all participation in deeds of glory during this life, but forbidden after death the warrior's Paradise, and condemned to the sad twilight of Hela. And here were women setting forth to conquer a continent. A few weak women and a handful of men resolved to brave not suffering and hardship only, not alone privation and want and exile and the rigors of a severe climate, but death and what was worse, torture, and that which they sought was not glory. For them no death on the "tented field" amid the mighty sounds of contend-

ing armies, with the clarion notes of nations, and the shouts of victory, and the roar of cannon mingling in their ears, for them no laurel-wreaths, nor crosses, nor medals of honor, no fame, no sounding brass, no storied marble. Only life, marred by every suffering, indignity, privation. Only death, at some lonely stake in the forest, in pestilential wards, on frozen rivers, in the obscurity of exile. Only oblivion, for they did not count upon the remembrance of a grateful posterity. The ship was temporarily a convent,—there were other ships accompanying them, but we speak only of the one on which they had embarked. Mass was said every day, but during some exceptionally stormy weather. There was daily Communion, the usual offices were sung, by the Ursulines on one side, and the Hotel Dieu nuns on the others, a Jesuit Father presiding. Nothing was omitted, prayer, fasting, meditation. Holily thus passed the valiant band over the deep, upon which fell a great calm. This picture of the sea voyage is beautiful, and how sublime and glorious a prelude to the life of more than martyrdom that followed. In their course, they, however, met with great dangers. At first, they were threatened with capture by a Spanish fleet. But by keeping close to the English coast avoided the eminent peril. This delayed them a great deal. On Trinity Sunday they discovered their contiguity to a gigantic iceberg. It bore down upon them in all its majesty—beautiful, terrific, resplendent. Before this tremendous creation, the ship was but an atom. But the calmness of those on board was only intensified by the apparent approach of death. Father Vimont gave general absolution, and all were absorbed in the preparation for death. However, a vow was registered that if the vessel reached Quebec, its passengers should one and all pay a special visit of homage and thanksgiving to Mary, Star of the Sea. When hope was at its lowest ebb, the captain gave orders to shift the sail. His orders were misunderstood, and the sails shifted in a contrary direction to that which he had commanded. This error was the ship's salvation. The

vessel turned, and borne to one side of the iceberg, escaped the awful peril.

It was three months before the "St. Joseph" reached Tadoussac. To our nineteenth century horror of delay what an affliction was ninety days upon the ocean. At Taddoussac, the religious, for the first time, encountered Indians—who met them with astonishment and fear. The nuns appeared as messengers from the Great Spirit—which, indeed, they were—and not mere mortals like themselves. When the savages saw them going around, caressing the children, embracing the women, as if they were beloved sisters, their wonder grew and grew. They followed them wherever they went, touched their garments, and gazed upon them open-mouthed. When they learned that these ladies were the daughters of "Great Chiefs," who had come to teach their children, they expressed the most unbounded admiration. When the religious set sail in the little skiff which was to bring them up the river, the Indians followed them along the bank, as far as they could. That evening, July 3d, the little band of apostles reached the Island of Orleans, just opposite Quebec. We can picture the scene. That lovely, green island, rich in the summer wealth of luxuriant nature, not as now populous and built up, but lonely in its isolated grandeur, covered with mighty trees, the feudal mansions of primal nature, full of mazy paths trodden by the red man in the majesty of proprietorship. Above, casting down its deep-tinted ruby and amber, was the Canadian sun, just setting, and lying between masses of forest, careless as a Cæsar whose dominion is illimitable. Before was the river, dark, rolling, impetuous, and the infant city, with its fortress, terribly insufficient as a means of defence, a church and a few scattered dwellings. As the party landed, the island glowed like a jewel in its setting, and the trees stirred softly in the breeze of a day that was near its close. Mère de l'Incarnation stepped ashore, her calm features radiant with the inexpressible joy of a happiness, long craved, found at last.

Beside her was the gracious and beautiful Madame de la Peltrie, still in her first youth, who might have been had she so willed, the ornament of a court. No less young, and with a soft angelic face, was Mêre St. Joseph—who had fulfilled her vow, and changed her name from that of St. Bernard, on being allowed to go to the New World. The Hospital Sisters, in their picturesque dress, and the Jesuits followed. There were no dwellings of any kind upon the island, so three wigwams were erected, one for the Ursulines, one for the Hospital sisters, and one for the Jesuits. Such was the nuns' first night in Canada. The Jesuits knew the country well, for they were among those pioneers of faith, who had already with undaunted step, and uplifted cross, explored her wildest recesses. When the news of their arrival reached Quebec, great was the joy of the people, and the Chevalier de Montmagny, then governor of Canada, sent to meet them, what is spoken of in contemporary chronicles as "*une chaloupe tapissée*," or carpeted vessel. On the 1st of August, 1639, the devoted band set foot in Quebec. To say that they were warmly greeted would be a mild expression. Governor and governed, soldiers, officials, citizens, traders came out with drums and trumpets to make them welcome. It was a perfect ovation. The whole region rang with it. Never was conquering army greeted with greater enthusiasm. Work was wholly suspended. Every one rushed forth. Cheers and shouts of joy rent the air; tears flowed in abundance. Marie de l'Incarnation and her comrades had taken Quebec by storm. Truly, it was a red-letter day in the annals of the colony. In solemn procession the new laborers in this western vineyard were escorted by the whole population. Mass was said with all possible pomp and demonstration,—as far as circumstances afforded—and a grand Te Deum was sung. God, how it rolled out over the river and into the forests and over hills and down into dales. Father le Jeune entoned it, the multitude caught it up, chanting it with indescribable

enthusiasm ; sending it as a way cry to the *genius loci.* The cannon from the fort added its thunder, peal upon peal. Happy were the settlers, where its voice of terror proclaimed only peace and good will. The chapel of Notre Dame de Recouvrance, built by Champlain near the Fortress St. Louis, was the theatre of this new act in the drama of *la Nouvelle France.* On the site of that chapel stands to-day the Anglican Cathedral. No voice ever goes up thence to tell how Marie de l'Incarnation and her brave companions came and suffered and died to conquer Canada for God. It is conquered—God knows at the cost of what toil and hardship and prayer and self-sacrifice, and martyrdom, and the manner of that conquest is far too often forgotten. In the "Relation des Jesuites" for that year, mention is made of this event as follows :

"And the brave Charles Hualt de Montmagny proceeded to the shore with all the military and the whole population of Quebec, who, at this moment, rent the air with renewed acclamations."

"Le Vieux Récit," and other contemporary chronicles, also refer to this occasion, and represent the holy religious as prostrating themselves to kiss the soil of Quebec as soon as they had landed. Mass being said, the governor, and the cortege of citizens, proceeded to the Fort. The procession included every one in the town, and Indians, whose strange, uncouth garb gave a picturesque wildness to every scene of those early days. Now foes to the death, skulking in forest paths, or on the banks of rivers, again peaceful allies, joining in the sports, the wars, and celebrations of all kinds of their French brethren. They run like a minor chord through colonial history, and whether for weal or woe, figure as the heroes of dark tragedies too horrible in their details for human pen, or as the more or less reliable friends and generous protectors of the whites. Arrived at the Chateau St. Louis, the religious held a veritable levee. Every one of rank, wealth or distinction

of any kind, was present. How dream-like it must have seemed to the new-comers, how dream-like is seems to us now, this reception in that quaint, primitive building, which already, in the brief years of its existence, had grown famous for its "high whispering of state."

All the splendors of the Bigot administration were to come, the waving plumes and gleaming swords and brilliant uniforms, and jewelled broideries and stiff brocades. For it was still the serious, earnest days of old Quebec, that witnessed the reception of Marie de l'Incarnation, who already in her short life had passed through more adventures than the heroine of a three volume novel, and was to pass through many more. That first day in Quebec the newly arrived dined with the governor. That night, they slept, for the first time, in their own little habitation,—the store or warehouse in the Lower Town, where now stands the strange old Chapel of Our Lady of Victory, old to us now, but then unbuilt. They slept upon boughs of trees, their baggage and other effects having been delayed at Tadoussac. Thus the exiles found their new home at last. It is interesting to read the official document or address of welcome, prepared by the governor. It runs as follows: "We, Charles Hualt de Montmagny, Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Lieutenant for His Majesty all along the River St. Lawrence of New France, certify to all whom it may concern, that the Reverend Mothers, Ursuline Religious, namely, Mother Marie Guyart de l'Incarnation, Mother Marie de Savonnieres de St. Joseph, of the Convent of the town of Tours, and Mother Cecile de St. Croix, of the town of Dieppe, accompanied by the most devout and religious Dame Madeleine de Chauvigny, widow of the late Monsieur Charles de Gruël, known when living as Seigneur Chevalier de la Peltrie, have arrived in this town of Quebec, the 1st of August of the present year, 1639, to establish a house and convent of their Order of St. Ursula, for the glory of God and the education of young

girls, both French and Indian, of this country, having come hither in a vessel commanded by Jacques Vastel, master of the ship of Captain Bontemps, admiral of the fleet of New France, after having passed from Dieppe to Tadoussac in the said ship. And as soon as we were certain that the said Reverend Mothers Ursuline Religious were on the above-mentioned vessel, and desired to land, we sent a boat to take and receive them, and went ourselves to meet them on the river bank, accompanied by the principal inhabitants, and followed by numbers of people who manifested extraordinary joy, in which we concurred by the discharge of cannon from the fort, and led them to the Church, where Holy Mass was celebrated, and the Te Deum Laudamus sung, to thank God for their safe arrival, and for the great good which we expected thence, for the glory of God, and the common edification and utility, as already displayed to the great joy of French and Indians alike."

He goes on to relate how the "said Reverend Mothers" were conducted to their dwelling, belonging to one Noël Juchereau, Sieur de Chatelets, and his associates, let to them by the "gentlemen of the Company of New France" till their convent should be built. He speaks of having seen the letters of obedience granted by the Archbishops of Rouen and of Tours, in which ample testimony is borne to their merits. He mentions Madame de la Peltrie's zeal and devotedness, in giving her all to found a church and mission in the New World. We therefore, "by these presents" consented "by our power and authority that they (the Religious) establish themselves in this country of New France to keep and observe their religious rules and constitutions," and labor for the conversion and education of the Indians. He gives them six arpents of land, within the city of Quebec "of the nature of woods," and sixty more, also "of the nature of woods," in Lower Town, so that they might clear these lands to build, and sow grain for their support. He declares that he was requested by the Religious to have this act

signed byFathers Barthélemi Vimont, then superior of the Missions of the Society of Jesus, "who are the only ecclesiastics found in this country," and the Rev. Paul le Jeune, who preceded him in this office. So the act was signed, at "Fort St. Louis de Quebec," this 28th day of September, 1639."

So, like a misty breath from the past, comes this document to us, in the practical, common-sense atmosphere of the nineteenth century. Old fashioned in phraseology, savoring of the bygone in every line, we read it now; and feel ourselves almost actors in that drama of two centuries ago. The dead and gone Religious, who came, with a flavor of Middle-Age heroism about them, to evangelize a continent; the dead and gone sea-captain, who would long since have rested in the everlasting sleep of oblivion, but that in one of his voyages he brought over the said Reverend Mothers, Ursuline Religious; the Admiral of the fleet of New France, no doubt once of note among his contemporaries; the graceful and highborn Madame de la Peltrie; the chivalric Charles Hualt de Montmagny, governing for His Majesty of France, proud scion of a doomed monarchy; the noble and heroic Father le Jeune, who lived an apostle's life and died an apostle's death at the stake; Father Barthélemi Vimont, Superior of the Missions of the Company of Jesus, leader, we should rather say of a valiant army, who met torture with a song of triumph on their lips, and death with a smile, to whom unfathomable wildernesses were as high roads, and distant settlements, raging torrents and unattainable trading-posts, as attractive as thoughts of home to the exile, who despised the fiercest cold of the Northern winter, who died to self, and lived only to apostolic work. All these names occurring here and there in the document bring their owners vividly before us, and the incidents, too. A house rented by the Company of New France, an institution gone into oblivion these two hundred years. And the document itself, given at "Fort St. Louis de Quebec." Fort St. Louis, with its hundred

memories of glory, with its sterns fights fought, its garrisons invincible, with heroes like Wolfe dying in sight of it, and the proudest hopes of chivalric France going down into the grave with Louis de St. Veran ; with its mighty inspirations for grand poems ; with all that has woven around the promontory of Quebec, a wreath of glory destined to be imperishable. Let us bring the scene before us, on that occasion when this document was signed, the gray old fort, part of the life-work of Champlain, the river without and beneath, rapidly flowing, blue and shining ; the quaint, half-settled town, walls and gates ; a room, rude and rough,—the warlike governor, a soldier of France ; around him officers in brilliant uniforms, citizens in the primitive costume of pioneers ; a little group of men, distinct from all the rest, in black gowns, with rosaries at their side and a crucifix in their belt ; Marie de l'Incarnation, her strong, calm face, and soft yet penetrating eyes ; beside her, her two companions, in the garb of St. Ursula, and Madame de la Peltrie, in her mourning weeds. Immortal gathering, among the many immortal ones that the walls of that ancient city witnessed. Why need we dwell upon it ; the historic interest, the romance, the beauty, the poetry, the strong, fiery hearts subdued, the inclinations conquered, ties broken, what a story, what a novel, or rather what an epic they make.

But long before this 28th day of September, the newly arrived had gone to work. On the morrow of their arrival, both the Ursulines and Hospital Sisters went to Sillery, hard by the town, to visit some Algonquins who had been induced to settle there by the Missionaries. This Sillery was so called from its founder, M. de Sillery, sometime French ambassador to the Spanish and Papal Courts, and for a while Prime Minister to Leo III. He afterwards became a priest. This visit to Sillery on that August day, more than two hundred years ago, was indeed a curious and interesting one. The savages, alarmed at first at the religious dress, were soon won by the gentleness

and affability of the strange ladies, and became on very good terms with them before they left. The Jesuits were given occupation at once. There were several Indian children to be baptized and Madame de la Peltrie was in many cases made godmother.

The work of education began with six Indian girls, whom the Jesuit Fathers confided to the care of the Religious. Besides this they brought them all the French and Indian children whom they could procure, and the Ursuline Convent of Quebec was, so to say, established. Of the dimensions of this building in the Lower Town, where this great house of education had its beginning, we find a description in the Ursuline records.

"Our dwelling," says this ancient chronicle, "was so small that a room sixteen feet square served at once for choir, parlor, cells and refectory; and another little apartment was the class-room for the French and Indian children." They called this place their Louvre, and found happiness therein, because it contained, "the treasures they had come to seek, their dear neophytes."

They had their chapel, sacristy and kitchen in a sort of gallery, which they added to the original structure. The chronicle describes one of the charms of their new life, as follows:

"The dirtiness of the Indian girls, who were not yet trained to cleanliness like the French, caused us every day to find hair, coal or other filth in our soup pot, and sometimes an old shoe in the stew, which, however, did not disgust us much."

As both Hurons and Algonquins preponderated in this region, the nuns were under the necessity of studying both languages, a work of no small difficulty, as any one who considers what the Indian dialects are, may suppose. Mère de l'Incarnation learned them with a facility which surprised every one, herself included. No doubt that, aided by the Holy Spirit, her facility came from the ardor of her desire to instruct the

savages in the sacred truths of faith. Scarcely were they a year in the colony, when a terrible affliction befell them. The various parts of the town were a prey to the ravages of small-pox, and soon it overtook the little Convent of the Ursulines. We quote a graphic description of the horrors to which the inmates were now subjected, shut up within so narrow limits with the victims of this fearful scourge, who were principally Indians.

"Our little house," says Marie de l'Incarnation, "was changed into an hospital for the malady of the small pox, contracted by the Indian girls, who had it as many as three times, and of which four died. We all expected to be taken ill, not only because this disease is contagious, but because we were attending them day and night, and our narrow limits obliged us to be constantly all together. But Our Lord assisted us so much that none of us were inconvenienced. As we had no furniture yet, all the beds were on the floor, in such numbers that we were oblized to pass continually over the patients, but in this necessity, the Divine Majesty gave us so great courage, that none of us felt any disgust of the miseries and the filth of the Indians."

When the disease at last took wing, the nuns were totally without linen, even that required for their costume having been used in dressing the sick. They began to fear very much, too, that the disease would deprive them of their scholars, for it was one of the superstitious ideas prevalent among the savages that all who were baptized must die. Their fears proved groundless, as we find from letters of the Venerable Mother written during this year of 1640. One is to a great lady in France, asking help for the Missions. Madame de la Peltrie, of course, supplied a portion of what was needed, but she was hampered by her relations in France, and meanwhile Marie de l'Incarnation gives a touching picture of the poverty of the Mission. She says, however, that they have eighteen Indian boarders in the house, besides four more offered to them, and

many externes or day scholars. She declares that if they had a building large enough to contain them, they would not want for pupils, and deplores their lack of means, which forces them to leave many Indians to perish. She said they had brought clothes enough to last two years, but on account of the sickness and all that transpired, they were worn out much quicker. The incoming winter seems to have made them very anxious, but from another letter we find that it passed off surprisingly well. The people of the town gave them whatever they could, in the way of vegetables and the like.

"The air is excellent," says Marie, "so that it is a terrestrial paradise, where crosses and thorns grow so lovingly, that the more they prick one, the more one's heart is filled with sweetness."

All this time, besides the Indian children who frequented the schools, and Indian women who came there for instruction, the men of the tribe resorted to the convent parlor, and obtained from the nuns the same lessons on the truths of faith as their female relations. Banquets were given at the Louvre, too, at which everything was fat and greasy, to satisfy the taste of the children of the forest. Mère de l'Incarnation thus describes one of these repasts :

"To entertain some sixty or eighty of them sumptuously, we used about a bushel of dried plums, four six-pound loaves of bread, four measures of ground pease or Indian meal, a dozen tallow candles, melted up, and two or three pounds of lard, that there might be plenty of fat, for that is what they like : this banquet, which serves them at once for meat and drink, is one of their most sumptuous repasts."

She speaks of a certain young Agnes, who was a very skilful player on the viol, and who enlivened these festive occasions by music.

Meanwhile the good religious had to do all the menial work of their little establishment themselves, having been unable as

yet to find a lay-sister. A task which seems to human nature peculiarly repulsive, they all sought eagerly. This was the combing and washing of the Indian girls. Especially on their first arrival, this was an undertaking which it is better to leave to the imagination of our readers. Yet each one of the nuns craved permission to fulfil this office, and Madame de la Peltrie performed it oftener than any one else. Is it any wonder that Marie de l'Incarnation, writing to her sisters in France, says :

"To enter into the true spirit of a missioner to Canada, the soul must die to all things created ; on this point the Almighty Master is inexorable! Interior death is no doubt the sure road to life in God, but who can describe what it costs nature thus to die."

Yet on the 7th of July, 1640, two more Ursulines obtained permission to come out to join their sisters in the new world, Mother St. Athanasius, and Mother St. Clare. Their coming led to the building of the convent, which had been long in contemplation. In the interval Marie de l'Incarnation gives the following cheering account of the progress made among the savages in Quebec. This letter was dated September, 1641. It says :

"We have our savage devotees here, as you have your polished ones in France ; ours, it is true, are not so subtle and refined as yours, but they have a childish innocence which shows them to be souls, washed and regenerated in the blood of Jesus Christ. When I listen to our good Charles Montagnais, Michael, and Tek8erimat,* I would not leave the place to hear the best preacher in Europe. Michael said to me, a little while ago :

" 'I do not live any longer only for beasts, as I used to do,

* The figure 8 stood to express a (to foreigners) unpronounceable sound in Indian dialects.

nor for beaver skins. I live and I am for God. When I go to hunt, I say : 'great Captain Jesus, decide for me ; even if you stop the beasts, so that they do not appear before me, I will always hope in you. If you wish me to die of hunger, I will be content.'"

Marie de l'Incarnation remarks in one of her letters concerning their life at this time :

"The 'Relation' of 1641 will give you some idea of it, but in truth, if it were to tell you all, you would not believe it."

An extract taken from the "Relation" of 1641 gives us indeed a remarkable insight into the state of affairs among the savages of the Mission. It is too long to give verbatim here. The writer is the Père le Jeune. He begins by regretting that the want of means should hamper the good religious in the work they have to do. He declares that were they better lodged, they could not only accomodate numbers of Indian children, but receive women to make Retreats in preparation for their baptism. He gives many delightful details of the little "*seminaristes,*" as the Indian pupils are called. He relates that one of the Jesuit Fathers when at Tadoussac received a letter from two of the older Ursuline pupils. The good priest read it aloud to the savages,—it being written of course in their tongue, and represented to them the great advantage it was to their children to be able to write like the French. The savages were delighted ; they made the Father repeat over and over the message which it contained, and taking the letter in their hands, turned it round and round, expressing their joy that the paper of the French should speak their tongue.

Father le Jeune also tells us that the little ones were in the habit of examining their consciences every night, and that they made their confessions with a clearness and accuracy which he had seldom found in civilized and educated people. He declares that he never saw joy so great as when the elder children were told that they would be allowed to make their first Com-

munion at Easter. One day, as he was giving instructions on the Holy Eucharist, an Indian child of six years old came to him, and asked that she might receive the Blessed Sacrament. He told her she was too little.

"Ah, Father," said she, "do not send me away because I am little; you shall see, I will soon grow as big as my companions."

They did not of course admit her to first Communion, but they allowed her to listen to the instructions, which she heard with the greatest profit, so much so, that when some days after her mother came, she instructed her in this sacred truth, with wonderful clearness, and the poor squaw cried out:

"Ah, if I had known God as soon as you knew Him!"

Turning to the Sisters, she continued:

"I am glad to see my child with you; when we take her away she will instruct her father and me; we both wish much to be baptized, and she will teach us to pray to God!"

Mother St. Clare, one of those who came from Paris in 1640, gives a charming picture of the joy and peace, that, despite all their privations, hardships and suffering, reigned in the little monastery. She says that in speaking to Mère de l' Incarnation, "she breathed a certain air of sanctity, which embalmed everything." Among the pupils of the Ursulines, was the Huron, Teresa, who was quite a celebrated figure in the little world of the colony at that time, and who belonged to a family distinguished for zeal and piety. Her uncle and guardian, Joseph Chi8atenh8a, was considered among the Huron Saints, and Joseph Taoudechorin, another uncle, was also greatly revered as a man of exemplary life. While Teresa was still at the convent, and some thirteen or fourteen years of age, she gained a wonderful reputation among her countrymen, for eloquence in expounding the sacred truths, and her persuasive powers. Many of them came from the more distant settlements to spend the winter in Quebec, that they might hear her

tongue of gold and, several were by her converted to the knowledge of God. On one occasion, a neophyte whom she had won to Christ, when on the very eve of baptism pretended to her, simply to test her faith, that he had lost his belief, and given up the idea of baptism. Teresa became greatly excited :

"Wretch," she said to him, "what would you do ? Do you want to go to hell with the devils ? Perhaps you will die to-night, and find yourself with them at dawn. Ah ! the devil has turned your head." As the man was apparently deaf to her reproaches, Teresa sobbing bitterly, went to Mère de l'Incarnation, telling her all, and adding that but for the grating between them, she would have beaten the renegade.

It was long before she could be convinced that the man was only trying her. Soon after leaving the convent, Teresa had to pass through a terrible ordeal. Together with her uncle Taoudechorin, and Father Jogues, the Jesuit, she was taken prisoner, and carried to a distant Iroquois village, where she was detained two years. There, as may be supposed, she had a great deal to suffer, but her uncle, who managed to escape, brought to Quebec and to Marie de l'Incarnation the news that Teresa was bravely confessing her faith among these ferocious enemies of her race, and practising as far as might be her religious duties. Through the efforts of Marie de l'Incarnation and the other Ursulines, the Governor, M. de Montmagny, finally procured her release. The memory of Teresa, a shining light among the earliest of Ursuline pupils, is still kept green in every house of the order. So many and varied are the incidents related of these Indian neophytes, that they would make in themselves an interesting volume. Meanwhile, the religious continued their work within the same narrow limits as we have before seen. The only means by which they were enabled to accomodate their boarders, was by erecting small compartments, like berths in ships, to the top ones of which they climbed by a ladder.

Their gayety, their courage, their heroic cheerfulness, under such circumstances, excites the wonder even of the Jesuit missionaries, men who, in truth, were not to be amazed by any privations. How should they, when they themselves had experienced every kind ?"

In the "Relation" of 1641, Father Vimont says :

"When we see young and delicate women shut up in their house, on the banks of our great river St. Lawrence, sharing all the labors of the establishment, with an unparalleled gayety; when I beheld a lady, separated by thousands of leagues from her country, giving her life and her goods for the salvation of these barbarians, preferring a roof of bark to azure tapestries, taking more pleasure in conversing with savages than in visiting the great people of the court; when I contemplate a young lady, to whom a breath of wind would in France have given a cold, crossing the ocean and braving our long winters, and that to speak words of truth to a poor savage ; no, I cannot doubt that God, who began the great work of the conversion of these tribes, will deign to finish it, despite all the obstacles with which we must meet."

Yet these first Ursulines at Quebec were often heard to say that the only fault they had to find with Canada was that they had not enough to suffer. Soon, very soon, having built a little wooden chapel beside their dwelling, they had the consolation of hearing Mass every morning, and having the Blessed Sacrament under their roof. At last, in the spring of 1641, a beginning was made towards the new monastery, which was to stand in Upper Town, on the site where the Ursuline convent stands today, a witness of truth for two centuries and a half. The beginning was made in spite of every obstacle that want of means and poverty of resources could occasion. For it must be remembered that Quebec then consisted of a few straggling edifices, a fort, a church, some dwellings. And the colonists, in constant terror of their Indian neighbors, and at constant warfare with the

Iroquois, were at the same time deprived of all but the most necessary means of sustenance. They had little to spare, in money or provisions, for works of charity or public utility. Their own life was one of hard, stern necessity, grasping want, small comfort and little luxury. A hand to mouth existence, where only energy, daring and the most resolute endurance could enable men to live. Therefore it was simply confidence in God that could have made Marie de l'Incarnation entertain for a single instant such a project as the building of a convent in the wilderness. In the course of the narrative we shall see that pecuniary aid and divers offers of assistance flowed in upon them. But Mère de l'Incarnation, a wise woman in her generation, foresaw a difficulty which had to be overcome before an Ursuline community could be permanently settled in Quebec. Dwelling upon Marie Guyart as a saint, we have perhaps not laid sufficient stress upon the qualities which always raised her far above her surroundings. Madame Suetchine remarks that "it is only in heaven angels have as much ability as demons." To this generality, fallacious no doubt, Marie de l'Incarnation offers a striking exception. Had she been placed in any circumstances, a woman of the world, governing a large establishment, reconciling numerous conflicting interests, battling in that hand to hand contest with the world, wherein many a woman of superior intellect wastes her energies, Marie Guyart would have been remarkable, towering above her kind, alone and unapproached. Or discarding all religion, she might have been an *esprit fort* born to control thousands. Her intellect was of a high order; her perception keen and acute; her understanding solid and logical. In a word, she was gifted with the rare combination of genius with common sense. She readily comprehended difficult situations, and sought their remedy. Her practical and imaginative mind united rare tact with calmness, moderation and self-control. A tender grace of manner, a genial kindliness, a winning gentleness, which never

failed to influence all who approached her, were added to these intellectual gifts. Her wonderfully expressive face, womanly yet strong, beautiful with a beauty that had little to do with earth, grave and gentle, tender and serious, no one ever looked upon Marie de l'Incarnation without a feeling of mingled reverence and sympathy. This heroine of charity had all the qualities which fiction would fain give to its characters, and they carried her to heights where only the elect of God can tread. Uncommon as her natural gifts were, they could never in real life have been carried to such perfection, but by the influence of grace, and of the love of God. Marie Guyart was a true heroine, because she was a true Christian, a saint.

To return to the project, which the Venerable Mother now began to entertain, and which it required all her delicate tact and rare judgment to carry into execution. It was the merging of the various congregations of Ursulines into one, to be thereafter known as the Ursulines of Quebec. In the small community of five, there were three of Bordeaux and two of Paris, between whom there were some slight differences of rule and costume. Moreover, candidates from divers cities of France were constantly offering themselves for the Canadian Mission. So that various elements would have been introduced into the little congregation at Quebec. After weighing the matter well, Mère de l'Incarnation proffered a few resolutions, bearing upon the points at issue, which from their wisdom, moderation, and delicacy, were at once accepted by all the branches of the Order. One related to the vow of education, which the Ursulines of Bordeaux now added to their three primary vows, like those of Paris; the second to the dress, the Ursulines from Paris assuming that of the Ursulines from Bordeaux. All were to be at liberty, on returning to France, to abide by the special rules of their own particular monastery. These and other points having been settled, the Ursulines of Quebec, established upon a permanent basis, devoted themselves to lives of marvellous

sanctity. Dom Claude Martin, it is anticipating here to relate, how Marie de l'Incarnation's son became at last a Benedictine, and leading a life of great perfection, lived to write his mother's biography. This Dom Martin says of these first Ursulines of Quebec: "These chosen souls who had left all for God, observed every point of their rule so exactly, and with such fervor, that they might be compared to the first Benedictines, and Dominicans, under their founders; communities which have served as an example to the holiest congregations in all succeeding ages." On the 12th of June, 1642, Mère de l'Incarnation was canonically re-elected Superior. After that there were various charges and adaptations made in the constitution of the Order, till in 1681, they finally adopted that of the congregation of Paris.

The work at the "Louvre" meanwhile progressed wonderfully. The Indians, men, women and children, became daily more attached to their benefactresses. In times of want or distress they always sought their good Mothers. It was, often, extremely inconvenient for the religious to supply them with food, when the proud warriors of the forest beheld the gaunt features of famine at their wigwam door, and were driven by want to confess their needs. The charity of Mère de l'Incarnation and her sisters was boundless. It inspired them to meet all demands. For the next seven years, Marie de l'Incarnation endured the most intense anguish from spiritual sufferings. She bore them with her wonted fortitude, and offered them for the salvation of two persons. Her son, and a niece, whom she had dearly loved. Nor was her offering unavailable. We have seen her prayer answered with regard to her son. Her niece, then leading a rather worldly life, became a religious. But the intensity of the Venerable Mother's sufferings at this time can scarcely be estimated. She saw even the most trifling inperfections of her life magnified tenfold as at the judgment-seat, and they almost drove her to despair. But she never omitted the slightest duty, and took her share in menial work,

as she had been in the habit of doing heretofore. A great grief to her, also, was the departure of Madame de la Peltrie for Montreal, where the latter thought of founding a mission for the conversion of the savages. This departure was a two-fold loss to the Ursulines, her pecuniary assistance, and her presence, counsel and support. Fortunately it was only temporary. It was during her absence that the Ursulines took possession of their new monastery, which had all this time been in process of erection. The day before that memorable Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, 1642, the nuns kept a strict fast. But the morning of the festival dawned, and the procession climbed the steep height into Upper Town. There were the Ursulines in their religious habit, the Indians in such costumes as the poverty of their benefactors had been enabled to provide for them; the Jesuits, Fathers Vimont and Faulx, the latter chaplain to the Congregation. It was a touching sight. On their arrival at the new convent, grand Mass was sung, and such thanksgiving went up as rarely ascends from earth to heaven. Yet that winter of 1642-43, was the hardest the community ever knew. The cold and other hardships that they had to endure were almost incredible, though the Indian children, rejoiced that they were to live in "so large a wigwam," fairly danced with delight. Marie de l'Incarnation gives the following account of their accomodations. "Our chimney was at the end to heat the dormitory and the cells, which were divided by a partition of pine-wood; and do not think that we can live long there without approaching the fire. We could not remain thus an hour, but still the hands must be hidden and well-covered. Besides the exercises, the ordinary place to read, write and study, is of necessity near the fire. Our beds are of wood and close up like cupboards, and although they are lined with quilts or serge, we can scarcely keep warm. In four fireplaces we burn 175 cords of wood during the year. But al-

though the cold is very great, we have gone to the choir all winter, though we suffer a little there." The monastery was of stone, 92 feet in length, and twenty-eight in width. It was the largest and handsomest building then in Canada. It was not until 1648 that the community received its first Canadian recruit—a lay-sister known as Sister Catherine of St. Ursula. Gertrude de Boulogne,a sister of Madame d'Ailleboust, wife of the third Governor of Quebec, was also received into the Order this year. The first novice, after the arrival in Canada, was Charlotte Barrê, who had accompanied Madame de la Peltrie from France; she took the name of St. Ignace. She also made her final vows in 1648. But we anticipate. The congregation had, indeed, need of all possible reinforcement. The number of Indian pupils was now eighty, and there were a good many French besides. The Indian pupils were not only taught free and boarded free, but their clothing was also provided by the teachers. So that what with the costs of building, and the ordinary expenses of the establishment, it seems little short of miraculous, that the Ursulines should have passed through this ordeal. The burden rested chiefly on Marie de l'Incarnation, who had besides having all along superintended the building operations, and directed the workmen, had governed the house, performed her share of manual labor, taught and begged alms for their enterprises. She wrote as many as two hundred letters in a short space of time, to people in France, asking their assistance. She says in one place : "My hand is so tired that I can scarcely hold the pen. But so it is that we must pass our time, waiting for the great eternity which will never pass." That winter, as we have said, the community had everything to suffer from cold and poverty. Marie de l'Incarnation had besides to bear the sharper interior trials, of which we have spoken. In the autumn of 1643, however, Madame de la Peltrie returned, never to leave them again. Soon afterwards, she had a house built hard by the convent, on the

ground originally granted to her. This two story stone house soon became and has ever since remained a tradition among the Ursulines. As we shall see, it occupied an important place in their history. In 1643, some new religious came from France, Mother Anne of the Seraphim, Mother Anne of St. Cecilia, and Anne of Our Lady from Tours. In 1645 Mother St. Athanasius was made Superior, to the great relief of Marie de l'Incarnation; henceforth she devoted her time mainly to the instruction of the Indians. This was her work of predilection. In one of her letters, she says: "The happiness which I experience in teaching a poor savage to know God is a solace in pain, and a refreshment in weariness." About this time, she made a special vow, "to do, to say, and to think, always and at all times, what she believed to be for the greater glory of God." The year 1649 was marked in the history of Canada by a terrible episode. The Iroquois poured like a torrent upon the various villages of converted Indians, and almost exterminated the Hurons. The scattered remnant of this latter tribe came to Quebec, where they were new objects of charity for the Ursulines. Some of them were, however, received into the Iroquois nations, as equal members, and not only kept their faith, but in many cases converted their conquerors. It was during this massacre that Fathers Lallemant and Brebœuf suffered martyrdom, with a refinement of cruelty too painful for contemplation.

A devotion which was, perhaps, most cherished of all in the Ursuline community, and amongst its pupils, was that to the Blessed Virgin. The Indian pupils early learned to regard her with a deep and very real love, as if she had been, indeed, their mother. The whole city of Quebec seemed, at this time, to have been imbued with like sentiments. Marie de l'Incarnation herself describes a procession in honor of Our Lady, in which all the principal inhabitants of the place joined. She declared herself much edified by the pious demeanor of the

participants on this occasion, particularly the Indians. On the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, Sept. 8th, 1650, the bells of the monastery rang out joyously. Religious and pupils assembled in the chapel. Mary was chosen first and chief Superior. The Mother Superior laid the keys of the monastery before the statue, and read an address, in which she relegated her office to the Blessed Virgin. Each religious then advanced to kiss the feet of the statue, and a Te Deum was sung. For more than two centuries and a quarter, this pious ceremony has been repeated every year.

This year of 1650 was a sadly memorable one to the Ursuline congregation of Quebec. On the 30th of December, Mère Sister Seraphim, who slept in the dormitory with the pupils, was awakened by the crackling of flames. She arose, woke the children, and rushed into the community to awake the religious. The whole lower part of the house was in flames. The nuns thought at first of saving some of their clothing, but Marie de l'Incarnation, quickly perceiving the extent of the danger, bade them leave everything and fly. This admirable women never lost her self-possession for an instant. She was calm, unruffled, displaying no trace of alarm or regret. The religious, now, at the imminent peril of their lives, rushed into the upper dormitories, to save the little children. The elder ones had already found means of escape. On they went, inspired by their heroic charity, forcing their way through the flames, the fragile, almost dying Mère St. Joseph breaking down the grating to leave the passage free. Every religious carried a child in her arms. When all were saved, they stood without under the venerable ash-tree dear to the Ursuline heart. Mère St. Athanasius, who had reached there first, finding that the others delayed in coming, knelt on the frozen ground, and made a vow to Mary Immaculate, if she would save the Sisters. Barefooted and half-clad, the little group, one after another, assembled, perceived with a thrill of horror that Marie de l'In-

carnation was missing. She was still within the burning-pile, making a heroic effort to save some important papers. All at once she appeared at one of the higher windows, surrounded by flames on all sides. Her face and attitude were calm and undisturbed. Again she disappeared. She had to descend through flames, and to make her way out under the bell, which was pouring down streams of molten metal. She passed through every danger unhurt and presently emerged to join the anxious group under the tree, with the same mien she would have joined them at prayer before the Tabernacle. It was a weird scene. The nuns standing under those spreading branches, with the dusk-skinned savages clinging to them, and gazing with horrible fascination at the flames, while the fire blazing higher and higher, made lurid the sky of Quebec, threatened the fort and falling upon the snow, increased tenfold by contrast its whiteness. Nuns and children now prostrated themselves in thanksgiving. The people watched them in astonishment. Never had misfortune seemed so like happiness. Some present cried out that either these holy women were fools, or that they loved God with inconceivable love. All the men of the town, including the Jesuit Fathers, who were strenuous in their exertions, made every effort to save the doomed building, or at least some portion of the effects. Marie de l'Incarnation declares that the Jesuits risked their lives many times that night to help them. This chapter of the fire is an uninterrupted one throughout of beautiful and almost inappreciable heroism. In the sublimest heights of fraternal charity, one outdid the other, Jesuits and Ursulines and Hospital Nuns. Nor were instances of bravery and devotedness wanting among the laity. We know of nothing finer, in a still higher order of charity, than the offering of Marie de l'Incarnation. Still in the midst of flames, before leaving the burning monastery, she bowed her head, and made the complete sacrifice of everything to God. Those hardly earned goods and provi-

sions, that noble building into which a part of her own life had passed, all relinquished in a moment, and with cheerfulness. She declares that she never felt peace more perfect, nor union with God more undisturbed, than on that awful night of December 30th, 1650. The Superior of the Jesuits, having found an asylum for the children, brought the religious to the Jesuit House, till they had been provided with shoes, when he was about to take them to the fort. But the hospital Sisters sent word that the Ursulines must come to them, and when they went, needless to say that they met with a cordial welcome. They were clothed, fed, and lodged for three weeks. On the day following the conflagration, a touching incident occurred. The Huron chiefs came to present an address of sympathy to the sufferers. They had been themselves deprived of everything. They brought the last of their treasures, two wampum belts, to the nuns, and they had to hold a council, before they could decide whether or no it was prudent to give these.

The following address was made by Taicaronk, Grand Chief of the Hurons:

"You behold in your presence holy virgins, the poor remnants of a once flourishing, but now a fallen nation. The Hurons are no more. The country of the Hurons has been gnawed to the bone by war and famine. The wretched survivors have been enabled to live through you alone. You have been told in letters, and now you see for yourselves, the misery to which we are reduced. Behold us on all sides and see, reflect if we be not impelled to weep over ourselves and to shed ceaseless torrents of tears. Alas! the misfortune that has befallen you must strike us too, and cause our half-dried tears to flow once more. To have seen that beautiful house of Jesus burn; that dwelling of charity reduced to ashes; the fire reigning there, and respecting not even your persons, holy virgins, who inhabited it. All this awakens the memory of the universal fire which consumed our wigwams, our villages

and our whole country. Must fire, then, pursue us everywhere. Let us weep, then, dear countrymen, let us weep for woes, which lately altogether our own, we now share with these innocent ladies. Holy virgins behold you now reduced to the same misery as your poor Hurons, for whom you have had so tender a compassion. Behold you are now without country or home, without provisions or help of any kind, save that of the Heaven, upon which your eyes are ever fixed. We have come thither to offer you our consolation, and before entering here, we have gone down into the depths of your hearts, to discover what most afflicts you in this terrible calamity, that we might strive to remedy it. Were you people of our nation we would offer you a present to dry your tears, and to revive your courage. We have seen that you are not discouraged at sight of your dwelling in ruins, and none of us have witnessed a single tear wept by you over this misfortune. Your hearts are not cast down by the loss of earthly things, for we know that they are raised too high in a desire for the goods of Heaven."

The address went on to say that the Hurons' only fear was lest the calamity might drive the religious from their shores, and with the simplicity of their nation, they say that to avert such a loss, they had brought the two wampum belts, that this offering might enable them to rebuild the House of Jesus. The Ursulines remained three weeks at the Hotel Dieu and departed laden with gifts, such as five hundred pounds of provisions to enable them to live. At this time a sort of spiritual engagement was drawn up between the communities, giving each a share in the prayers and good works of the other, both before and after death. The next era in the lives of the first Ursulines in Quebec, was that of their sojourn in the house built by Madame de la Peltrie, which we have before described. In these narrow limits, the heroic religious were to begin again their work of zeal. To make room for their community of

thirteen, besides their numerous pupils. To find place for dormitories and refectory, and kitchen and parlor and class-rooms and chapels in this one little building. But they managed it, somehow, and strove to keep their flock inviolate. The Hospital Nuns did everthing in their power for them. The Jesuit Fathers,* in Marie de l'Incarnation's own words, "aided us in every hospitable way ; even sending us cloth which they had in reserve for clothing. They gave us besides provisions, linen, quilts, besides day's work of the lay-brothers and servants." The people of the town were not behindhand. Many rare instances of charity are recorded of all classes of the colonists, from the governor down. That spring the vessels were unusually late in arriving, and as the news of the disaster had not reached France, at the time of their sailing, they brought merely the ordinary help. But the Ursulines possessed a little farm, which had hitherto been utterly unprofitable. Their chaplain, M. Vignal, inspired by his charity and compassion, resolved to cultivate this farm for them and not only brought his servants thither, but actually worked there himself, so that the ground began to yield abundance, and did much to relieve the necessities of the Ursulines. Yet many people began to think that this disaster seemed to indicate that it was the will of God for the community to return to France. But the Venerable Mother, "the soul of all the enterprises and whose courage rose above all events, combated such an idea from the first." She said she had "an extreme aversion to returning to France, and felt a greater love than ever for her vocation." Meantime, while the Ursulines were awaiting farther manifestations of the will of God, it was necessary to arrive at some decision. Marie de l'Incarnation

* The following resolution was passed by the Jesuits, on the 2d of January, 1651: Unanimi omnium Patrum consensu imo et fratrum, to deprive ourselves of our deserts to help these good religious, who have more need of such luxuries than we.

writes : " I had an interior instinct that the whole burden would fall upon my shoulders, that I must begin all over again, and I felt a natural apprehension, which I dared not declare for fear of opposing the will of God." Measures were now taken by the Jesuits, the governor, and other friends of the institution, to enable the Ursulines to build again. Money was loaned to them on advantageous terms, and in fine, on the 19th of May, 1651, Madame de la Peltrie laid the corner-stone of the new edifice. In fact, once the arrangements had been made the Venerable Mother set to work with "superhuman energy." She herself began to clear away the debris from the ruins, the other religious followed her example, and many pious seculars joined in the good work. After the laying of the corner-stone, the building progressed very rapidly. Meanwhile, as the weather had grown mild again, nature provided the devoted religious with class rooms to carry on their work of instruction Never was fairer picture painted by artist. In those green shaded walls, bordering on what was then the Grande Allée, now St. Louis Road, hard by a winding stream, the valiant little band of women collected their scattered neophytes. Underneath that venerable "Ash" so famous in the convent traditions, Marie de l'Incarnation sat surrounded by the tawny children of the forest. Close at hand, shaded by a walnut tree, Mother St. Athanasius, with her group of Canadian daughters of the first colonists. Farther on, a cluster of wigwams, built here that the neophytes, adults as well as children, might find a shelter, and pursue uninterrupted their lessons in the science of God. The sun of morning looked down upon this scene and twilight stole gently along those green by-paths, and the stream, and the new monastery, rising within sight, up from its own ashes. But Mère de l'Incarnation had heavy, burdensome work on hand besides. She had to go over again all her old labor, and watch stone by stone the gradual erection of that new home, and beg dollar by dollar the money which was to pay for it, toil, anx-

iety, strain,—the work of education was but child's play to this. Expenses grew. The exterior alone cost more than twenty thousand dollars. The community had received a loan of eight thousand. Madame de la Peltrie did not aid them, pecuniarily, being anxious at that time to build a church. It was on occasions like this that Marie de l'Incarnation's true greatness of soul shone out with peculiar lustre. But space forbids our following her through all those weary, anxious, toilsome hours. One last trial awaited her and her sisters, before they took possession of that new home of theirs, which was to them as a Promised Land. This was the death of Mère St. Joseph, one of the original number who had come together from France. She died on the 2d of February, Feast of the Purification, 1652. It is no exaggeration to say that the character of this religious was purely angelic. No more beautiful life ever adorned the pages of any chronicle.

On the eve of Pentecost, May 29th, 1653, the clergy and a vast concourse of people transported the Blessed Sacrament from the house of Madame de la Peltrie to the new monastery. The Forty Hours was begun and joy and thanksgiving reigned supreme. During the period of construction, the Venerable Mother dwells upon the special protection vouchsafed to her by the Mother of God. She declares that the Blessed Virgin's sensible protection was never absent from her. She felt certain that the Queen of Heaven accompanied her in all "her comings and goings," and she even recommended the workmen to her care, effectually, too, as not one was hurt during the progress of the work. It was the same with the liquidation of the great debt. Marie de l'Incarnation proves by figures that it was purely providential. Yet the new building was larger, better, more commodious than the old. In eighteen months from the time of the fire, the Ursulines were established again under improved circumstances, with more pupils, more friends, more courage—if that were possible—for

their work. And their wonderful surmounting of obstacles inspired the whole colony. Had the Ursulines left the colony, discouraged, it is hard to tell what the moral effect might have been on the fortitude of the settlers. From this time forth, once peace was declared for the moment, with the Iroquois, Marie de l'Incarnation gives us the most encouraging account of their school. She describes the examination of the Indian children, in presence of the Iroquois ambassadors. The latter were charmed to hear the little savages sing in three languages; many of them could also read and write in French, Latin and Indian. It was during these years, as, indeed, had happened before, that bread was miraculously multiplied in the hands of the Venerable Mother, enabling her to provide for numbers of poor savages.

The June of 1659 was marked by the arrival of Mgr. de Laval, an event of the greatest importance to Canada in general and to the Ursuline Community in particular. Marie de l'Incarnation herself records his advent, and pays him a high tribute, which time has proved to have been fully merited. The history of the monastery during all these years is full of interest, the various workings of early colonial history, the regime of one governor after another, the episcopate of that ever memorable Bishop, in a word all that many colored fabric of stirring events with which the Ursuline community was interwoven. The year 1660 deserves an especial mention. It was then that rumors, too sadly confirmed, reached Quebec that the Iroquois had assembled in great numbers at Three Rivers, and were determined to fall upon Quebec and Montreal, exterminate the whites and their Indian allies, and regain possession of the soil. Terror reigned supreme in Quebec. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and special prayers were offered up to the Blessed Virgin. The Bishop obliged the Ursulines and other religious of the town to leave their monastery, and take up their abode at the Jesuits', which was the best calculated for defence. The

Blessed Sacrament was carried in solemn procession to the Jesuit Church, all the townspeople following, with terror in their hearts. For it alarmed them to see that the Ursulines were compelled to leave their monastery. Marie de l'Incarnation and three other religious were permitted to remain there, although it was in a state of siege, every entrance being guarded. Besides the twenty-four men which composed its garrison, the Venerable Mother tells us that there were twelve great dogs stationed at the outposts, of which the Indians were more afraid even than of the men. However, through the heroism of Dan-lac and his associates, elsewhere recorded, Quebec was saved, and after many anxious days and nights, the colony and the community returned to its ordinary routine.

The year 1663 was marked by a fearful convulsion of nature. On the 5th of February, about five in the afternoon, all was preternaturally calm and still. Of a sudden a noise was heard like the rumbling of many carriages, followed by a confusion of waves sounding under the earth and all about, while a shower of stones fell upon the roofs or came through the windows. Clouds of dust obscured the atmosphere. Doors flew open of themselves, or closed with a loud report. Bells rang of themselves, clocks struck, and houses and steeples shook like trees in a storm Meanwhile furniture was thrown about, stones came through the air, beams were torn off, walls were rent asunder, animals howled, rushing in and out of the houses in wild alarm. Nor were the people less terrified; some rushed into the middle of the street, lest the houses crumbling into ruins should bury them, others shut themselves in between four walls lest in a second convulsion, they should be swallowed up. In the monastery, the common impulse was to hasten to the presence of Jesus. At eight o'clock the same evening, a second shock occurred. The nuns were in the chapel reciting part of their office standing. The shock prostrated most of them on the ground. The Miserere was recited, and new fasts ordained

in the community, that God might spare his people, and in reparation for whatever sins had drawn down this visitation. In fact, the colony had for a year or two been drawn into divers excesses, and drunkenness prevailed to a great extent, especially among the Indians. Marie de l'Incarnation now begged of God to lay upon her shoulders all the burden of iniquities that she might repair the same, and obtain pardon for the guilty. She declares that she would have been willingly accused of all these crimes in the eyes of men if by doing so she could have propitiated the offended Majesty of God.

A more pleasing incident is the celebration of the Feast of St. Joseph at the monastery. The account of the festival is truly delightful. Nothing was left undone to honor that holy patron of Canada. The Venerable Mother instituted a few years before what was called the Treasure of St. Joseph, and was really a sum, received by dowries with novices, or from boarding-pupils, to be reserved for the relief of the poor, so that in adverse circumstances the monastery might never be obliged to give up its works of charity. In 1664, the Congregation of the Holy Family was instituted. The men were under the charge of the Jesuits, and the girls under that of the Ursulines. This association tended much to the promotion of piety and religion in the settlement. Though, in part, since the earthquake, there had been a marked reformation in the primitive society.

Short as is our space, we cannot pass over in silence the advent of the Marquis de Tracy, one of the most distinguished men whom the mother country ever sent out to her colony. Acting as Viceroy and Lieutenant-general for the king, he displayed the courage, the wisdom and the energy of a true soldier in his campaigns against the Iroquois, and the best qualities of a statesman in his connection with the French Canadian settlers. His administration, and the coming of the famous Carignan regiment, make this period one of the most brilliant

in the history of Quebec. Brilliant uniforms enlivened the hitherto almost pastoral quietude of the Grande Alleé and St. Foye road ; bands played in the streets, and gay banners were ever and anon displayed. There is a description of the Marquis de Tracy and his principal officers visiting Mère de l'Incarnation, after their return from one of their chief expeditions. She was emphatically the polar star of the Quebec of that day, and due honor was paid to her by foreign representatives no less than by the citizens. The reception of M. de Tracy on his arrival in the town was quite imposing, and the chateau St. Louis, the churches, and religious institutions, encircled by the scattered dwelling houses, and here and there a wigwam, took on their best aspect to salute the envoy of the king. M. de Tracy went straight to the church, and was met at the door by the Bishop and clergy, who offered him holy water and the crucifix to kiss, according to immemorial custom. Ah, what a pageant it was ! In the following year, 1666, Mère de l'Incarnation gives us an account of another, altogether religious. This was the translation of relics, which had been given to the infant Church of Canada. She says nothing so fine was ever seen before in the settlement. The occasion was celebrated with the greatest pomp. Forty-seven ecclesiastics walked in full robes. The dais over the relics was borne by M. de Tracy, M. de Councelles, Governor, M. Talon, Intendant, and M. C. Barrois, Agent for the company of New France. Amid several discharges of artillery, the procession proceeded from shrine to shrine, at each stopping-place offering music and flowers, till they reached their destination. One of these shrines was at the chapel of the Chateau St. Louis.

Marie de l'Incarnation in one of her letters pays a high tribute to M. de Tracy. Having spoken of the honor in which he was held by the king, who sent a ship of war to bring him to France, she declares that he was a man of exalted piety. She said he had been known to spend six whole hours at a time in

the church, and by his example alone did wonders for the cause of religion in Canada. He was a special friend of the Ursulines; in April, 1666, he laid the first stone of their chapel, dedicated to St. Anne, the whole expenses of which he paid, that is, two thousand five hundred pounds, the cost of the building. After his return to France, he caused the yearly grant of 300 pounds to be increased to five. M. de Courcelles, the Governor, who remained after M. de Tracy, was a man no less religious, no less enlightened, and no less a friend of the Ursulines. M. Talon, the Intendant, who did so much for Canada, was always well known and for many reasons beloved at the monastery. A word here of the famous Garakonthie, called: "the Bayard of the savages." He was, indeed, after his conversion, a true Christian hero, and a faithful ally of the whites. His baptism at the Cathedral, in 1670, by Mgr. de Laval, was witnessed by a great number of persons, including people of all nationalities. We have made mention of him here because he was a constant friend of the Ursuline community, and of the Venerable Mother in particular. In one of his visits to the convent, the latter presented him with a richly embroidered belt or scarf worked by the young religious, as a testimony of esteem for the chief's honesty, and the magnanimity of his conduct towards the French. He valued this very highly, and carried it everywhere with him.

Among the touching practices of piety which belong to the Ursulines of that day, but are still kept up in the community, and besides that of the Infant Jesus, which was especially theirs, was the vow to the Blessed Virgin, to honor her Immaculate Conception, by special Masses, Communions, Rosaries, and by fasting on the eve of that festival, to obtain the conversion of the Indians, and the preservation of Canada. Who can tell what blessings have accrued to the country from this pious custom, which is yet unknown to the majority of its inhabitants? Another was for each religious to draw out the name of one

of the nations of North America. To this nation then all her prayers, good works, and sacrifices were particularly applied, to obtain its conversion. But as the chronicle remarks, "Though Mère de l'Incarnation had her special nation, her great heart did not limit itself to one. She had long since undertaken 'the tour of the world to seek souls who did not know her Spouse, that she might ask their conversion through the heart of Jesus.' 'Do not,' she said, 'let us weary of keeping ourselves at the feet of the King of Nations. He died for all, and all do not yet live. Ah, if I were worthy to run everywhere to gain some souls, my heart would be satisfied. Let us go, let us go together in spirit to all those infidel countries to seek to restore one to our good Master. Take the cause of Jesus Christ in hand, and do not give any truce to the Eternal Father till he has granted you a number of these poor souls. Ask them of Jesus and through Jesus. His blood has cried aloud, and yet the cause is not won. We must always cry out and importune Heaven till we have gained our end.'" So spoke the zeal and charity of the venerable Mother. She makes mention in one of her letters of the project entertained by the Ursulines of praying specially for the conversion of the celebrated Louise de la Valière, who was a benefactress of their house, and who had an aunt in the Ursuline Order in France. She mentions that they had resolved to offer special devotions during a period of ten weeks, in honor of the Passion of Our Lord for this intention. For twelve years, the religious never ceased to ask this grace. When it was granted, in what superabundance! For thirty-seven years, the Duchesse de la Valière became a Carmelite, led a life of wonderful austerity, and angelic piety, in expiation of that brief period of worldliness and of error. Meanwhile, the principal work in hand was not neglected. The vigorous offshoot of the congregation of St. Ursula was growing and spreading out branches. New novices, new candidates for admission, were constantly coming in. And the

school increased and flourished from year to year in an almost miraculous manner. It would be impossible here to give an adequate account of the work done among the Indians, men, women and children. It would be a volume in itself. The piety of these neophytes was something, indeed, extraordinary, manifesting itself from the earliest age, and shedding lustre on the truly angelic virtues of their teachers. A single instance we may give, that of a little Algonquin who had been baptized Catherine. She was only six years old, but she died the death of a saint. She went frequently to confession and was given the Holy Viaticum. She died of a lingering and painful illness, which necessitated certain operations. She bore all with a smile, saying, "my God, I offer them to Thee." Just before her death, she said to her class-mates, who were brought to see her: "Catherine is going to see Jesus and His Mother. Catherine will be happy in heaven, and will pray for you." Madame de la Peltrie remained constantly beside her, speaking of God to her, and charging her with commissions for the angels, especially those of the monastery, the religious and the savages. All the religious, and especially the Venerable Mother, were obliged to study the Indian dialects. At fifty years of age, Marie began a new one. And this study had to be not superficial, but thorough and practical, in order to be able to accomplish their missionary work. In the Lent of 1668, the Venerable Mother wrote a large volume of Sacred History in Algonquin, besides a Catechism and a dictionary in Iroquois. The year before she compiled an Algonquin dictionary in French characters, and another in Indian characters. Fancy what labor, for one whose time was besides fully occupied!

On the 18th of November, 1671, just when the religious were rejoicing at the arrival of four new Ursulines from France, Madame de la Peltrie died—a saint, as she had lived. This was, indeed, a blow to the little community, but it was followed by a still heavier and more disastrous one, on the 30th of April,

1672. Seventy-two years of age and declining for some time, the Venerable Mother was seized in January of that year, or thereabouts, with aggravated symptoms, which gave no hope of recovery, nor even of much relief. In the midst of her sufferings, the servant of God repeated constantly : "Now, I have the honor of being attached to the Cross of Jesus Christ." On the 20th of that month she received Extreme Unction. But her malady was of a lingering nature, and meanwhile the community beseiged Heaven with prayers, austerities, and sacrifices, to prolong this so precious life. But a singular incident now occurred. Her confessor, Père Lalemant, ordered her to unite her prayers with those of her Sisters. She remained for a moment confounded. Then spoke as follows: "I believe that I am going to die, but if it be God's will for me to live, I am willing." Father Lalemant answered: "That is very good, Mother, but you should put yourself out of the question, and do all you can to preserve your community, which believes that it has still need of you." In a moment Marie had made her sacrifice. Obedience was her habit. She felt better almost immediately, and got up, apparently much better. In the midst of universal thanksgiving, the heroic woman made every effort to accomodate herself to the common life, and even tried to eat her accustomed food. Nature was stronger than her will. It soon became evident that the effort was a superhuman one, and could not continue. On Good Friday, April 27th, she again received the Last Sacraments, but even death, "the grisly King," seemed loath to snatch away so rare a spirit. She lingered till the 30th, in the most angelic of sentiments conversing with her Sisters and her dear pupils. At noon of that day, she lost both speech and hearing, though not consciousness. She still from time to time raised the crucifix to her lips. The community were prostrate around her bed in prayer and silence. Shortly before six in the evening, she opened her eyes, looked at her sisters as if in farewell, and closed them forever. A mo-

ment's stillness, a sigh, and the great soul of Marie de l'Incarnation had passed out into eternity. The tradition of the convent preserves the fact, vouched for by the religious present, that a ray as of divine glory instantly transfigured the face and form of the dead. So powerful an impression did it make upon the witnesses, that a custom was established in the monastery to sing a Te Deum on the anniversary of the Venerable Mother's death—her passage to life rather, that "life to come, which shall be eternal." The grief and consternation, with which the news of her death was received in Quebec, and throughout Canada, are indescribable. Her fellow townspeople hastened in crowds to procure even the slightest relic of the saint who had died in their midst. The govenor sent an artist to sketch the face and figure, stamped with the seal of heavenly glory. This portrait perished on the second conflagration, October 20th, 1686. The Indians were inconsolable. The obsequies were conducted by M. de Bernières, Vicar-General, in the absence of the Bishop, and attended by all who could gain admittance. The panegyric was pronounced by Father Lalemant the Jesuit. But at length the coffin was closed, bearing a simple inscription : "Here lies the Rev. Mother Marie Guyart de l'Incarnation, first Superior of this Monastery, died the last day of April, 1672, aged seventy-two years and six months. She was a professed religious and came thither from Tours. Pray for her soul." Such were the simple words marking the coffin-lid of one of the most remarkable woman that her age produced. Full justice was done to her the world over. Bossuet, Fénélon, the Doctors of the Sorbonne, Mgr. de Laval, and others paid her magnificent tributes. Such things were said of her as can be said of few. And added to these testimonies were the more practical ones of her sisters, who lived in hourly communion with her, and who spoke of her with love, veneration, awe, and extolled her as among the first and most perfect of the creatures of God. Her confessor, those priests who had been witnesses for years of

her sanctity, were all eloquent now in her praise. They could not say too much, and, indeed, approached the subject with fear and trembling. Father Lalemant says of her: "The memory of the deceased will be forever held in benediction in these countries, and individually, I have great confidence in her prayers. I hope she will be of more assistance to me in dying than I was able to be to her. I have been always and in every case to her an unprofitable servant, contenting myself with observing the works of the Holy Spirit in her, without meddling in any way, seeing her in such good hands, lest all should be spoiled."

In the same letter, he describes her personal appearance thus: "Mère de l'Incarnation was tall, of a grave and majestic carriage, tempered by her humble and modest demeanor. When she was still in the world, her whole air was so grand, that people stopped in the streets to see her pass. Her features were regular, but it was a masculine type of beauty, which displayed her greatness of soul. She was strong and of a good constitution, and of a most agreeable disposition; and although the continual presence of God imparted a certain something of heaven, which commanded respect, no one ever felt embarrassed in her presence."

To say which of the virtues shone conspicuous in Marie de l'Incarnation, would be, indeed, difficult, where all seemed as it were equalized, blended by the power of divine grace. Her fidelity to common observances was such, that whatsoever the heights of contemplation to which she was raised, she never omitted the smallest of them. Her humility was so deep and so solidly grounded, that she rested secure in God, placing her every hope in Him, her every effort in Him, her every labor in Him. It taught her the utter nothingness of self, and to put herself below the least of her fellows. Thus, on one occasion, she was doing some piece of work. A young sister corrected her, and told her she was doing wrong. Marie at once

changed and did it the sister's way, though *she* knew that way was wrong. She always said, it mattered little in what way work is done, but much whether we practice childlike humility. She wrote: "I am the most ignorant of all, although I teach others. I do nothing in comparison with my sisters." Her charity was, in every sense, unbounded. True fraternal love influenced her every action. It was not alone the temporal wants of others she relieved to the best of her ability, it was not only their sorrows she consoled, their tears she dried, the consolation she imparted, but the spiritual interests of even "the least of these," were dear to her as her own. There was no limit to her self-devotion, to the entire abnegation which she practised in regard to others. And from charity came patience, that wise forbearing patience taught by the highest kind of wisdom. Ever tolerant of the shortcomings of others, ever finding excuses for their weaknesses and even their crimes, she, so near perfection herself, had a tender compassion for all sinners. Her love of mortification shines out too, from every page of her life, the brightest as the darkest. She heaped every indignity on her flesh, tormented it in every imaginable way, and sought with eagerness opportunities of crucifying body and mind alike. Her love of God was truly marvellous, exceeding in kind and degree what our minds can readily imagine. Her zeal for the propagation of the Gospel, for the conversion of "all who sit in darkness," was proportioned thereunto. Her faith and confidence in God, combined with complete submission to the divine will, never ailed her in the darkest hour of trial, interior or exterior. The amount of labor she accomplished, especially during the years of her Canadian life, would be incredible were it not vouched for by unimpeachable authority. She was always studying how to do the greatest share of work herself, and spare her sisters as much as possible. She could never bear to hear an unkind word said of any one. Nor was she ever known to make use of any uncharitable expression, even of those who had injured

her. She was so easily pleased, that every sister was anxious to assist her in work, sure of an encouraging word, and a kind and thoughtful appreciation of her efforts. The piety of Marie de l'Incarnation was of a most lofty and enlightened kind. While she approached to those heights of mysticism, where St. Teresa and other privileged souls have so securely rested, her piety was most practical. She always declared that she abhorred whatever was imaginative or sentimental in devotion. By a vow which she made, and to which we have before referred, she bound herself never to make an excuse when unjustly accused; never to permit a complaint to escape her under any provocation; never to speak a word to her own advantage, but to be always ready to applaud the good in others; to show a special sweetness to those for whom she felt the least inclination; to embrace all trials from God and from creatures with resignation; to repress every emotion of self-love, and every reflection on subjects likely to arouse its sensibilities. She never allowed her spiritual exercises to interfere with her temporal duties, and kept her union with God unbroken throughout. She had the greatest devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and sought to inculcate it in all who approached her. Every day she offered the merits of this Heart to God for the Church in Canada, the preachers of the Gospel and her friends. She had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, to St. Joseph and to St. Francis Paula, and also to St. Angela, the foundress of the Ursulines.

A glance at the letters of Marie de l'Incarnation, which are, in a literary point of view, of rare excellance, and as historical records, unsurpassed for clearness and accuracy. The style is delicate and *spirituelle*, while forcible and consistent; they are marked by a keenness of perception, a subtle grasp of points at issue, an attention to detail which is never wearisome, and a breadth of thought embracing the whole extent of what lies before them. These letters as models of epistolary style, may be

read by those who take no other interest in what Marie de l'Incarnation has written.

The preliminary steps towards the beatification and canonization of this "Teresa of New France," as Père Charlevoix and others have styled her, were taken at Rome, 15th of September, 1877, and approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and by Pius IX, of holy memory, on the 20th of the same month. She was the first person declared Venerable in North America. The petition despatched to Rome by the Huron Indians on this occasion is at once so touching and interesting, that we cannot fail to give it here.

"Most Holy Father, the greatest of Fathers after Him who is in heaven, we are the least of your children, but you are the representive of Him who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' So we approach with confidence to prostrate ourselves at your feet.—Most Holy Father: We the chiefs and warriors of the Huron tribe, humbly present you a perfume of rich fragrance, composed of the virtues of the Rev. Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Deign, Holy Father, to offer it to God, that passing through your hands, it may more surely find acceptance in His sight. Mary of the Incarnation called us from our forests, that she might teach us to know and adore the true Master of Life. She took our hearts in her hands and placed them before the Eternal, as a basket of fruit of her own culling. Through her teaching we have learned meekness; wolves and bears have fawned upon her; the angry roar of fury was changed into the hymn of praise. Our mothers kissed her footprints, and signed our foreheads with the blessed dust, fruitful for eternity. With her own hands, she marked the sign of faith on our hearts, and it has never since been effaced. Thanks to her, we are able to read the books which recall her benefits. We could fill many books with tokens of our grateful respect. She loved us with a human, as well as with a spiritual affection, she is twice our mother. It is

through her teaching and for her sake that we have renounced our native wilds, and come to live among our civilized brethren. The Bear, the Wolf, the Beaver and the Tortoise,* will be henceforth chained to the sanctuary, and their occupation will be to celebrate the praises of the Master of Life. Many moons have passed since that first dawning of the true light. Our once flourishing nation is on the eve of extinction, but—Most Holy Father, we beseech you to receive with the last prayer and the last sigh of the Hurons, the assurance of their profound reverence for Mother Mary of the Incarnaton. The bones of our fathers will exult in their tombs, if your voice proclaims the eternal happiness of the Mother, to whom we are indebted for our faith. She found among our women virgins worthy to be admitted to the sanctuary, and among our warriors missionaries and martyrs, who will weave a crown for her in heaven. There remains to us but one drop of Huron blood, but if that could enrich the immortal crown of Mary of the Incarnation, we would willingly bid it flow. Prostrate at your feet, Most Holy Father, we implore your benediction."

This petition was signed by the Grand Chief of the Hurons, and fifteen other chiefs. It remains the most glorious testimony to the labors and reward of this pearl among women.

Our work is at an end. The lime-light of posterity, and of nineteenth century criticism has fallen upon Marie de l'Incarnation and her works. She seems to us, in our brief study of her, as an exalted type of all that is strong and admirable and sublime in Christian womanhood. The Sybil of her time, prophesying to future generations the work to be accomplished by the descendants of those early settlers. She stands out in the history of Quebec like an inspired prophetess, proclaiming to the nations the kingdom of God. In the ancient capital, Quebec, her memory is as enduring as the stony cliffs upon which

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* The names of the chief tribes.

the city stands. Away down, too, in the forests, and along the banks of streams, soft and clear as an echo, it lingers among the mournful remnants of the Indian tribes. The dusky children of the forest keep it in picturesque traditions full of the wild hyperbole of that all but departed race. It is, abroad, too, in the cities—amid civilization and learning and luxury. People of culture know of Marie de l'Incarnation as a gifted and remarkable woman, or as a model of epistolary style, or as one of the pioneers of a new empire, or as a philanthropist. But the faithful reverence her as an apostolic woman, who brought to the mighty tribes of the North the mystic message of Christ, and proclaimed it amid the forests, the hills, the streams, and the ice-plains of the Northland, with giant strength. Marie de l'Incarnation is, in fact, far above human praise, human appreciation, or merely human comprehension The eye of faith discerns her upon the eternal hills of Sion, bearing a wreath of "immortal amaranth," inlaid with the precious gems of ransomed souls The children of the Church but wait till the Sovereign Pontiff has given her the final title of glory—till then they salute her "Venerable."*

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* It had been our intention to give an account of the numerous miracles wrought after death by this illustrious woman and the extraordinary circumstances attending the translation of her remains—the inexpressibly sweet and fragrant aroma which filled the vault, the watch which was found there and from the use of which miracles have been obtained. These extraordinary occurrences are not perhaps sufficiently known to the public, though they are well worthy of attention. Space forbids us to dwell upon them here, as we would have wished.

Our chief information has been derived from volumes of the Ursulines de Quebec" for which we are indebted to the Rev. Père Le Moine, chaplain to the Ursuline Convent at Quebec,—the "Life of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation," by an Ursuline Religious of Black Rock, Cork, and a sketch by the Abbé Casgrain.

MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS.

And men and angels seldom saw a sight to Heaven more dear,
Than Sister Margaret and her flock upon the hill-side here.

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There came a day of tempest when all was peace before,
The Huron war-cry rang dismay on Hochelaga's shore.
Then in that day all men confess'd with all men's humbled pride,
How brave a heart, till God's good time a convent serge may hide!
The Savage triumphed o'er the Saint—a tiger in the fold,
But the mountain mission stands to-day—the Huron's tale is told.

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For me, my Country! many are the gifts God gives to thee,
And glorious is thine aspect, from the sunset to the sea;
And many a cross is in thy midst, and many an altar fair,
And many a place where men may lay the burden that they bear.
Ah, may it be thy crowning gift, the last as 'twas the first,
To see thy children at the knee of Marguerite Bourgeoys nursed.

The Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys.

Foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

MORE than two hundred years ago lay far to the northward, amid the forest of the New World, a wild and barren tract of country, where the red man chased the wild deer, and urged his bark canoe over the surface of the rapid rivers, and built his wigwam on the hunting grounds of his fathers. When the design of founding a colony upon the site of what is now the city of Montreal was first conceived by Père Olier, it was regarded as the most extravagant and impracticable which had ever entered into the mind of man. Innumerable objections were at once advanced; the little colony of Quebec was just struggling for a foothold in the New World, and it was alleged that the foundation of a new settlement must be to the detriment of the old ; the colony of Quebec had been in existence for some forty years, and yet in all Canada there were but two hundred Europeans, including women, children and religious ; yet few as was their number, they were at times deprived almost of the necessaries of life. Again it was objected that the spot chosen as the site of the new colony, was in a special manner exposed to the fury of the Iroquois, who, partly incited as it was supposed by the Dutch, were bitter and unrelenting enemies of the French ; and that the projectors of the enterprise were totally without means to carry out their plans. For these plans pointed not only to the foundation of a settlement, but to the establishment of three communities, a seminary of secular

priests to minister unto the colonists and labor among the savages, a congregation of ladies for the instruction of the daughters of the settlers, and a community of Hospital Nuns to care for the sick and wounded. These three communities were to represent and to honor in a particular manner, the three persons of the Holy Family. The seminary to honor Our Lord Jesus Christ, the congregation of teachers to honor Mary, and the hospital religious, St. Joseph. The infant colony was to be placed under the special care and patronage of Our Lady, and the city to be called Ville-Marie.

To these objections, M. Olier and his associates replied as follows:

"The designs of God must by no means be measured by those of men, nor must we suppose that He has opened to us, across distant seas, these hitherto unknown paths, simply that we may bring thence beavers or furs. That may suffice for the meaner designs of men, but is far removed from the depth and majesty of His ways, and the secret and admirable designs of His bounty. The expenses of this great work must be defrayed from the heavenly treasury, and can by no means be a burden to king or clergy or people."

Furthermore it was objected that such an undertaking was more suitable to a king than to a few private individuals, and that to make a settlement in a place so exposed to the cruelty of the savages was a manifest tempting of Providence, and the presumption that He would protect them by miracles. To this they made answer that:

"In declaring our undertaking to be a work proper for a king, you have come nearer to the truth than you supposed, for the King of kings has taken it into His hands. Leave to God the accomplishment of what He wills, for if you were better informed in this matter, and knew with what coldness and indifference we proceed therein, you would take no thought of us, who are but unworthy and unprofitable servants, but would

desire to adore with us the counsels of His wisdom, and taste the effects of His mercy, who does more to assist our work, and procure His glory than we deserve.

"How then could you imagine, that we, relying upon our own efforts, should have presumed to dream of so glorious a design? If God be not with us in the affairs of Montreal, if it be but a human invention, give yourselves no trouble, what you predict will soon occur, for our work cannot last. But if God has willed it, who dare gainsay Him? Relying upon His word we believe that this work is of God. Therefore, you who can neither believe nor act, leave those who can believe and act at liberty to do what God demands of them.

"You assure us that God will no longer work miracles, but how are you informed as to that? Where is it written? Jesus Christ, on the contrary, assures us that if we have 'faith as large as a grain of mustard,' we can accomplish the greatest miracles. Since when have you become the directors of the divine operations, limiting them to certain times, and confining them to ordinary channels? Moreover, no miracle is required; the least assistance of grace is more than sufficient for the success of our work.

"You say that the Island of Montreal is too near the Iroquois, that the French will be there exposed to frequent surprises and to being massacred by these savages. But if, by Heaven ordained that we can neither convert the Iroquois, nor make peace with them, we will wage against them so just, so holy, so good a war, that we may hope for the protection of God against these little Philistines, who interfere with His workings. If all else fails, and danger threatens us, we have a powerful mistress; we will hasten to throw ourselves at her feet, to implore her special assistance. We have already experienced so many instances of her protection in great extremities that if need be, you will hear of new ones. Finally, should that favor be denied us, and should God will that we be victims, seized and

massacred by the barbarians, do not suppose, even then, that you are freed from us. From our ashes, God will raise up others, who will do better than we have done."*

In certain manscripts written by the advice of his director, and not for many, many years made public, M. Olier gives an account of the workings of the Holy Spirit within his soul. He speaks of the beautiful manifestation of the mysterious designs of God given us in the hidden life of the Holy Family, and in the lowly birth of Our Saviour. He dwells upon the two-fold mission assigned him, that of, in the first place, renewing the spirit of God in the Church of France, and in the second, founding the Church in New France or Canada, for the propagation of the faith among the Indians. He declares that he had constantly before him a vision which by the permission of God he had seen. In it he beheld a pillar which seemed to serve as the foundation and support of two arches or Churches, one of which was old and decrepit, the other new. Both became as it were joined, and both rested upon the pillar or fundamental stone, "which is myself," he says, "inasmuch as I am filled with the presence of Jesus Christ, the sole foundation of all reforms in the present Church, and of the establishment of the new one to be made in Canada."†

He goes on to speak of his own utter unworthiness, and as it were to annihilate himself before God, saying that he knows himself "unworthy to serve the holy souls who are to have a part in the work, or to be their servant. "I am," continues he, "but a spectator and admirer of the divine prodigies and I would deem it a happiness to spend my life in kissing their feet and revering the wonders which God has wrought in them."

He alludes to the design before mentioned, and which God

*Les veritables Motifs des M. M. et Dames de la Societé de Montreal, pp. 88, 89, 90.

† Memoires Autographes de M. Olier. Vol. IV. p. 169, Vol. III. p. 266.

had revealed to him, of founding in the new colony three communities, pledging themselves to honor in a special manner Jesus, Mary, Joseph. They were to be a living image of the part taken by the Holy Family in the foundation of the primitive Church.

Meanwhile, M. Le Royer de la Dauversiere was enlightened in a no less extraordinary manner. This gentleman was Collector of Taxes at La Flêche. He was remarkable for sanctity and austerity of life. God revealed to him, also, that He desired to be honored in Canada by the devotion to the Holy Family, that he had chosen him to represent St. Joseph, and to found a community, specially devoted to that saint. That therefore he was to bring to the New World religious for the care of the sick and wounded. M. Dauversiere was thrown into the deepest perplexity, the more so that he was married and the father of six children, and that his means were very small. He prayed again and again that the divine will might be made known in his regard, and by the advice of his confessor who had, at first, treated the whole matter as a delusion, he went to Paris. There he met with M. Olier in the gallery of the Chateau of Mendon. Neither of them had ever seen the other, yet as it were by inspiration, they fell into each other's arms, with the greatest affection. M. Olier then spoke of Mr. Dauversiere's mission in Canada, upon which he seemed to be fully informed, and told him that he was about to recommend the affair to God. He then said Mass at which M. Dauversiere communicated. After Mass they conversed for some time about the affair, and of the light which had been vouchsafed them.

Gradually their undertaking seemed to take shape. Melle. de Mance, being likewise divinely inspired, met M. de la Dauversiere in a church at New Rochelle. When all was in readiness, and the little band of colonists about to sail for America, Melle. de Mance was amongst them, and Madame De

La Peltrie, who embarked at the last moment. Amongst those directly or indirectly concerned in the enterprise was the saintly Brother Claude Legai, "one of the most extraordinary men of his day," Melle. Marie Rousseau de Gurnay, and many others to whom God had communicated His designs by special revelations. Yet many of them never saw the New World, feeling called, like M. Olier himself, to remain behind, and assist by their prayers alone, the little band of apostles which he had formed.

In 1641, they set sail from New Rochelle, having on board Melle. Jeanne Mance, accompanied by one other lady. They were to begin the foundation of the Hospital Nuns in the New World, where their services were much needed because of the constant skirmishes with the Iroquois. Reaching Quebec in the fall of the same year, they remained there till spring, the St. Lawrence not being navigable during the winter months.

Meanwhile, after their departure, M. Olier assembled the associates of the company of Montreal, numbering some thirty-five. M. Olier himself said Mass at the grand altar of Notre Dame de Paris, while other priests also celebrated at the side altars, and the lay members communicated. After which the Island of Montreal was solemnly dedicated to the Holy Family and the future settlement named in advance Ville-Marie. Each associate finally pledged himself to promote the good work with a pure and disinterested zeal.

The spring had come again, and towards the middle of May, the colonists sailed upon the blue St. Lawrence to their destination. It was a fair and flowery plain, that which was to be Our Lady's city. On the 17th of May, the settlers landed there and on the following day an altar was erected, which Melle. de Mance and her companions adorned to the best of their ability, or rather with the best means at their command. Père Vimont, of the Society of Jesus, intoned the Veni Creator, Mass was

said, and the Blessed Sacrament was left exposed, as it were to install the King of kings in this new sovereignty.

In such manner was laid the foundation of that little colony, wherein the heroine of our sketch was to labor, and to suffer, and to glorify God.

Marguerite Bourgeoys was born in the town of Troyes, in the province of Champagne, on the 17th of April, 1620, which as it chanced was in that year, Good Friday. Her parents, Abraham Bourgeoys or Bourgeois and Guillemette Garnier, were in comfortable circumstances. They were both distinguished by their fervent piety and many virtues. Their daughter Marguerite was early remarkable for a great facility in acquiring knowledge. At ten years of age, she was known to assemble around her a group of young companions for prayer and pious exercises. They formed plans even then, which several among them were in after years to carry out, that they should live apart from the world and serve God in solitude. Did the divine whisper already speak to Marguerite's soul of a land far over the great ocean, where in the shadow of a wooded hill, on the shores of a mighty river, she was to labor among people who were not of her race, and impart to the children of the forest their first idea of God.

While she was still quite young her mother died, and Marguerite became housekeeper, besides having the care of the younger children upon her shoulders. Pure and gentle, gracious and winning, pious and humble, she had a motherly thoughtfulness, and a womanly judgment far in advance of her years, which fitted her for her onerous post, and at the same time won all hearts.

The Religious of the congregation at Troyes had lately founded a lay congregation or sodality for young girls, the members whereof bound themselves to meet on Sundays and holy-days and at other stated times for religious exercises. Marguerite was urged to join this association, but felt a certain reluctance to

comply with some of the rules, one of which required a grave simplicity in dress that often drew ridicule upon its members. To anything of the kind Marguerite was keenly alive and moreover, had a natural love of dress which caused her to shrink from the sacrifice.

However, on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, Marguerite went to the Dominican Church and joined the procession in honor of Our Lady. Just as the procession passed under the porch of the abbey of Notre Dame au Fonnains, called in ancient chronicles, *Le Beau Portail*, Marguerite's eyes fell upon the statue of Mary. Swift as a flash of lightning, an interior light broke in upon her soul, clearly showing her the vanity of all human things, and awakening in her an ardent desire to devote herself more and more to the service of God. Marguerite became a sodalist, or as it was then called, *Congreganiste*. She soon distinguished herself in the society for her virtues, and was shortly after elected president. During the years that followed, and whilst Marguerite progressed in wisdom and in holiness, she was under the direction of Father Jendret, a most learned and enlightened man. Perceiving her inclination for an austere life, he advised her to become a Carmelite. Marguerite joyfully consented. Her father was willing. She offered herself as a candidate to the superior of the order. She was refused, although no reasons were assigned for the refusal. Still ardently desiring the silent life of prayer, and more especially that of an austere order, she next applied to a convent of poor Clares, but was again denied admittance. Accepting her disappointment with a sweet and touching humility, she continued to labor amongst the people she had known since early youth. Some time after, Father Jendret consented, at her earnest and reiterated desire, to her taking the solemn vows of poverty and chastity. He also permitted her at a later period by the advice of other distinguished ecclesiastics to attempt the foundation of a new Order. Its aim was to honor the Blessed Virgin, in that portion

of her life after the Resurrection of Our Lord, when she assisted the Apostles in their missionary labors. This good priest held that of the three types of womenhood on earth, after the Resurrection, Mary Magdalen was honored by the cloistered or austere orders, Martha by those devoted to the service of their neighbor, and that the after life of the Blessed Virgin was not represented.

Marguerite accordingly made the attempt, and Madame de Chuly, a sister of one of the religious of the congregation, offered her a room in her house for the purpose. With two young companions, she began her new mission. Nobly she emulated the charity of the Blessed Virgin toward others, her apostolic zeal, her fervor, her self-sacrifice. Earnestly she labored to form young girls in virtue and piety, and to save them from the dangers that surrounded them. Meanwhile the roar of the ocean that lay between drowned the voices calling her from beyond the waves, and Marguerite toiled on, till the death of one of her companions and the departure of the other, put an end to her undertaking.

About this time her father died, and Marguerite gave a rare instance of her wonderful courage and energy, no less than her filial devotion, in the fact that she buried him herself. After this affliction, Marguerite returned to the home of Madame de Chuly, still awaiting the manifestation of the divine will.

On the Feast of the Assumption of that year, 1650, she was chosen from amongst the sodalists to keep watch before the Blessed Sacrament during the time of the procession. Marguerite prostrated herself, and remained for some time lost in profound adoration. Suddenly raising her eyes, she beheld Our Lord, under the form of a child of three years old. Marvellously beautiful was His face, shining His garments, radiant the ambient air, and the heart of the servant of God overflowed with peace and love and joy. Wrapt in ecstasy, she heard the murmur deep in her heart, Jesus, Son of the living God. When

the apparition had vanished, she left the church, and thenceforth relished only the things of God.

Meantime, M. Paul de Chamedey de Maisonneuve had been appointed governor of the little colony, in the formation of which he had played an important part. In the interests of the settlement he made frequent journeys to France. On such occasions he usually went to Troyes to visit his sisters, Madame de Chuly, and Sœur Louise de Ste. Marie of the Congregation. When he came thither in 1641, the religious of that order eagerly besought him to bring some of them to Ville-Marie, where they might undertake the work of education. He made them some indefinite promises, but declared that the state of the little colony at that time made such a thing impossible. As a reminder of his promises to them, they presented him with a statue of the Blessed Virgin, bearing upon its base the inscription,

> Sainte Mère de Dieu, pure Vierge au cœur loyal,
> Gardez nous une place en votre Montreal.*

Soon after Marguerite began to feel herself drawn towards the New World, and confided her feelings upon the subject to Sœur Louise de Ste. Marie. The good nun made her promise to accompany them, in case they were ever called upon to go. M. de Maisonneuve did not return to Troyes till 1653. About this time, Marguerite had a dream, in which she saw a man in a brown robe, who seemed to be half priest, half layman; it was made known to her that he was to be the arbiter of her destiny, and lead her whither God called her. On the following morning M. de Maisonneuve came to the convent, and Sœur Louise spoke to him of Marguerite. He became interested at once, and desired to see her. The moment she en-

*Holy Mother of God, pure Virgin of loyal heart, keep us a place in thy Montreal.

tered the room, she cried out, in utter amazement, "That is my priest." She was asked to explain, she related her dream, and Sœur Louise laughed heartily, but M. de Maisonneuve was much struck thereby, being well aware that she had never before seen him. He was, moreover, much pleased by her grave, gentle, and pious bearing. So much so, that before leaving Troyes, he asked her to come to Montreal and undertake the charge of a school for girls. She answered that she was willing, subject to the approval of her confessor, and the ecclesiastical authorities. M. de Maisonneuve himself consulted Father Jendret as to her capabilities for the post, and received a most favorable account of her. Father Jendret further advised Marguerite to act upon the suggestion. This advice was confirmed by the Vicar-General of Troyes, in the absence of the bishop, and also by a certain Father Profit, to whom she had been in the habit of confessing, when Father Jendret was away.

Marguerite decided to go, and M. de Maisonneuve left Troyes for Paris. The religious of the congregation, full of holy envy, besought her not to go without them, and reminded her of her promise. Marguerite replied that she had promised to go with them if they went, but not to wait too long for them. Doubts and perplexities of various kinds now began to assail her. Melle. de Crolo, a fellow sodalist, was most anxious to accompany her, but M. de Maisonneuve declared that to take more than one was an impossibility. Anxiously she asked herself, could she consent to cross the ocean with so many of the opposite sex? Was such a course of action consistent with Christian prudence? Father Jendret solved her doubts. He told her that the divine will seemed, beyond all doubt, to demand such a sacrifice. "He told me," writes Marguerite, "to place myself in the hands of M. de Maisonneuve, regarding him as one of the first knights of the Queen of Angels, and to go to Ville-Marie with every confidence."*

* Écrits Autographes de la Sœur Bourgeoys.

But she still remained irresolute. The long voyage without any companion of her own sex, the immeasurable distance, the unknown life which awaited her, all filled her with misgivings. One early morning she was kneeling in her room, praying to Mary, and asking of her strength and guidance. All of a sudden the room grew very bright, but the brightness was not that of the morning sun, as at first she supposed. It was a gleam of heavenly radiance, surrounding a lady of tall and majestic aspect, who stood before her clad in a robe of white serge. She knew instinctively that it was the tender and gracious Queen, whom she had so loved from infancy.

The apparition spoke: "Go," the lady said, "go, I will not abandon you." When Marguerite rose from her knees, it was bright day. She felt that her doubts and fears, her despondency and irresolution, were dispelled like mists by the morning sun. She determined to make no delay. When she left Troyes, no one knew of her ultimate design of leaving France, except the priests whom she had consulted, and the religious of the Congregation. M. de Maisonneuve had written to ask his sister Madame de Chuly to come to Paris, bringing Marguerite with her, but he gave no reason for the request. Marguerite's uncle, M. Cossard, also accompanied them. On that bright day in the month of February, 1653, the diligence bore away from her native city, Marguerite Bourgeoys, the illustrious foundress of the Congregation of Montreal. She took absolutely nothing with her save a small parcel of necessary clothing, which she herself carried all the way. On the journey she chatted gaily with her companions, speaking openly of her intention of accompanying M. de Maisonneuve to Canada. Her companions supposed her to be in jest, and so the matter remained till her arrival in Paris. She then requested her uncle to accompany her to a notary. He did so, when to his amazement, she signed away all her possessions to the various members of her family. M. Cossard at first opposed such a step,

but ultimately consented to it. Madame de Chuly was also very unfavorably disposed towards Marguerite's project. Even after these two friends had returned to Troyes, they continued urging her in their letters to abandon the idea of going to America, representing the various obstacles in the way; but all in vain. However, a more serious trial awaited her. During her stay in Paris, she remained at the house of Melle. de Bellevue, a lady of rank. This lady was also much opposed to Marguerite's intention of going over the sea, and aware of her early partiality for the Order of Mt. Carmel, prevailed upon her brother, who was Provincial of the Carmelites, to offer her admittance. Marguerite at once consulted a priest of that order, who imperfectly understanding the manifestations of God in her regard, advised her to become a Carmelite. Marguerite, almost in despair, chanced to enter a Jesuit Church. There she confided her doubts and perplexities to a Father of the Society of Jesus, who, as it happened, was well acquainted with Canada. Having carefully examined the facts of the case, he believed her clearly called to serve God in the New World. Without farther delay, she set out for Nantes, to await the time of departure. Her journey thither was one long series of humiliations. She was twice refused admittance to inns, because of her humble appearance, and the fact of her journeying alone. On the vessel from Orleans to Nantes, she, nevertheless, induced the passengers, who were principally men, to join her in night and morning prayers, to recite the Rosary, and to listen to pious reading.

On reaching Nantes, she proceeded, as instructed, to the house of Madame Lecoq, wife of the owner of the vessel in which they were to sail. Marguerite had some difficulty in finding the house, but meeting M. Lecoq in the street, he himself directed her thither. However, an unfortunate circumstance again caused her much annoyance. A young man who had travelled on the vessel from Orleans to Nantes, and was in the employ of M. de

Maisonneuve, filled with the deepest respect for Marguerite, persisted in accompanying her to her destination, and carrying her parcel. Madame Lecoq was so scandalized at this proceeding, that she refused to receive her. Marguerite repaired to the nearest church, prayed for some time, and returned. Madame Lecoq then openly reproached her with being accompanied by a young man, and would have sent her away again, but that M. Lecoq opportunely arrived, and Marguerite was installed in the house, with many apologies from its mistress. She became an honored and beloved inmate, and when she sailed for Canada, was supplied by the worthy couple with many necessaries for the voyage. At Nantes she was again troubled by scruples. The provincial of the Carmelites wrote to her once more, offering her admission, and a Carmelite confessor again declared it to be the will of God that she should enter that Order. Marguerite, in great interior desolation, hastened to the nearest church. It chanced to be that of the Capuchins; the Blessed Sacrament was exposed upon the altar, and Marguerite, prostrating herself upon the ground, cried out from the depths of her heart that she desired simply, solely, and entirely the will of God and begged in her anguish that it might be made known to her. She rose more determined than ever to go to Canada. She left the church full of interior joy and peace, for to her troubled soul had come the olden message, *Pax vobiscum.*

On the 20th of June, 1653, Marguerite with the band of colonists set sail from Saint Nazaire, in a vessel called the St. Nicholas. There were 108 volunteers on board, chosen by M. de Maisonneuve for the defence of the colony. Marguerite was greatly surprised to find among the passengers several young girls, and one or two married women accompanying their husbands.

The vessel had not proceeded far on its course, when it was discovered to be leaking. All hands were set to work, but the water rose higher and higher, and when they were some three

hundred and fifty leagues at sea, they were obliged to put back. Great alarm prevailed amongst the passengers ; Marguerite tells us that there was no priest on board, and of the 120 passengers, 108 were soldiers, few of whom were prepared to meet their God. At Saint Nazaire, which they reached in safety, they were delayed a month. During this first short voyage, Marguerite met with the following little trials : the barrels of fresh water which had been put on board for her use by M. Lecoq were taken from her, and she was obliged to drink the brackish water provided for the sailors. In this, however, her wonderful spirit of mortification made her rather rejoice. In the second place, a parcel of fine linen and lace, provided by Madame de Chuly for her brother, and given to Marguerite's care, fell into the water. Every effort was made to save it, but in vain. Marguerite tremblingly sought M. de Maisonneuve to tell him of the loss, fearing his just anger. M. de Maisonneuve laughed heartily at her trepidation and its cause, exclaiming, "that he was very glad of the loss, because it rid both him and her of the trouble of caring for these ornaments of vanity."

They set sail for the second time from Saint Nazaire, on the feast of St. Margaret. Having first heard Mass, they embarked to the number of eight hundred. Never had the fair shores of France seemed fairer, nor its scenes more tender and beautiful, than now, on the eve of a long and perilous journey, whence some were to return nevermore. Mournfully they turned their eyes shoreward, as the land grew dim to their sight. Very soon they had passed outward into the great ocean.

During the voyage Marguerite was indefatigable in her apostolic work. She labored amongst the soldiers who were going out for the defence of the colony. She induced them to pray, to listen to pious reading, to learn their catechism, and in a word to become good and practical Catholics. Nor was this all ; a disease broke out on board the vessel, of which eight persons died. Day and night Marguerite watched beside the suf-

ferers, with more than womanly tenderness, with more than Christian charity. M. de Maisonneuve constantly sent her delicacies from his own table, but she never, even in a single instance, partook of them. They were invariably reserved for the use of her patients.

And so in the weary hours of the long voyage, Marguerite began her heroic mission of charity; the charity which had borne her away from the country of her birth, to dwell with the people of an alien race, and amid the forests of an alien land. One by one, the spires, the domes, the hill-tops of her beloved France, receded from her sight, but her brave heart never failed, the happy smile never left her lips. Yet she had left her fatherland forever. Tranquil, nay, even joyous, she turned her eyes upon the little band who were to be henceforth and forever the companions of her exile, and thought only of winning their souls to God.

Meanwhile, the greatest anxiety prevailed both in Ville-Marie and Quebec. The very existence of each was threatened by the Iroquois. Every resource was exhausted; all eyes were turned toward the coming of M. de Maisonneuve; and all hopes pointed to the timely relief which his recruits would bring. Not being aware that the vessel had been delayed a month at Saint Nazaire, the colonists began to fear that some disaster had befallen it. Prayers were offered, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and every one prayed with the greatest fervor, that the succor so much needed might not be denied them.

At length they arrived; it was in September. The forests and hills of Canada were rich with a beauty greater than that of spring. To European eyes, indeed, all was wild, uncouth, savage, but nature was at least unrestrained. She had poured her treasures with lavish hand upon the woodlands, and on the wooded slopes of the hills, so that they shone resplendant with the gold and scarlet of the dying foliage.

They landed at Quebec upon the Feast of St. Maurice, September 22d, and were greeted with the rejoicings of a whole people. The Te Deum was entoned: the echo of that universal hymn of thanksgiving which went up from overladen hearts.

Marguerite Bourgeoys remained some time at Quebec, caring for those of her fellow-travellers who were not yet completely restored to health. Every effort was made, in fact, to retain her permanently at Quebec, but to Ville-Marie she had been called, and thither she was determined to go. It was at this time that she first met Melle. Mance, the foundress of the Hotel Dieu or Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph. An ever-enduring friendship was then begun between them.

M. de Maisonneuve was also urged to remain and cast his lot with the colony of Quebec. M. de Lauson, the governor, begged of him to leave them the hundred recruits. But M. de Maisonneuve replied that he would not even leave one man, that they had been sent out at great expense to assist the infant settlement of Ville-Marie, and that to Ville-Marie they must go. M. de Lauson endeavored to prevent their departure by refusing them the vessels necessary to reach Montreal. M. de Maisonneuve having, however, succeeded in obtaining such, he put all his men on board, embarking last himself, that not even one might be left behind.

No sooner had the devoted little band arrived at Ville-Marie than the men set to work to build, to fortify, to erect a church and an hospital. As it was necessary to convey the sick within the walls of the fort, for fear of the Iroquois, two small fortified buildings were erected on either side, where they could be placed in safety. Marguerite Bourgeoys herself observes the change wrought in these men during the long sea-voyage. They had become true Christians, brave, gentle, and pious. M. de Maisonneuve formed a number of these soldiers into a company, called the Company of the Blessed Virgin. It numbered sixty-three, in honor of the years of her earthly life. The as-

sociates had each a day of the week to communicate, so that there was a constant daily communion in the society. They thus laid, as it were, at the feet of their Queen, a rare flower to commemorate each year of her earthly life. They assembled on Sundays to hear a sermon; they began every action with prayer; and often proceeded in a body to the church for their devotions. However, the main end of the association was that every member should be willing to sacrifice himself for the good of his country, and of his fellow-men. Hence, they pledged themselves to die, if necessary, in defending the colony against the Iroquois, and in pursuance of their vow mounted guard, whenever danger threatened.

During these years Marguerite Bourgeoys had little opportunity of working among the children, as most of them died in infancy; yet she was far from being idle. By her wise counsels, her strong good sense, and remarkable judgment, she proved a rarely good adviser for M. de Maisonneuve, and aided him in many important matters. She likewise contributed much to his sanctification. She induced him to practise evangelical poverty, and advised him, with the approval of the Jesuit Fathers, to take a vow of perpetual chastity, that he might the better labor for the glory of God.

Some years before Sister Bourgeoys' arrival in the colony, an incident occurred which is worthy of remark. Somewhere about the winter of 1642, the colonists, in terror of the Iroquois, took refuge in the fort. It was Christmas eve. A terrible storm arose, and raged with such violence that it struck awe even to their valiant hearts. As the night wore on, they thought upon the coming of the Christ-Child, and fervently prayed to Him for help. But the river, rapid and swollen, overflowed its banks. On it rushed, faster and faster, crawling upwards, as it were, with savage determination to engulf all human beings in a common ruin. Still the trembling colonists knelt in prayer, and M. de Maisonneuve registered a vow, that if they escaped

this danger, he himself would carry a cross up the mountain side and plant it upon the summit of Mont Royale. But even yet the waters raged without, rising higher and higher, growing fiercer and more cruel, while ever and anon the despairing men looked out upon what they regarded as certain death. The crawling waters reached the very threshold of the fort, but there they receded; nor did they come farther. At midnight the storm abated, and the Christmas day dawned bright and fair. With joyful hearts M. de Maisonneuve and his companions praised and gave thanks to God. On the feast of the Epiphany, M. de Maisonneuve, accompanied by a number of the colonists, fulfilled his vow. The cross was borne to the summit of Mont Royale, and there planted. An altar was raised, and Mass said by the Père Perron. Thereafter the place became one of pilgrimage.

When Sister Bourgeoys was still in her native Champagne, she had heard the history of this cross from M. de Maisonneuve, and he had promised that on her arrival in Canada, she should visit the spot. She reminded him of his promise, but the cross had been torn down by the Iroquois, and the people obliged to forsake the place, for fear of them. Before Marguerite had been long in Ville-Marie, she induced the people to set up a second cross, and establish there a second time a place of pilgrimage. The cross was planted, but never again became a general resort, for the Iroquois lurked in the surrounding woods, ready to fall upon unwary travellers.

The first years of Marguerite's life in the colony were, as we have seen, spent in works of charity and of apostolic zeal. She encouraged the weak, she instructed the ignorant, she visited and cared for the sick, she buried the dead, she gave to the poor, even the very mattress and pillows which had been provided for her by M. Lecoq and thus left without a mattress, slept herself upon the bare ground.

All this time, the Jesuit Fathers had been attending the two

colonies of Montreal and Quebec, but they began to find that it led them away from the main object of their presence in the New World, namely their missions amongst the Indians. M. de Maisonneuve, too, was anxious to bring to Ville-Marie the priests of Saint Sulpice, who were one of the three Orders in M. Olier's original design. He went to France and succeeded in bringing back four Sulpician Fathers, one of whom, M. de Queylus, was named Vicar-General, holding powers, as the Jesuits had done before, from the Archbishop of Rouen.

Marguerite Bourgeoys, soon after, took up her abode in a poor stable, and there laid the foundation of her great work. She had one assistant, Marguerite Picaud, who afterwards married, but being then single, remained with her at the stable, and aided her in teaching. The stable was fitted up some, a chimney made, and an upper loft, reached by a ladder from without, was cleaned and put in order. The building and adjoining ground were given to Marguerite in perpetuity. Here she first established a sodality or congregation, similar to that one to which she had herself belonged in Troyes. So gradually the little stable, where the meetings were held, became known as the House of the Congregation. Here, too, Sister Bourgeoys received the first Iroquois child ever given to the colonists. In baptism it was called Marie des Neiges, but it only lived to be six years old. A second little Iroquois was afterwards named Marie des Neiges, but it, too, died, and a third was given the name. This last, as we find in the chronicles, grew to womanhood.

Sister Bourgeoys now conceived the design of building a little chapel, at a short distance from the city, which, under the invocation of Mary, might be a place of pilgrimage for the colonists. So great were the obstacles to her plan, that it was not until many years after that the corner-stone of the new church was laid. It was the first ever built of stone at Ville-Marie. It afterwards became known throughout the Island as Notre

Dame de Bon Secours. About this time, Sister Bourgeoys went to France. She undertook the voyage from a double motive, in the first place, to procure some young girls who would aid her in the work of education, and in the second to accompany Melle. Mance, who suffering terribly from the effects of a fall, was obliged to cross the ocean. She was, however, miraculously cured of her sufferings, at the tomb of M. Olier. Marguerite Bourgeoys left her at Paris, and proceeded to Troyes. She returned to the New World with some able assistants, Catherine Crolo, who, from the first, had desired to accompany her, Aimée Chately, Marie Raisin and Anne Hioux. M. Chatel gave his daughter 150 pounds in gold, warning her to keep it a secret from Sister Bourgeoys, lest she should refuse it. M. Raisin offered her one thousand francs with his daughter, but could not prevail upon her to accept more than 300. He, however, put the rest out at interest for his daughter's benefit, and even when he was dead, and his son in possession of the estate, the money was still paid to the House of the Congregation. A young girl, who also came out with them, afterwards became the wife of a certain Nicholas Boyer. As the vessel was about to sail, a young man presented himself, desiring to be taken out to the colony, that he might there work for the service of God. He was seized while on ship-board with a hemorrhage, and died two years after his arrival. Thirty-two young girls who were being sent out to Ville-Marie, in the hope that they might be induced to settle there, were on this voyage confided to Sister Bourgeoys. Melle. Mance and two Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph were on the vessel, as also M. Le Maistre, and M. Vignal, priests of St. Sulpice. M. de la Dauversiere came to la Rochelle to witness the departure of the Hospital Sisters, for whose foundation he had so labored, and when the vessel containing them vanished from his sight, he recited with fervent gratitude, the *Nunc Dimittis*, "Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." Nor was his prayer unheard. The vessel

sailed on the Feast of the Visitation, July 2d, and in the following November he died.

During the voyage a terrible plague broke out. At first the two priests took sole charge of the sick, caring for them, and burying the dead. But the Hospital Sisters, no less than Marguerite Bourgeoys and her companions, insisted on sharing their labors. Each in turn, as they tended the sick, were stricken down, being seized with the malady, though in various degrees. Just a year from the time of her departure thence, on St. Michael's Day, September 29th, Sister Bourgeoys arrived at Ville-Marie, where she was received with the liveliest joy.

About the same time, a Vicar-Apostolic was sent to Canada with the title of Bishop in partibus of Petrea in Arabia. The new Vicar, Mgr. de Laval, a learned, pious, and enlightened man, having arrived, M. de Queylus ceased to exercise jurisdiction. Mgr. de Laval judged it expedient that the Hospital Sisters, lately come from France, should join those already settled at Quebec, or else return to France. He believed it better that but one order of each kind should settle in the country. He also urged Marguerite Bourgeoys and her companions to become Ursuline nuns. They objected on the ground that by joining a cloistered community, the end of their coming to Canada could not be attained, and that they could not exercise the mission to which they believed themselves called. He did not at the time insist, but on this account delayed for some years any recognition of them as a community.

Meantime the colony was suffering terribly from the attacks of the Iroquois. They were beset on every side, and many heroic men died bravely in defence of their country. On the 29th of August, 1660, M. de Maistre went, with a few servants, from the seminary to the farm of St. Gabriel, to make the harvest. He stationed himself as sentinel, to keep watch while the others worked. He was surprised, and slain by the Iroquois, who cut off his head, and wrapping it in a cloth bore it away with

them. It is related that the imprint of his face was very distinct upon the cloth, so much so, that it was readily recognized by some French prisoners in the Iroquois villages. This circumstance excited great terror among the savages, who began to regard M. de Maistre as a demon. A Jesuit Father, who was a missionary among the more distant tribes, declares that it was spoken of among all the savages. Marguerite Bourgeoys herself mentions it in her writings,* and the Hospital Sisters relate it in their archives, with many additional details. They declared that the portion of the handkerchief upon which the features were impressed, became like fine white wax, and that the handkerchief was entirely free from blood. †

About the same time, three men were attacked by the Iroquois in a house at Point St. Charles, near Ville-Marie, and killed. One of them, Jean de Saint-Père, was a man of extraordinary piety. His head was cut off and borne away by the Indians, but as they went it spoke to them distinctly, and in their own language, of which in life Saint-Père had been totally ignorant. It reproached them for their cruelty towards the whites, and predicted that the whites should one day be their masters.

The Iroquois at length became so daring in their outrages, that M. de Maisonneuve, not content with acting upon the defensive, determined to send a force to attack them, and inspire a salutary fear of the whites. Seventeen of the colonists, having fervently received Communion, made a vow before the altar to accept no quarter, but to fight unto death. Then they went forth under the command of M. Daulac. Unhappily, some forty Hurons and four Algonquins persisted in joining them. The colonists sailed up the river to the Long Sault. There they came in sight of the enemy. They entrenched

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Écrits Autographes de la Soeur Bourgeoys.

† Archives de l'Hotel Dieu. Lettre sur la Mort de M. Le Maistre.

themselves hastily and as best they could behind a few stakes. Three hundred Iroquois advanced to attack them. The contest was sustained with desperate courage upon the one hand, and appalling ferocity upon the other. The Iroquois were, however, repulsed with great loss, but reinforcements were at hand. A body of five hundred Iroquois were encamped at Isle Richelieu, whence they had intended attacking Three Rivers, Quebec, and finally Ville-Marie. The whole of this force now hastened to the spot. In their mad terror the Indian allies deserted the French, and giving themselves up to the Iroquois, informed them that there were but seventeen colonists in the entrenchment. This the enemy refused at first to believe, but the statement being confirmed, they, for very shame, resolved to conquer. The struggle, which had been protracted for five days, nevertheless, lasted three days longer. At the end of that time, the little band of heroes died, fighting with desperate valor and unto the very last. Such a feat of arms deservedly cast lustre upon the French arms in North America. It was an instance of heroism unparalleled in the history of any country. Nor was it in vain. The Iroquois, alarmed at the extraordinary courage and prowess of the French, gave up their design of attacking the colonies.

M. Vignal, a Sulpician, and M. Brigèart, secretary to the governor, were shortly after this event taken prisoners at Ile à la Pierre. M. Vignal was so severely wounded that they saw it would be useless to bring him into their country; they therefore put him to death, and having roasted his flesh, devoured it. M. Brigèart was cured of his wounds and cared for till quite recovered. He was then brought into the Indian territory and put to death with inconceivable barbarity.

The Providence of God, however, ordained that none of Sister Bourgeoys' little band, nor of the Hospital Religious, were ever massacred by the Indians. Yet it was not from want of effort on the part of the Iroquois. Time and again they concealed

themselves in the mustard fields near the house, where the tall plants hid them from sight, hoping thus to surprise the religious. Meanwhile, divers changes took place in the government of the colony. The company of Ville-Marie had been dissolved, and given place to the seminary of Saint Sulpice, which out of respect for the memory of M. Olier, agreed to assume the responsibility and defray the expenses of the settlement. The government of the Island, the right of administering justice, and also of appointing a governor, therefore devolved upon the Seminary. But in 1663, a royal seneschal was appointed. M. de Mesy held the office of Governor-General, and at his option permitted M. de Maisonneuve to retain his office. During the year that followed, M. de Maisonneuve had much to suffer from his superior. But he suffered silently, bravely and humbly, rather rejoicing in his trials than complaining of them.

In 1664, the Sieur Latouche was named his successor, and de Maisonneuve was recalled to France. He submitted and returned to die among the people of his race, but he bitterly felt his separation from the people of his adoption. For them he had sacrificed himself; for them he had labored; and when he left them, it was to return nevermore among them. He left his heart, indeed, beside the St. Lawrence, but he was never again to put foot upon its wooded shores. The people were loud in their demonstrations of grief at his departure. They openly mourned the man who had shared their early dangers and privations, and ruled them with paternal tenderness. Many far-sighted persons saw in his recall new troubles for the colony.

The Confraternity of the Holy Family was established, by which Christian families bound themselves to imitate the family of Nazareth. Sister Morin was, also, solemnly received into the community of the Hotel Dieu, and the Bishop's permission for this ceremony was looked upon as a tacit recognition of that Order. Marguerite Bourgeoys and her Sisters were present, and sang the solemn chants proper to the occasion. In 1665, how-

ever, Louis XIV., annoyed by various complaints of differences in Canada, sent thither M. de Courcelle, and M. Talon, the one as Governor-General, the other as Intendant of the country. All civil matters were given into their hands, and upon such they were to decide definitely. M. Talon restored to the Seminary the right of administering justice, and naming the governor. M. de Maisonneuve would have been reappointed, but age had begun to tell upon the vigorous frame of the first governor. The nomination of the Sieur Latouche was declared invalid, and de Bretonvilliers was appointed in his place.

These two gentlemen having also examined into the work of the various communities, gave the fullest approval to that of Marguerite Bourgeoys and Melle. Mance. They advised the people to hold a meeting, and send a petition to the king, asking letters-patent for the recognition of these communities. This the people did.

One of the first acts of the new governor was to bring thither some more Sulpicians, amongst whom came M. de Queylus, who had been for some years absent from the colony. The Sulpicians were also allowed to establish missions among the Indians, which had hitherto been the exclusive privilege of the Jesuits.

Meanwhile Marguerite and her companions were carrying on the work of education. Two Iroquois children were, amongst others, confided to their care. So attached did these girls become to their teachers, that once, when the mother of one of them came within a short distance of the house to coax her away, she would not go. She, indeed, ran towards her mother. But one of the Sisters, who had followed, held out her arms, and the child leaving her mother, ran back to the Sisters.

It was a chief part of their mission to fit young girls for their various positions in society. Sister Bourgeoys and her companions labored indefatigably to ground them solidly in piety, in love of industry and in all the virtues which adorn any station,

howsoever lowly or exalted. The good Sisters received those of all classes, saying that the Blessed Virgin had received shepherds and kings with equal affection, but that if any preference were to be shown, it must be for the poor, after the example of the Blessed Mother and her Divine Son, who attended the wedding of Cana, because the young couple were poor.

Those young girls who had finished their education at the boarding school, which Marguerite, at the earnest solicitation of all classes had opened, were kept under its happy influence by the *Congregation Externe*, or Sodality. This Society was under the patronage of Notre Dame de la Victoire, and as such still exists in many Churches of Canada.

Sister Bourgeoys also established a house called the Providence, wherein poor girls were instructed in every department of useful labor. She willingly received into her own house all such women, young or old, who desired to spend a short time apart from the world, following the exercises of a Retreat. Another most useful part of the Sisters' duty was to protect those young girls who were brought from France to become the wives of the colonists. To them Sister Bourgeoys was more than a mother, tender, prudent, and loving.

All this time the little band of toilers led a poor and most mortified life, having barely the necessary sustenance. A grant was finally given them of sixty French acres of land, near Lake St. Joseph. There Sister Bourgeoys established a farm, that it might in some measure provide for the wants of the little community. In 1657 she built a house upon the ground adjoining the stable, in which they still lived, and bought a small house near by. Even this proved insufficient for their needs, and at the earnest request of the community, and of many other advisers, Sister Bourgeoys built a large and spacious house, which when completed was so fine that it caused her many scruples. It seemed to her inconsistent with their vow of poverty. At this time, Marguerite promised Our Lady that the Church so long

before begun should be completed. Though the promise could not be exactly carried out at the time, she began the erection of a small wooden chapel upon the former site. This became a shrine of great devotion for the people, and miraculous cures were said to be performed there.

Sister Bourgeoys now made a second voyage to Europe; in the first place to present the petition of the people for letters-patent that her community might be founded; and in the second to secure some new members. Thanks to the power and influence of the celebrated Colbert, Marguerite obtained the letters-patent. She also brought back with her, on her return to Canada, six new companions. On this occasion a statue was presented to her by M. Louis Leprêtre and M. Denis, for the new Church of *Bon Secours*. By praying before this statue a French gentlemen named Fancamp was miraculously cured, and made Sister Bourgeoys a donation of 30 pistoles toward the building of the church.

Soon after her return to Canada, she obtained permission to begin the church. On the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, June 29th, a procession went thither, the spot was blessed, and the corner-stone laid. Upon the stone was placed a leaden plate, with an inscription dedicating the edifice to Mary, under the title of the Assumption. A Sulpician was appointed in perpetuity its chaplain.

In 1676 the congregation was at last recognized by Mgr. de Laval, to the great joy not only of the Sisters themselves but of the people of Montreal. They were to be a community of Secular Ladies, taking no solemn vows, nor being in any degree cloistered. The Bishop soon after sailed for France, and Sister Bourgeoys made a third voyage thither, to obtain from him an approval of their rules. She also hoped to induce him to examine the rules of other communities like theirs. But she was totally unsuccessful. Monseigneur de Laval prohibited her from bringing over any more French aspirants, and deferred any formal approval of their rules.

On the homeward voyage, Sister Bourgeoys was intrusted with the care of a number of young girls, who were to be the wives of colonists. When the vessel had got midway across the ocean, an English man-of-war came into sight. As France and England were then at war, the captain was much alarmed, exclaiming : "We are lost ! we are lost!" The greatest consternation prevailed alike amongst passengers and crew. Sister Bourgeoys alone remained calm, saying: "If we are taken, we will go to England or Holland, where we will find God, as everywhere else." The people, somewhat reassured by her composure, joined her in prayer. It was Sunday and a priest, who was on board, said Mass. Scarcely had he finished, when a favorable wind came up, and bore them out of reach of the enemy. A Te Deum was sung, and fervent thanksgivings offered to God.

Not long after Sister Bourgeoys' return, the house of the Congregation was burned to the ground. Monseigneur de Laval believing their revival hopeless, again urged Marguerite with her companions to join the Ursulines. She replied humbly but firmly that their mission was quite incompatible with the rules of a cloistered community, and that it would be impossible. His Lordship did not insist, and Marguerite continued receiving new candidates. To each one on entering she said: "My dear sister, be ever meek, humble and poor."

In 1676, a mission was established at the mountain for the instruction of the savages. The Fathers of St. Surplice were in charge of the boys, and the Sisters of the Congregation in charge of the girls. They held their classes at first in huts of bark ; but when the village had grown to a comparatively great size, and become an object of hatred to the unconverted Iroquois, M. Belmont constructed a fort and gave the two towers thereof to the Sisters of the Congregation. The visitor to Montreal at the present day, beholding these towers, asks what relics of the past they are. He is told that they are the towers wherein Marguerite

Bourgeoys and her saintly sisters, in the early days of the colony, taught the Indian children on the wooded slopes of Mont Royale.

The Mission grew and grew; the savages flocked thither in numbers, and gradually being converted, led a life of almost evangelic pefection. The little chapel built there by M. Belmont was never empty. At all hours of the day, some of the savages were to be found in prayer before the altar. Sister Bourgeoys' young pupils made wonderful progress in the Christian life; they gradually adopted the dress of civilized people, and with the dress their habits and mode of thought. Besides their religious training and the ordinary course of instruction, they were taught to knit and sew, and many other useful works. When grown to womanhood, not a few desired to embrace the religious life. They were seldom admitted, however, and with the greatest caution; yet those who were edified even their white sisters by their fervor and humility. One Indian Sister, Marie Barbe Attontinon, during twelve years spent in religion, was a model to the whole community. She died at the age of thirty-five and was buried in the Parish Church of Montreal, under the Chapel of the infant Jesus. Another called Gannensagouas, who took the name of Marie-Thérése, became a religious, and died in the odor of sanctity, on the 25th of November, 1695, at the age of 28. Her grave is under one of the towers before mentioned, now used as a chapel. Her tomb is to be seen with the inscription in French:

HERE RESTS
THE MORTAL REMAINS
OF
MARIE-THERESE GANNENSAGOUAS,
OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.

"After having for thirteen years held the office of teacher of

the school of the mountain, she died with the reputation of great virtue, on the 25th of November, 1695, aged 28 years."

Such were the first pupils of the Mountain Mission. And the mission grew and grew. The king of France, charmed with the accounts of its wonderful success, gave to the Sisters of the Congregation entire charge of the Missions among the Iroquois. If space permitted, we might quote many valuable testimonies of the esteem in which the saintly Marguerite Bourgeoys was held by the representatives of the French court. The rules of her institute, which left her and her sisters free to go from place to place, instructing and converting the savages, were highly commended. M. de Meulles, Intendant of Canada, and many others bear witness to this, in their official reports. How sweet a sight it must have been to see the Sœur Bourgeoys and her companions, surrounded by the dusky children of the soil, in those old stone towers, under the shadow of Mont Royale, and in view of the dark blue river. However, other missions were established in various places. In some of them, Sister Bougeoys herself tells us that they had neither mattress, nor pillows, nor covering of any kind. A few of these were interrupted by the war which the Iroquois still continued to wage against the colonists. However, many of them still pursued their work, and amongst these latter was the Mission of l'Ile d'Orleans, whither Sister Anne Hioux and Sister Marie Barbier were sent. The latter was one of the first Canadian Sisters received. On their arrival they were obliged to lodge in a house with men, women and servants. This they felt to be a great hardship, accustomed as they were to the cloistral privacy of their little home. "The church," as Sister Marie Barbier writes, "was a quarter of a league's distance," and returning thence on cold and stormy evenings, half frozen and thinly clad, they could not approach the fire, on account of the number of people. One dark, lowering afternoon, the Sisters were returning homewards. The drifting snow blinded them, and

great masses of it lay in their path. Sister Hioux, missing her footing, fell into a ditch by the roadside. Sister Barbier, unconscious of the accident, went on. Night was approaching, no help was near, the snow began to pile above her. In vain she called for help, till at last some peasants chanced to hear, and supposing that some of their cattle had fallen into the ditch, ran thither. They drew her out, but left her upon the roadside, and she was obliged to stagger blindly homewards, weary, exhausted, and benumbed. But full of the spirit of their institute, and inspired by the example of their heroic foundress, these apostolic women recked little of such hardships as these. The mission at l'Ile d'Orleans met with marked success. The labors of the Sisters were much needed. The young girls of the vicinity were lax in their ideas, disedifying in their mode of life, and light in their conduct. In a word, they had little of either principle or religion. At first they laughed at the Sisters, ridiculed their ideas and way of life, but by degrees they learned to love and respect them, gradually they were induced to become members of the *Congregation Externe*, or Sodality, and were soon models to all the neighboring families. A house was built for the Sisters, some land was granted them, and a permanent mission was founded.

They also made great progress in the city of Quebec. A house, with a court and garden, was given them, in the Upper Town, by the Vicar Apostolic, M. de Saint Vallier. Sister Barbier was placed at the head of this new establishment. Great reforms were made by them among the young girls of Quebec, who soon pledged themselves to renounce all frivolous or immodest styles of dress, and adopt those which were more moderate, more Christian, and more in harmony with the opinions of their teachers. Monseigneur de Saint Vallier proposed that the Sisters should undertake a sort of general hospital, such as existed in many portions of France. It was to contain a number of mendicants, who were to be there preserved

from the dangers of idleness, and provided with work. Sister Bourgeoys came to Quebec, at M. de Saint Vallier's request. She made the journey on foot, braving the inclemency of a Canadian winter, and having to endure its full rigors. Sometimes she had to walk upon the ice, in water, or to drag herself on her knees through the snow. But the dauntless heart of the ardent apostle never failed. It was neither the first nor the last journey which she made in such a way. So the Hospital was founded, and the Sisters placed in charge of it. Sister Bourgeoys herself carried thither much of the furniture and utensils necessary for the household.

The hospital eventually passed into the hands of the Hospitaliéres, who, by the nature of their rules were more suited to such an undertaking. The Sisters had much to contend with in Quebec. A house was purchased for them in the Upper Town, but as the Ursulines were established there, and as their mission was in many respects similar, Sister Bourgeoys feared that settling so near seemed like an intrusion. A house was therefore taken in the Lower Town, and the Sisters were led to expect that they would not be pressed for payment. But the proprietor demanded the sum due at a very early date. The

NOTE.—The following extract from a non-Catholic source may be of interest to our readers, bearing as it does upon the subject of our sketch.

"The portrait of Maguerite Bourgeoys has come down to us; and her face is a mirror of frankness, loyalty and womanly tenderness. . . . . It was not until the year 1653, that renouncing an inheritance, and giving all she had to the poor, she embarked for the savage scene of her labors. To this day in crowded school-rooms in Montreal and Quebec, fit monuments of her unobtrusive virtue, her successors instruct the children of the poor, and embalm the pleasant memory of Maguerite Bourgeoys. In the martial figure of Maisonneuve, and the fair form of this gentle nun, we find the true heroes of Montreal. . . . . The spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon lived again in Chomodey de Maisonneuve, and in Marguerite Bourgeoys was realized that fair ideal of Christian womanhood, a flower of earth expanding in the rays of heaven, which soothed with gentle influence the wildness of a barbarous age."—*Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1867.

Sisters told him that it was impossible, but he would not be put off. Almost in despair, they sent for Sister Bourgeoys.

She came to Quebec, and finding every resource unavailing, went to the Jesuit Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, and throwing herself on her knees before the statue, said : "Blessed Mother, I can do no more." Coming out she met a person at the door, who offered her the money necessary to pay the debt; he added that the Sisters need not pay him any interest, and that the money could remain with them as long as his affairs were prosperous. But he wished the matter kept secret.

Sister Bourgeoys' confidence in God was most remarkable. Sometimes the Sisters would tell her that they could not get the supper for want of provisions. Marguerite invariably replied. "Proceed with your work, provisions will come," and it was so, in every case. Sometimes when the meal or grain seemed growing painfully less, Marguerite prayed beside it, and it visibly multiplied.

Meanwhile, other missions were formed at Chateau-Richets, La Chine and Pointe aux Trembles. But, as before mentioned, their house in Ville-Marie was reduced to ashes. So terrible and so swift was the passage of the flames, that two of the Sisters, Geneviève Durosoy and Marguerite Soumillard, a niece of Sister Bourgeoys, perished therein. Sister Bourgeoys mourning for her spiritual daughters, was rejoiced at burning of the house, which she had always regarded as inconsistent with their spirit of poverty.

The priests of the Seminary had meanwhile resolved to erect a new building for themselves in what was called the Upper Town. The Sisters, also, possessed some land up there, which would afford them sufficient space for a garden. They had a great inducement to build there, from the fact that it closely adjoined the Hotel Dieu, or Convent of the Hospital Sisters. Even before the fire, the subject of building on that side had been under consideration, but after the fire it became a necessity to build somewhere.

They had scarcely any other means than the five hundred

pounds granted them by the French government. Sister Bourgeoys, nevertheless, began the building. She and her Sisters signed a document by which they pledged themselves to be more faithful than ever to the evangelical perfection at which they aimed, if God would assist them in erecting their house. Help came from all quarters. The people of Ville-Marie seemed fairly to delight in assisting them. Before long the house stood large, solid, regular, a monument to all time of their confidence in God and its reward. Once settled in their new house, they were most anxious to build a church upon their grounds. They were totally without means for such an undertaking, but money came in, in a manner almost miraculous. Melle. Le Ber, the daughter of one of the richest merchants in Canada, gave them almost all the means necessary for its construction. Of this extraordinary person, we shall hereafter give a short account. The building progressed rapidly, and yet the Sisters, full of a holy impatience, began a novena that the time might be shortened, till the Blessed Sacrament should come to them. On the night after the novena had ended, by a singular coincidence, a fire took in the neighboring Convent of the Hotel Dieu. It was feared, for some time, that the new church and convent of the Congregation would go, too. But so earnestly did the Sisters pray, that the wind changed, and the fire went in the opposite direction. Father Denys, a Recollect monk, saved the Blessed Sacrament from the flames, and bore it into the house of the Congregation ; great was their joy, that the Lord had come to dwell with them. At dawn they received the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, who remained with them nine months.

On the 6th of August grand Mass was said in the new church, and the church blessed, after which they remained forevermore in possession of their Divine Guest. Sister Bourgeoys herself composed a formula of thanksgiving, in token of their fervent gratitude.

It may not be uninteresting to refer again, as promised, to the story of Melle. Le Ber, so famed for her extraordinary virtues. She was educated by the Ursulines at Quebec. At the age of seventeen, she made a vow of chastity for five years. Meanwhile she became very intimate with the Sisters of the Congregation, and frequented their house, growing constantly in holiness. She led the life of a recluse at home, never going forth, except to Church. When the new Church of the Congregation was in course of erection, she caused a sort of cell to be built for her future use. It consisted of three stories, on the lower of which was a little grating, at which she made her confessions, and received Communion. The day before the blessing of the church, the ceremony of her reclusion took place. The Vicar-General and a number of the clergy were present, as well as the Sisters of the Congregation, and her father, M. Jacques Le Ber. He, however, was so overcome by emotion, that he retired before the actual ceremony had begun. It was the Feast of Notre Dame des Neiges, August 5th, 1695. The procession of priests and others, holding lighted tapers, advanced to the cell, chanting psalms and litanies. The apartments were blessed ; Melle. Le Ber, clad in a robe of gray serge, fastened by a black girdle, knelt, whilst M. Dollier pronounced a few words of exhortation. She arose at their conclusion, M. Dollier led her to the cell, and she shut herself in forevermore from the eyes of men. Her food was brought, and passed in to her through a little opening. In her room was a grating, whence she could see the altar. There she remained till death, no doubt drawing down great blessings upon the house, the city of Ville-Marie, and the whole country of Canada.

But the Sisters of the Congregation now met with a singular trial. A certain Sister Tardy, led astray by pious delusions, formed a sort of chimerical plan of uniting under the same rules, the three communities of Saint Sulpice, the Hotel Dieu,

and the Congregation. She believed herself supernaturally enlightened as to the interior dispositions of persons communicating; she declared that dead persons frequently appeared to her. Once she told Sister Bourgeoys that one of the dead religious had appeared and warned her that Marguerite Bourgeoys was no longer fit to be their superior.

To all this Sister Bourgeoys at first paid little heed. At a later period, however, Sister Tardy again declared that the same dead nun had bade her tell their superior that she was in the way of damnation. The latter, whose humility was easily alarmed, begged of the Sisters to elect another in her place. This she had done before. Once, when on the eve of departing for France. But the Sisters with one voice cried out that the Blessed Virgin was their Superior, but that Sister Bourgeoys must continue to govern in her name. To this declaration they added such tears and entreaties that the superior was moved, and consented to remain in office, kneeling first with her Sisters, to place their institute in a special manner under the direction of Mary. Again, she had so far prevailed upon them, that they were in the act of choosing either Geneviève Durosoy, or Marguerite Soumillard, when both were burned, and the election was abandoned.

Such was her interior desolation, at the so-called visions of Sister Tardy, that she persuaded the Sisters to elect Anne Hioux in her place. But Anne Hioux died, and the election was again laid aside. Sister Bourgeoys now begged of the Vicar Apostolic, M. de Saint Vallier, to choose another superior, but he refused. Meanwhile, these pretended revelations of Sister Tardy produced a bad effect among some members of the Congregation, and even a few Sulpicians were led astray by these dreams of a chimerical state of perfection. M. Tronson, the Superior of the Seminary, recalled two of these priests to France, nor would he permit them to return to Canada while under his jurisdiction. He acknowledged Sister Tardy's piety and

holiness of life, but severely condemned her absurd delusions. She hastened to France to lay the case before him, and never returned to Ville-Marie. Peace was finally restored in the three communities, principally through the wisdom and firmness of M. Tronson, and all went on as before, though the mistaken zeal of misguided persons had threatened all three with ruin.

The House of the Congregation continued to be the scene of innumerable good works. It united within its walls, as Sister Bourgeoys herself remarks, "the three types of women upon earth after the Resurrection. Melle. Le Ber represented Magdalen, leading an entirely contemplative life; the Hospital Sisters were as Martha, serving their neighbor in the cloister, and the Congregation as the Blessed Virgin, leading a life of apostolic zeal, but without being cloistered." Before the Hospital Sisters returned to their own house, a spiritual alliance was entered into, between the two communities, by which they bound themselves to be but "of one heart and one soul," working, each according to their rules for the same end.

Sister Bourgeoys at length persuaded the Sisters to allow her to lay aside her charge, upon which occasion she spoke to them thus: "There is no more to be said of me, but as of a wretch who, having been unfaithful to the charge so lovingly confided to me, deserves great punishment, which must be increased because of the pain which my laxity has caused you. I ask your pardon, and the assistance of your prayers. Remedy it, though, as speedily as possible. You must at once change your superior, who, being elected must see that every rule, even to the smallest, is exactly kept, for otherwise what is there different in this community, from what is done by persons in the world, who live in a Christian manner? Maintain among you that spirit which you should have, of poverty, contempt of self obedience, and entire abandonment of self into the hands of God."

Sister Barbier was elected, and Sister Bourgeoys was at length freed from the interior trouble which had so long oppressed her

But the old question of uniting their institute with that of the Ursulines, was revived. A religious Order which was not cloistered, and took no solemn vows, was a novelty in the Church. Even the ecclesiastical authorities looked on it with distrust. Hence, though Sister Bourgeoys had been forty years in Canada no set of rules had yet been approved. She begged of M. de Valens, their director, to frame rules, which were offered to the Vicar-Apostolic, Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier. He gave them rules which were almost precisely like those of the Ursulines, tending thus towards the amalgamation of the two Orders. At the entreaty of M. Tronson, he afterwards modified them somewhat, and the sisters accepted them. On the 24th of June, 1678, all the sisters signed a written acceptance. On the following day, Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier, M. Dollier, Superior of the Seminary of Ville-Marie and others assisted at the taking of the simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, in the chapel of the Congregation. Each Sister, then, took a name, that of Marguerite Bourgeoys, being Saint Sacrament, and that of Sister Barbier, Sœur de l'Assumption. A new superior was elected, Sœur Marguerite du Saint Esprit. At a somewhat later period they assembled, and took a vow of stability, though their rule did not make this of obligation. Many spiritual favors were also granted them by his Lordship of Quebec.

But we must not linger over the progress of the little community, from which Sister Bourgeoys henceforth lived detached, having no part in its counsels, save at the elections. She wrote about this time, or at least completed, the valuable manuscript upon the perfection of her Order. In it she gives a detailed account of the events of her life, from her childhood in Troyes, to the years preceding her death. When in her seventy-ninth year, she was taken violently ill, but through the fervent prayers of the Sisters, her life was spared. A short time after, Catherine Churly, in religion Sœur du Saint Ange, then Mistress of Novices, was reduced to the last extremity, received the last Sacra-

As regards the actual facts of her life we have finished, but a difficult task remains, namely, to sum up in a few words her extraordinary virtues. Her wonderful austerities alone, taken in detail, might occupy whole pages. She never partook of any food, save the coarsest and least tempting; and even then destroyed its taste by mingling it with ashes or salt, or whatever might be most repugnant to her. She ate her meals in a penitential posture, standing on one foot, or half sitting. On Fridays she took but one meal, and on good Friday, that one prostrate on the floor. In summer, she drank water but once a day, even when consumed by a raging thirst. In winter she never approached the fire, and bore the inclemencies of the weather without protecting herself against them. Her body was lacerated by her cruel use of the discipline, and she wore, besides, a cap bristling with pins, which pierced her head. She passed great portion of the night in prayer, and by the fervor and frequency of most efficacious prayers, was the powerful support of the colony. *

So attractive was her countenance that it won all hearts. Pure, gentle, resplendent with a holy love of God, and a fervent zeal for her neighbor, she never failed to attract all who came in contact with her. This zeal for her neighbor was, perhaps, her predominant characteristic. It had induced her to leave home and friends and dwell in the wilds of a New World; and it constantly impelled her to undertake wonderful practices of austerity for his sake, so that frequently depriving herself of the very necessaries of life, she exhausted herself in prayer. She burned with an ardent charity, and was consumed by an apostolic zeal which left her no rest. Her humility, her sweetness, her prudence were unparalleled. Such was her wisdom that it aided materially in guiding the infant colony through troublous times; so admirable were her prudence and forethought, that M. de Maisonneuve in many matters concerning the government, relied

* This account is almost verbatim from the "Vie de la Sœur Bourgeoys," by M. de Failloux, Vol. I., p. 191.

upon her judgment; such was her sweetness, that it made her universally beloved; so delightful was her conversation, and such was the charm of her grave, modest, yet winning demeanor that it impressed every one who approached her.

We would willingly continue at greater length; we would gladly dwell upon her great services to the land of her adoption the extraordinary position assigned her in the temporal affairs of the little colony, in a word, her wonderful labors in the cause of religion and humanity. Let the countless wives and daughters whom she and her Sisters have educated, and brought up in the path of holiness, let the numberless virgins whom her inspiring example have induced to choose the better part, bear testimony. Testimonies from other sources are not wanting, but they flow in with such abundance, that we dare not begin to quote them. Many miraculous cures were wrought after her death, by praying at her tomb, or touching her body, but of all these things note has been taken by the Sacred College of Rites, which has recently declared her Venerable, that being but the first step to her Canonization. But they are likewise engraven on many hearts, and to-day when the institute she founded has become one of the most important and flourishing on this Continent, her name remains to Canadians, to her spiritual daughters, and to their pupils as a most precious legacy. Scarce a month after her death, M. de Belmont spoke of her, with almost entire certainty, as being glorious in heaven, and thence watching over her community. Let us then hope that for well nigh two centuries she has been among the blessed, an all-powerful advocate for the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, for their pupils, for Montreal, for Canada, and for America. Forests that in her day covered the land like vast and dark cathedrals, have disappeared; the Indian whom she taught, and whom, in those distant times, the white man so justly feared, has turned his back upon the rising sun, and hastened tribe after tribe towards the far West. The white man

now rules the land, the savage scarce maintains a national existence, the blue, untroubled stream which winds downwards to the gulf of its own name, has became a great commercial medium, and the foot of the explorer has penetrated even to the far North-West. Montreal is a city fairly bristling with the

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NOTE.—We subjoin a pretty description of the landing of the Founders of Montreal from a prominent non-Catholic periodical.

"On the 17th of May, 1642, Maisonneuve's little flotilla approached Montreal, and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them to deliver the Island to Maisonneuve, Representative of the Associates of Montreal. And here too was Father Vimont (Jesuit), Superior of the Missions.

". . . . . They landed on a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

"Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. . . . An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand and decorated with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies (Melle. Mance and Madame de la Peltrie with their servant, Charlotte Barré); Montagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him, soldiers, sailors, artisans, and laborers,—all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them:—'You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.

"The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards and lay down to rest. Such was the birthnight of Montreal.

"Is this true history or a romance of Christian chivalry? It is both."—*Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1867, Article on "the Founders of Montreal."

steeples and domes and turrets of many temples, where once Notre Dame de Bon Secours stood the only church of stone. Convents, colleges, and seminaries arise in majestic proportions. Villa Maria, the celebrated Convent of the Sisters of the Congregation, stands higher on the mountain side than where rose of yore the Indian Mission. The site of the latter is now occupied by the magnificent college and seminary of St. Sulpice; before it, venerable from the weight of years, touching in their diminutiveness, stand the towers wherein Sister Bourgeoys taught her Indian schools. One is in use for a chapel, and thus they remain, a veritable "message from the past." The Sisters of the Hotel Dieu have a splendid building, wherein, as of old, the poor and sick are tended with loving hands. And so it has fared in the course of years with the three communities, which, as it was revealed to M. Olier, were to represent or especially honor in Canada, the Holy Family.

And Marguerite Bourgeoys, in the old community building on one of the main streets of this populous city, lies at rest. Various rulers have succeeded each other in the land, English and French, Protestant and Catholics, but she slumbers peacefully, while the Queen city of the North has risen around her, and those whom she knew as infants, are the distant ancestors of the people that throng its thickly populated streets. Her name and memory are to the faithful a thing of joy, a precious memory. Her institute is flourishing, her daughters follow in her path, and teach to the children of various races and often times of opposite creeds, what Marguerite Bourgeoys taught of old, when her classes were liable to interruption by Iroquois invasion.

Foremost amongst those illustrious heroines, who adorn the history of the Church, great of soul, dauntless of courage, ardent of charity, the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys stands, worthy to have lived in the apostolic times of the Church, worthy the love and veneration of the faithful, and the reverence even of an unbelieving world.

On the 2d of February, the Feast of the Purification of the year 1879, the announcement that she was declared Venerable, as a preliminary to canonization was celebrated in all the Churches of Montreal. A grand Te Deum was sung after High Mass and echoed and re-echoed through the vaulted arches of many temples. It was as if innumerable voices of great joy upbore the tidings. Hearts were thrilled with lofty enthusiasm, eyes grew moist, and history carried not a few backwards to the day when in the little colony then just springing into life on the shore of the St. Lawrence, Marguerite Bourgeoys first set foot, to be, as it were, its guardian angel, and most powerful intercessor with God. But with what inexpressible joy, and fervent gratitude, did her loving daughters of the Congregation hail her as Venerable. Throughout the many houses of the Order scattered over the Continent, the day upon which Rome recognized thus her extraordinary sanctity was one of great rejoicing and of high jubilee. May they before long rejoice at her canonization. *

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*We are indebted for much information to the Life of Sister Bourgeoys, by M. de Failloux, a priest of St. Sulpice.

ETHAN ALLEN'S DAUGHTER.

While our country has a name,
Let us preserve our Allen's name.

BALLAD.

Forth from the outer ranks she stept,
The forfeit crown to claim,
Of Christian souls who had not kept
Their birthright and their name.
Grace formed her out of sinful dust,
She knelt a soul defiled,
She rose in all the faith and trust
And sweetness of a child.

NEWMAN.

Ethan Allen's Daughter.

The First American Nun.

THE subject of our sketch necessarily opens up to our minds a chapter in the history of the American Revolution. It carries us back to the epoch when the Green Mountain Boys looked to the daring and enthusiastic Allen as their natural leader, and made the hills of their native Vermont ring with their battle-cry of freedom. We shall therefore, in the first place, take a glance at the principles which actuated the prime movers in the cause of independence, and discover, in brief, that they were free from that lawlessness and violence of motive and of action which commonly characterize revolutionary leaders. Never was there a struggle of the kind so free from disorder, displaying so true a regard for the rights of others, and a disposition to be guided so entirely by the rule of justice. Any examination of the matter proves to us that the colonies at the time of their separation from Great Britain were long suffering. They had endured much from the mother country before they decided upon the desperate measure of independence. Thus in the ever memorable Congress held at Philadelphia on the 5th of September, resolutions passed which were not only honorable to the men from whom they emanated, but a fitting model for all who are anxious to secure redress of political grievances. "The object which called them together," says the America writer,* "was of incalculable magnitude. The

* Wirt's life of Patrick Henry.

liberties of no less than three millions of people, with that of all their posterity, were staked on the wisdom and energy of the councils." They declared as follows: That their "ancestors, who first settled in this country, were at the time of their emigration from the mother country, entitled to all the rights, liberties, and immunities of free and natural-born subjects within the realm of England ; that they had a right peaceably to assemble, consider their grievances and petition the king." That "in the course of our inquiry we find many infringements and violations of rights, which from an ardent desire that harmony and mutual intercourse of affection and interest may be restored, we may pass over for the present." Having bound themselves by agreement to abstain from all commercial relations with Great Britain, until their grievances should be redressed, they drew up addresses to the sovereign and to the people of the mother country. From the latter we take the following extract :

"You have been told that we are seditious, impatient of government, and desirous of independency. Be assured that these are not facts, but calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and happiness, and we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the whole empire ; we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, and your interests as our own."

In this temper were these preliminaries conducted which culminated in that glorious struggle, the details whereof are so familiar to us. No sooner was the signal of war given than thousands of loyal men flew to arms, with the legitimate object of securing their just rights and liberties. The cause was a good one, and hence the calm determination which, springing from this conviction, produced acts of valor so heroic and of courage desperate in the face of incredible privations.

When the country was in such an attitude, it was by no means astonishing that a nature like that of Ethan Allen should find

its true level, and reach at once the position of leader amongst his compatriots. As we have said a few words of the causes of the Revolution, we shall now, before proceeding to the real subject of our sketch, devote a page or two to a consideration of the character of Ethan Allen, and his position in American history. His early life seems shrouded in some obscurity, but an old town record of Litchfield, Connecticut, contains the following entry which proves him at least to have been born there: "Ethan Allen, ye son Joseph Allen and Mary his wife, was born January ye 10th, 1737." Joseph Allen subsequently removed with his family to Cornwall, Connecticut, where he died in 1755. He had six sons, of whom Ethan was the eldest, and two daughters. Of these six sons Ethan became the military hero of Vermont, as Ira its most influential citizen and foremost politician. An uncle, Remember Baker, also figures among the heroes of the war of '76. Ethan himself appears to have had but few advantages of education, and to have grown up in such a manner as to leave indeed his natural good qualities wild and uncultured, and produce in his character a fungus growth of much that was deadly and poisonous. Somewhere about the year 1762 he married his first wife, Mary Bronson, of Woodbury, Connecticut, residing for some years after, first at Salisbury and afterwards at Sheffield, Massachusetts. In 1766 he removed to what was then known as the Hampshire grants, afterwards Vermont, with which his name was destined to be so indissolubly connected. With the question of the New Hampshire grants, he first came prominently before the public. He was at this time about thirty years of age, and is described in the following terms by a Vermont clergymen :*

"From what is known of him during that period, as well as from all traditions, it would appear that he was generally re-

* Rev. Fadock Thompson, lecture upon the Allen Family.

garded as a bold, spirited, somewhat reckless young man, possessing unusual energy and independence of character; and that then, among the associates of his own age, he put himself forward, and was tacitly acknowledged as leader, a distinction to which he thought himself entitled at all periods of his life. It would appear that personal subordination on his own part never once entered into his thoughts. Much less did he feel any want of confidence in his own ability to plan, and execute too, any enterprise which was within the sphere of human achievement."

This famous controversy concerning the New Hampshire grants originated in a claim put forward by the State of New York to the possession of certain lands by previous grant. The matter was tried in various courts of law, and was in every case decided against New Hampshire. Ethan Allen throughout bore a prominent part in the dispute, but more especially after the aggrieved New Hampshire settlers declared that they would if necessary settle the matter by force. When civil officers were sent thither with writs of ejectment, their reception was not encouraging; they were seized by the inhabitants and "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness," as contemporary writers express it. The settlers were declared rioters, and a price put upon their leaders' head. Thus for the capture of Ethan Allen, a reward of 150 pounds was offered, being one hundred pounds more than for either of the others. This circumstance showed the estimation in which he was held by his foes. As for his friends, they already regarded him as their hero, and the Green Mountain Boys were ready to follow to the ends of the earth the bold and dauntless spirit who was soon after to acquire a binding claim upon the good will of his countrymen at large.

At this juncture of affairs, occurred the memorable battle of Lexington, which was the initial contest of the Revolution. Ethen Allen had not so closely confined his attention to State affairs, as to be unable to follow with interest the relations between the mother country and the colonies which were daily

becoming more strained. When, in 1775, he was requested by Connecticut to undertake the capture of Ticonderoga, he accepted the offer with eagerness. To his bold and ardent nature such an enterprise was captivating, and the difficulties, which would have deterred any other man, only tempted him the more.

He arrived at the lake opposite the fort with 180 of his Green Mountain Boys. It was on the evening of the 9th of May, 1775, and the balminess of spring was in the air. Everything was still as death, and those lovely scenes in the vicinity of the Lake, then wilder and more luxuriant, were just fading in the late darkness of the season. When Ethan Allen and his Vermonters stood upon the shore, there was a delay in getting boats, the night was falling fast, midnight came, and but a small fraction of the little band of patriots had landed upon the farther bank. It was two in the morning and only 83 men had been rowed across. Ethen Allen recognized the fact that a short delay might be fatal to their hopes. He drew his men together and addressed them thus :

" Friends and fellow-soldiers, you have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the general assembly of Connecticut. I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate ; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few moments; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily poise your firelocks."

Every firelock was raised and the devoted band pushed on to victory. The fortress which was the object of attack, stood upon a height rising some hundred feet above the tranquil waters. It was isolated by the fact that the lake surrounded it upon three sides, and a swamp upon the remaining one. The

"Like some old sachem from his den,
He treads once more the haunts of men," *

Says a writer of that day. He now received his commission as Lieutenant Colonel from Congress, but he never served again in the Continental Army. He continued, however, to aid his adopted State, the government of which had been organized in his absence; and also had part in certain negotiations which were carried on with the British ministry, which paralyzed for three years the movements of the English Army. Allen was made Brigadier-General of Militia and was sent by the civil authorities to repress some uprising of "Yorkers" against the authority of Vermont.

In or about 1787 he moved to Burlington, where he purchased a beautiful piece of land, now known as the Van Ness farm. But in two years after his coming thither, the hand of death was laid upon him with awful suddenness. On an island known as South Hero—North and South Hero were so called after the Allen Brothers,—lived a certain Colonel Ebenezer Allen, who though no relation to his namesake, was nevertheless on terms of intimacy with him. On the 10th of February, 1789, Ethan went over to visit his friend, and to bring back with him, as agreed between them, a load of hay for the horses. Ebenezer Allen, who had himself served in the Revolutionary war, invited in various old military acquaintances and others, in whose pleasant society Ethan Allen spent the last hours of his life. Urged to remain over night he refused, and mounting on the load of hay, which his black man was driving, he set out to cross the river on the ice. The servant spoke to him once or twice during the journey but received no answer. When the cart arrived at Burlington the negro discovered with horror that his master was dead. Ira Allen thus chronicled the event in a letter to another brother

* "From a sarcastic poem published at that time on Allen's escape, by some local writer.

Levi, who was then in London : "I arrived at Burlington on the 11th of February, and was surprised with the solemn news of the death of General Allen, who departed this life that day in a fit of apoplexy. On the 16th his remains were buried with the honors of war. His military friends from Bennington and parts adjacent attended and the procession was truly solemn and numerous." He was buried in the graveyard at Winooski Falls.

Ethan Allen was twice married. By his first wife he had five children, with whom our present sketch is not concerned. By his second, whom he married in 1784, he had three, Ethan V., Hannibal and Fanny our heroine. The two sons held commissions in the United States army. Of his wife, who some years after his death married Dr. Jabez Penniman, local chroniclers speak in the highest terms. The marriage announcement which appeared in the *Vermont Gazette* of that year gives the following flattering notice of her: "Married at Westminster, on the 9th Feb., the Hon. General Ethan Allen to the amiable Mrs. Leydia Buchanan, a lady possessing in an eminent degree every graceful qualification requisite to render the hymenial bonds felicitous." What the pompous pen of the primitive journalist here asserts was confirmed by the accounts of those who knew her well. Mrs Allen, whose maiden name, by the way, was not Leydia, but Frances or Fanny Montressor, appears to have been in many respects a superior woman. It is related that her influence over her distinguished husband was remarkable. She is represented us a person of cultivated tastes, brilliant fancy, and fine mind. She had the art of making home attractive, and of proving herself a delightful companion. It is recorded that she devoted much of her time to the study of botany, and had a rare collection of flowers in her beautiful garden.

That Ethan Allen was in matters of religion an avowed skeptic is sad to relate. He was the only one of the revolu-

tionary leaders against whom such a charge can be brought. He had been for many years intimate with a certain Dr. Thomas Young, who was at once a man of great abilities and a professed infidel, having even been arrested upon one occasion for his daring blasphemy. Unhappily, Ethan Allen, while still young, imbibed much if not all of his friend's pernicious sentiments, nor does he seem to have abandoned them later in life, for some three years before his death he published his "Oracles of Reason," a satire upon Moses and the prophets, which was commonly known as Allen's Theology or Allen's Bible. Of this book an anecdote is told that upon one occasion, Allen being present at some religious exercise, the preacher began to quote from Watts' Hymns the version of the 119th Psalm therein contained :

"Let all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book:
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look."

So indignant was Allen at this supposed reference to himself that he left the meeting house forthwith. Most of us are familiar with the story which has come down to us of Ethan Allen at the death-bed of his daughter, Lorain. It is said that the daughter, with the full solemnity of the moment upon her, asked her father if she should die in her mother's faith, or in his. To which he replied after a few moment's struggle that she must die in that which had been her mother's. Her mother the first Mrs. Allen, though educated in a heretical form of worship, had been a simple, devout believer in such fragments of truth as had fallen to her share. In an old newspaper of the time are some verses upon this affecting scene, the daughter's question and the father's answer:

"My father, shall I look above
Amid this gathering gloom

To Him whose promisesof love
Extend beyond the tomb.
Or curse the Being who has blessed
This checkered heart of mine?
Must I embrace my mother's faith
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

* * * * * *

"Not, not in mine!" with choking voice
The skeptic made reply—
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, must thou die!"

The answer no doubt of many a skeptic, were it always as truthfully given. Allen is credited also with a belief in the transmigration of souls. We are told that upon one occasion he was known to say, pointing to his white horse: "Well, that's the body that's waiting for my soul when it goes out of this life."

The clergyman from whom we have before quoted, thus sums up the hero's character: "With regard to the general character of Ethan Allen, the conspicuous and commendable traits upon which his fame rests, were his unwavering patriotism, his love of freedom, his wisdom, boldness, courage, energy, perseverance, his aptitude to command, his ability to inspire those under him with respect and confidence, his high sense of honor and probity and justice, his generosity and kindness, his sympathy with the sufferings and the afflictions of others. Opposed to these good qualities were his self sufficiency, his personal vanity, his occasional rashness, and his sometimes harsh and vulgar language. . . . . Allen's character, as a whole, was not unlike that of our native mountain forest scenery. It was wild and uncultivated, and at the same time exhibits much of the sublime and beautiful."

The poetry of Vermont is full of allusions to Ethan Allen, the name of the patriot leader appearing in countless poems.

We quote from one of them, "THE GRAVE OF ALLEN," by a poet of Vermont:

"Upon Winooski's pleasant shore
Brave Allen sleeps,
And there beneath the murmuring pine
Is freedom's consecrated shrine,
And every patriot heart will swell

* * * * *

As bending o'er that lowly grave
He pays his homage to the brave.

* * * * * *

Our fathers struck for life and land:
Their names are many: but among
That matchless crowd, that fearless throng
There's one that shines for us alone,
Whose deathless glory is our own.
His memory then should ever be
Dear to our hearts as liberty;
And while our country has a name
Let us preserve our Allen's fame."

This is but a specimen of the local poetry in his honor, and scarcely less than the monument of which we are about to speak keeps his memory green among the people of that State, which he contributed to render free and independent. The monument was by an act of the local legislature, passed in November, 1855, erected over his grave at Burlington, where it overlooks what was once his home. It is described as a Tuscan column of granite, 42 feet high and 4½ feet in diameter at its base, with a pedestal 6 feet square. In this latter are inserted plates of marble, bearing these inscriptions:

West side—VERMONT to ETHAN ALLEN, born Litchfield, Ct., 10th Jan., 1737, died in Burlington, Vt., 12th Feb., 1789, and buried near the site of this monument.

South side—The leader of the Green Mountain Boys in the

surprise and capture of Ticonderoga, which he demanded "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

In that early Vermont, which in common with the primitive States of the Union, has so much poetry and romance, so much grace and simplicity interwoven with its annals, it is interesting throughout to discover the part which the Allen family had in its settlement, as well as in its subsequent history.

We find the names of the Allen family constantly recurring in the purchase or sale of property, in the settlement of certain tracts of country, in the formation of land companies and in the intricacies of the civic business. At the time of the discussion concerning the New Hampshire grants to which we have before referred, both Ethan and Ira Allen were conspicuous, the former being sent as one of the delegates to the convention to declare Vermont a free and independent State. In the State business of subsequent years Brigadier General Allen was constantly engaged. After the time of the Revolution Grand Isle was granted to the Allens, as a testimony of the important services they had rendered to the national cause, and its name changed to that of Two Heroes in compliment to them. Ethan Allen and his brother Ira are both mentioned as proprietors of the town of Georgia, which was in the lifetime of both founded, and an old notice of that date runs as follows: "The proprietors are requested to meet at the dwelling house of Brigadier-General Ethan Allen, on the 31st day of May, 1780, at two of the clock, afternoon, to transact necessary business." We come upon constant reference in old State documents to the Allen-Baker land company, or now it is some successful commercial venture of Heman Allen, the merchant of the family, or some wild adventurous freak of Levi Allen, the eccentric one, whose doings would make matter for a good sized novel. And the uncle, Remember Baker, occurs oftenest perhaps of all. His exploits in the Continental army, his hair-breadth escapes among the savages, his pure, disinterested patriotism, and frank enthusiasm

make him one of the most attractive characters of the epoch.

But we are going to turn away from them all, the patriot, the soldier, the statesman and the merchant. The life we are about to chronicle was of widely different interest and as we pursue its tranquil tenor, we shall marvel how it could have grown out of such surroundings. We trust that our readers will not blame us for having devoted so much time to this illustrious Vermonter, to whom his adopted State has given a statue, and the voice of Fame a niche within her temple. The reason is obvious, and no apologies are necessary.

Henceforth our atmosphere is one of peace. Vermont had forgotten the turmoil and horror of war and settled down once more into rural quietude, at the time with which we are concerned. Ethan Allen by his second wife had three children, as before mentioned. Of these, Fanny, the only daughter, forms the subject of our narrative. She was about four years old at the time of her father's death, and it was some two years later that upon the marriage of her mother to Dr. Jabez Penniman, of Colchester, she went to that town to reside. This Colchester was a very beautiful spot. It was one of the long disputed New Hampshire grants, and it stands upon a most beautiful portion of Lake Champlain. It is bounded on the south by the Winooski or Onion River, which is rich alike in natural beauty and in tradition. For there are dates of the days when it was the chief high-way for the Indians, from the lake to the Connecticut River. Here went and came the French under Rouville, at the time when they sacked Deerfield and bore away the old church-bell, leading with them one hundred and twelve captives. Many other incidents of the time are recorded in connection with it. Tradition points as well to some dim and misty settlements by the French, which hover like ghosts in indistinct traces about the spot. Mallet's Bay, Indian Creek and other minor strips of water lend their charm to the surroundings, with the Lamoille River taking a north-westerly course thence.

The gorge at the High Bridge is described as of incomparable beauty. Vermont as a State is unsurpassed in richness and variety of scenery, its mountains catching the genial warmth of the American sun and pouring it down abundantly on plain and river, its streams and its variety of forest growth, pines, hemlocks, maples, firs and ash trees, the hardy children of the North, as well as the profusion and the loveliness of its flora, lend it, and perhaps, lent it with more lavish hands, in those primitive days, an enchantment that savors of fairyland. Now in all Vermont, there is no town to take the palm from Colchester, the Colchester of those days, of which Ira Allen and Remember Baker were the first settlers, and at the time when Ira's garden extending eastward from his house to the brook was described as "a paradise of fruit and flowers." The home of Dr. Jabez Penniman and consequently of our heroine was no less favored by nature. Of itself, it was a large frame house, among those of the greatest consequence in the place, some eighty or ninety years ago, when most of the dwellings were log huts. The town was only really organized in 1791, and then numbered about 75 inhabitants. It had all the charm of primitive simplicity; the habits of the people were of that stern and severe character which the pioneers of a settlement usually possess. Yet there was much harmless enjoyment amongst them, and a cheerful, genial intercourse, which grew and increased, after the storms of the Revolutionary period had blown over and left them as brother with brother. Amid such surroundings, Fanny Allen grew to womanhood. She was left for the most part to her own resources, free to indulge in her favorite pursuit of novel-reading, or, in fact, of indiscriminate reading of every kind. Her parents never interfered, and Fanny continued her course, imbibing gradually a horror and distaste for the only form of worship she had known, and at length a professedly skeptical spirit which sat but ill upon one otherwise favored with every feminine grace. It seemed to come to

her as an unhallowed inheritance from her father, whom she resembled in many important respects. Thus she was early distinguished by a firmness of will, a self-reliance, an independence, an incisive searching into things, and a clear judgment which had been the attributes of the patriot leader. While still very young, she was wont to engage her mother in controversies upon religious topics, striving, as it were, to obtain some knowledge of the truth, but shocking and distressing Mrs. Penniman with the current of unbelief that seemed to come welling up with unrestrained force within her. Yet the girl was so true and honest, so gifted with all womanly virtues, and withal possessed so keen an intellect, so cutting a wit in argument, and so subtle a power of discovering the weak points in the religious system which her mother followed, that the good lady was frequently in despair. Nor did it fare any better with the scholarly Dr. Penniman when he was brought into the debate. He had an unbounded affection for his step-daughter and believed that sooner or later all would be well with her.

When Fanny was about twelve years of age a singular incident occurred, which as it had a most important bearing upon her future life, must here be recorded. She was wont, in the early spring and summer, to go out, following a path which wound down the hill from her home to the river bank. There she would spend the long cool summer mornings, or the dreamy afternoons when the bee and the bird in the trees above only disturbed the almost Sabbath quiet. Many an hour Fanny passed, with the careless unconcern of childhood for the flight of time, gathering the early violets and the tender blossoms of the spring, or that richer growth that in the fullness of summer sprang all about her with nature's lavish profusion. It is recorded that she often whiled away the time, keeping a dry-goods shop of leaves and plants and flowers, or building earth-works and fortifications of sand down upon the beach. Upon one occasion

as she was thus engaged, a frightful incident occurred. Up from the river's depths close beside her came, or appeared to come, a terrible monster. What he was the child could not guess. She had never seen anything so horrible before. He seemed to gaze upon her, and Fanny in a kind of trance returned he stare unwaveringly; she was paralyzed with fear, and deprived of the power of motion. All at once an old man stood beside her. She had not seen him approach, she could not tell whence he came. He wore a heavy brown cloak, and carried a staff in his hand. He touched her gently upon the shoulder, saying: "Little daughter, what are you doing here? Run away!" She did so, the spell that had been laid upon her seemed dispelled. When she had gone a short distance, she looked back for her kind protector; he was nowhere to be seen. She reached home in a very thoughtful mood, pale with her recent agitation, and full of eagerness to know something of her late preserver, who had completely won her heart. Mrs. Penniman was sitting sewing in the large, old-fashioned sitting-room, when Fanny entered, and began at once to ask if any stranger had been there. The mother quietly replied that there had been none, but on hearing of Fanny's adventure, and seeing the child's desire to discover her kind protector, sent out two messengers to inquire if any one answering to such a description had been seen in the neighborhood. The answer was in the negative; no one knew anything of the old man in the brown cloak, bearing a staff, and Mrs. Penniman, who had been anxious to testify her gratitude to him, shared in her daughter's disappointment.

However, time went on, and Fanny, the first fright over, paid many a visit to that enchanted spot, the beautiful glen where the mysterious stranger had appeared, but she never saw him again. The surroundings of this marvellous episode in our heroine's life, to which we shall hereafter recur, are worthy of description. "The right bank of the river, for some

distance below the falls," says an eminent local writer,* "is a high, perpendicular out chopping of marble from over against the hill-side. The roofs of one or two houses, or miner's out-sheds, peer over the top. . . The snowy stone fills up the steep embankment, and dips down to the river edge, here and there extending into the very bed of the stream. . . Mark the different changes in the stone, and the beautiful mossings creeping up the weather-worn seams. Our eye would never tire of such beauty. O marble and mosses! out chopping of marble from the hills, and draping mosses, green, golden and brown. And a waterfall in grandeur above." This place, which is called High Bridge, must be, indeed, entrancing, when we add to the foregoing the picture of dark pines crowning the steep above, and the water, a cool, broad stream, dark with shadows, silver-white with sunlight, sweeping between its green banks.

The years went by, and Fanny Allen reading her irreligious books, and filled in particular with every calumny which human error had invented against the Catholic Church, reached early womanhood. The description of her at this period is most charming. I will take it verbatim from the gifted writer to whom reference has just been made :

"Our little maiden," she says, "had grown tall, brilliant, spirited and beautiful. . . her cheek was so glowing, her eye wore such a depth of blue and beauty, and her air such a mingled gayety, affectionateness, caprice, wilfulness, pride, sweetness, and I know not what that makes up a young woman eminently human.†

When she was about twenty years of age, a bad book, the successor of many another, fell into her hands. It was one of

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* Miss Hemenway, Ed. of the Vermont Hist. Gazeteer.

† She is said to resemble her uncle Ira, who from his portrait, as well as from contemporary accounts, was very handsome.

those pretended revelations of convent life, the melancholy perversity, blindness and credulity of which make us smile nevertheless at the whimsical transparency of the inventions. Few Catholics would permit themselves to read such a book. If they did, supposing them of ordinary intellectual capacity, they would feel more inclined than anything else to indulge in a hearty laugh, until a recollection of the sacredness of the subject thus so sacrilegiously reviled came upon them. Those spots, "where angels fear to tread" and the holy secrets whereof the wisest and best are content to regard afar off with awe, are made the open battle ground where, to finish the quotation, "fools step in," to fight out their unholy contest, and profane the cloistral sanctity by the pollution of their own minds. To the daughter of Ethan Allen, the pages of this book were full of palpable absurdity. But they filled her, providentially of course, with a great longing. It occurred to her that these Catholics, of whom she had always heard such evil said, must be at least different, a thing apart from all those religious systems, which though as widely apart as the poles in matters of opinion, contrived to live side by side in such amicable disagreement. Why, thought the subtle and logical mind of our heroine, should they all unite against the Catholic Church? What manner of people must these Catholics be? Why can they not give in as their neighbors do, and believe in universal toleration, and a common, broad path for all men to Heaven? Was there not of old but one religion which provoked the emnity of the State? In Rome, throughout the Empire, Christians alone were persecuted. Is this the mark of Christ which his followers still bear? Is the world to hate them because they are not of the world? Fanny Allen conning the subject over, became possessed with an ardent desire to see some priests and nuns, and secretly made up her mind to gratify her whim on the very first opportunity.

Of course there were no Catholic churches in the State. It would not be permitted. The old Blue Laws or their rem-

nants still existed, though in their more extreme consequences they had become a dead letter. Fanny Allen in all probability knew of them, of such enactments as Clause 10, by which it was thus decreed: "No Roman Catholic shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant." The natural inference to a mind like that of the sturdy old General's daughter would be, why cannot Catholics live here as well as any others? This is a land of freedom. Its founders came hither to escape persecution. Why should they be guilty of such intolerance? She knew a place where there were priests and nuns in abundance and she resolved to proceed thither. Under pretence of being anxious to learn French, which, indeed, she had always desired, Fanny Allen asked permission of her step-father and mother go to a convent in Montreal to study. They were very much opposed to the step, dreading more than anything else her conversion to Catholicity. That is, in plain language, they would have preferred her to remain a skeptic, rather than that she should imbibe doctrines which they could not understand. However, with a zeal which, though misdirected, was commendable, the good couple made one condition to their final consent. That was that Fanny should be baptized by a minister of the Presbyterian Church. Fanny declared openly that she had not the slightest belief in that or any other ceremony of the Christian faith, as she then understood it. She finally complied, however, to please her mother. It is a curious commentary upon Protestant Baptism, if we may be permitted without offence to make the remark, that a clergyman should have been willing to administer it, against the will of the recipient, and in the face of her positive declaration of unbelief in its efficacy. Miss Allen was baptized by the Rev. Daniel Barber, in the Presbyterian meeting-house, and so unbecoming was her conduct throughthe out ceremony, that the clergyman was obliged to rebuke

her. She actually laughed in his face when he sprinkled her with water. Of course in the Catholic Church such a baptism would have been impossible. Could Mr. Barber have looked then with prophetic eye across the years, or could the bystanders have lifted the veil, which showed his fate bound up with that of the unwilling neophyte before him, how strange would have been the effect. Truly life is a vast phantasmagoria.

We next see our heroine at the Convent of the Congregation, Montreal, place of many memories dear to countless hearts, with its tradition, in which history, religion, and the annals of numberless Canadian families are bound up, with its all-pervading shade of Marguerite Bourgeoys, the noblest and gentlest figure in colonial records. There her sisters are carrying on to-day their mission of education, which has been such a boon to the country, and there the daughter of the American patriot was providentially brought, to learn at last the heaven-high truths, before which her skepticism vanished, like mountain mists before the coming of the morning. This convent was not the Villa-Maria of to-day, high up upon the mountain side, overlooking from afar the blueness of the St. Lawrence. It was the old Congregation Convent down in the city's heart, shut in by cloister walls, an ancient relic, that still existing, seems now to transport us out of this modern sphere of ours, far back into the past.

Fanny Allen's first weeks or months at the convent were not successful. She made no secret of her unbelief, and so openly mocked at the sacred rites of religion, and at all that she saw about her, that the nuns, fearing to give scandal to the other children, concluded among themselves to send her home quietly. Fanny had conceived a warm attachment for one of her teachers, who took a special interest in the young Protestant. It was this teacher who begged of the Superior to put off her dismissal for a few weeks. She declared her belief that God and the Blessed Virgin could obtain

her conversion, if it were by a miracle. Time passed, Fanny did not improve, and the last day of the reprieve granted by the Superior was approaching. It was the Feast of the Nativity of Mary, September 8th. Fanny spent the afternoon of the festival with her favorite teacher, conversing as usual, and perversely delighting in shocking her with almost blasphemous expressions of unbelief. The religious, who was busy arranging a vase of flowers to be placed before the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction that afternoon, seized, as it were, with a sudden inspiration, bade her pupil take the vase into the chapel and put it herself upon the altar. "Be sure," she added, "that you adore our Lord, when you go in there." Fanny laughed, took the flowers, and went, fully resolved not to bend in adoration. She scoffed at such mummeries. Why, it was the very idolatry of which she used to hear Catholics accused, down in her New England home. When she reached the gate of the sanctuary she opened it, and was about to enter, when all at once, she felt herself deprived of the power of motion. She could not advance a step. Three times she made the effort, and as often found it futile. A sudden awe fell upon her, and throwing herself on her knees, with the first genuine act of faith she had ever made, she adored the Hidden God, whom she now knew in her inmost heart was present in the Tabernacle. She laid down the flowers, humbly, tremulously, and retired to the end of the chapel, where she wept and prayed, all her old insubordination, her scoffing, her jeering gone. She had heard a voice that she dared not disobey. "After such a miracle," she said to herself, "I must give myself to my Saviour." She did not at first tell what had occurred, but very soon after asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith, went to Confession and prepared for Baptism. Her former Baptism had been rendered null by her want of consent. Hence the Curé of Notre Dame, M. Saulniers, received her abjuration, and again baptized her.

This conversion was truly a miracle of grace, the proud heart of the New England girl, educated in the sternest of Presbyterian forms, inheriting from her father the spirit of unbelief, herself remarkably impervious to external impressions of any kind, as all her teachers as well as those who knew her well, testify, being unwilling always to accept information of what kind soever without the clearest proof, was in an instant animated with the liveliest faith, which led her the length of every sacrifice. Doubt, unbelief, indifference were swept away by the grace of God, and Fanny Allen resolved from that moment to embrace the religious life. However, she had much to undergo in the meantime. She had scarcely made her First Communion in that beloved chapel of the Congregation nunnery, when her parents arrived to take her home. Informed of her conversion, they were naturally most indignant, though they could not help being struck with the change which had come over her. She deferred to their wishes in everything, save that one vital point, from which her new docility sprang. She returned home with them and there remained for six months. This period spent in that once beloved town was very painful to her. The face of things was changed. Estranged from her parents, avoided by most of her former associates, she sadly experienced, as many others have done, the intolerance of the disciples of private judgment. Her stepfather was the bitterest of all, openly expressing his horror of the religion she had embraced. The petty story of the persecution which she now had to undergo is familiar to many. We need not dwell upon it. Her father's sturdy spirit, still awake within her, made the young girl cling the more ardently to the "pearl of great price" which she had found, as it was the more reviled. When Lent came, she fasted to such an extent, that her naturally delicate constitution was exhausted. She announced to her family quietly but firmly her determination to become a nun. Every argument was employed, but in vain, to

shake this resolution. We must remember that she was the only Catholic amongst them all, at a time when a Catholic was an object of curiosity. Uncles, aunts, cousins, step-father, friends, the playmates of her childhood, the companions of her youth, even her mother, were all willing to believe that she whose judgment they once so much admired, had entered "the Babylon of sin" deceived by the spell which Popish priests and nuns cast around their victims. But it mattered little to this child of predilection.

When spring was coming softly over the hills, bringing sunlight into the plains, verdure to the apple-orchards and groves, and new life into the beautiful rivers of her natal State, Fanny Allen bade it farewell forever. Her mother, anxious above all things to secure her daughter's happiness, consented at last, and accompanied her to Montreal. She never saw Vermont again. In fact, she was soon to shut herself in from the face of nature in perpetuity. In going to Canada, she had no definite idea of what community she meant to enter; of one thing only she was certain, that she would leave the world. In order to decide this point, she visited with her mother the various religious institutions with which Montreal abounds. Just as the mother was growing weary of what seemed to her an idle quest, the seekers entered one afternoon the chapel of the Hotel Dieu. It was upon a calm spring afternoon, when Mont Royale was shrouded in its softest golden haze, when the city of Mary was redolent with spring, when the maples lining her streets were bursting into tender green, when the horse chestnuts and the hawthorns were white with blossoms, that our heroine found the key to the new enigma which had taken the place of the old one in her searching mind. Above the high altar was a painting of the Holy Family which immediately attracted the eyes of the young American. In a burst of emotion, she cried out: "You see, dear mother, that St. Joseph wants me here; it was he who saved my life by delivering me from the monster that was going to devour me."

Fanny Allen of course here referred to the mysterious interposition of the stranger, who had saved her from a monster, as we have before related, and whom she now recognized as St. Joseph. The dress, the expression of the face, the shape of the head, the likeness was complete. She had found him who was so long sought in vain. It would be idle to inquire, and yet it is a question which will arise in the minds of many of us, whether it was a real monster from whom St. Joseph had delivered her or but an impression of the senses. In any case it was clearly providential. Supposing the monster to have been but an illusion, it conveyed a definite idea to the mind of the child, never effaced. Thirteen years after, when the occurrence had all but faded from her memory, she recognized at a glance her preserver to have been St. Joseph. It would seem that unbelief was the monster from which St. Joseph rescued her. Had such a thing occurred in Italy, Spain or France, we might have put it aside as something bordering upon superstition, or even gone farther and called it hallucination or superstition. But when it took place in modern New England, the subject of the manifestation a precocious American child, who had been educated in unbelief, when it made so deep an impression upon a strong-willed, strong-minded young woman, with high intellectual gifts, and whose particular bent was skepticism, we can only regard it as the work of God. The gifted Vermont lady, o whom we have so often spoken, tells us that "the story is traditional in Vermont—in Chittenden county with parties that knew the Allens and the Pennimans—a few of whom, the aged, yet live." *

When Miss Allen presented herself to Mère de Celozon, then Superior, and asked admission into her institute, she was advised to wait. The prudent religious knowing little of her, and from that very little, perhaps, judging her decision prema-

* Miss Hemenway.

ture, advised her to return to the Congregation Convent to perfect herself in French, and at the same time become better acquainted with the religion she had embraced, while reflecting upon the important step she was about to take. This good advice was followed, and a second time did Fanny Allen become an inmate of the House of the Congregation. She remained there until the Feast of St. Michael, September 29th, 1808, when she entered as a novice at the Hotel-Dieu. The Hotel Dieu at that time stood upon St. Paul Street adjoining the House of the Congregation. It is one of the old relics which has disappeared from Montreal. From the moment that our heroine had recognized in the image of St. Joseph, the mysterious protector of her childhood, no doubt remained in her mind that she was called upon to wear the holy habit of the Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph, more familiarly known in Canada as the Nuns of the Hotel-Dieu. Through all the stirring annals of New France, the name of this Order occurs incessantly. Their sublime charity and self-sacrifice found a full harvest in that New World to which a providential interposition had brought them. They were one of the three original Orders which had come to Montreal with its first settlers. The Sulpicians, the sons of the saintly M. Olier, were to honor Jesus, the daughters of Marguerite Bourgeoys were to teach a special devotion to Mary, and the Hospital Nuns to be the consecrated children of St. Joseph. The whole story of their foundation, of the design of establishing these three Orders in honor of the Holy Family, which was miraculously revealed to M. Olier, and made known by special manifestations to M. de la Dauversiere, patron of the Hospital Nuns, is profoundly interesting. The labors of these religious, dating from those primal days, can never be estimated upon earth. Now when Montreal has become the Queen City of the North, when the early struggles, privations, and hardships of the pioneers are but "shadows of a dream," these heroic women are still pursuing their holy

work. Shut off by the cloister from all communication with the outside world, except that which takes place in the hospital wards, amid the sick, the dying and the dead, they lead their mixed life of contemplation and active charity. They conduct one of the largest hospitals of the city, which is a truly magnificent structure.

It will not be necessary for us to follow at great length our heroine into her new life. The secret of the cloister remains there, as flowers spring up in a shady wood, whence their fragrance, save in rare wafts, penetrates but little to the dusty highway without. In the calmness of that seclusion the once restless mind of the patriot's daughter found absolute content. She went about her new round of duties with a zeal, a regularity, an ardor, that edified her sisters. Sister Allen, in fact, brought with her into the conventual existence what is described in the annals of the house as a "perfectly apostolic spirit." Who so ardent, so enthusiastic, so permeated, if we may use the expression, with the heaven-sent gift of faith, as she. Her scoffing, her skepticism, her doubts were replaced by an absolute belief, her independence by a complete submission.

In the spring following her entrance, Dr. and Mrs. Penniman came to see her; to them it was truly a novel experience. They had a preconceived idea of a Catholic nunnery. They believed it to be for some of their inmates a living tomb, a sort of grave wherein were buried disappointed hopes, failure of some sort or remorse, an abode of superstition, full of the gloom, permeated with all the horrors of asceticism. They came to find it the abiding place of fraternal charity and goodwill, in the only true sense that these words can be employed upon earth, to see contentment, peace, cheerfulness, mirth even upon the faces of the sisterhood, to find order, cleanliness, gentle gravity and sobriety, the genii of the place, to stand amazed at the self-abnegations, heroic charity, sublime love of the neighbor carried to perfection. The worthy couple before de-

parting congratulated their beloved child upon the part she had chosen.

Upon the occasion of Sister Allen's profession, the body of the conventual chapel was filled with Americans, friends and acquaintances of her family, who had known the young girl in childhood and in youth, or admirers of her father's glorious career, who saw in the sterling patriot, the staunch upholder, the ardent lover of freedom. They were now to behold his child, voluntarily and forever, immuring herself within consecrated walls, renouncing her personal liberty, her judgment, her once indomitable will. It was a striking scene, which long remained impressed upon the minds of the spectators. The liberty for which her father had fought and bled, which belongs of right to every child of free America, was exchanged by this young girl, in the very flower of her youth and hope, for the liberty of the children of God—an ideal which the Catholic Church alone presents to her members. That was, indeed, a memorable hour in the quiet little chapel of the Hotel-Dieu, and a new page, in that ever varied story of their annals, wherein the red man and the white, the English prisoner of war or the French victor, Americans and Hessians, Scotch and Irish, appear as spectres, disturbing not at all the holy calm of the chronicle of their daily lives.

We shall here transcribe the following description of our heroine ; " from a lady whose mother was personally acquainted with her, and saw her frequently after she had taken the veil."*

" Fanny was the youngest daughter of Gen. Ethan Allen, and inherited much of the energy and decision of his character, con-

* Kindly furnished to the author by Miss Abby Maria Hemenway, a distinguished convert of Vermont, well and favorably known to the public by her own writings, as well as by her editorship of the Vermont Historical Gazeteer, published in several volumes and being a most excellent authority upon State affairs. To it, as well as to its editor, we are mainly indebted for the facts contained in this sketch.

trolled by womanly gentleness. In person she was rather above than below the medium height, and of uncommon beauty in form and feature. Her complexion was fair, her eyes dark blue with a singular depth and calmness of expression, while the dignity and ease of her manners gave quiet evidence to the refinement and loveliness of her character. In the qualities which adorn the domestic and social circle she was unsurpassed. The circumstance of her conversion to the Catholic faith, at a time when very little was known of that religion in Vermont, was regarded as a most remarkable one, and created great excitement in her family. In general society where she was widely known, and peculiarly fitted to shine, and, indeed, as far as the name of her distinguished father was known. This excitement was, of course, greatly increased when her solemn determination to take the veil was disclosed. Every possible opposition was made by her family and friends without moving her decision for a moment. In the hope of diverting her attention to other subjects, or awakening her interest in the frivolities of the world, and thus averting an event which was deemed so great a calamity, or at least delaying its accomplishment, she was introduced, during several seasons, among fashionable circles of our cities, where she attracted universal admiration. She quietly acquiesced and cheerfully complied with the desires of her mother and step-father in these matters, but it was all of no avail, and they were at length prevailed upon to consent to her following a vocation which had superseded all worldly interests in her heart. For a long time after she took the step which had become the great object of her life, the convent was constantly beseiged with people from different parts of the United States, who were visiting Montreal for business or pleasure and could not leave the city without seeing the 'lovely American nun,' the first one whom their country had given to such a life, and the daughter of so prominent and popular a leader of the 'Green Mountain Boys.' These constant calls, however, became fatiguing and

annoying to her, and the Mother Superior at length consented to deny her attendance upon them, and permit her to retire to the seclusion she so ardently desired."

From the time of her profession, indeed, the influence of Sister Allen began to grow abroad. The calm face framed in the whiteness of the religious head-dress, shaded by the long, black veil, the unfamiliar garb, dwelt in the memory of many, who had witnessed the ceremony of her profession.

Apart from the fact that while tending the sick in the hospital wards, this our first American nun became soon remarkable for the number of conversions in which she was instrumental, four in one week as it happened on one occasion, her influence went much farther. It spread abroad towards that beautiful town, in her native Vermont, where the years of her girlhood had been passed. It stole in softly, like a shadow, such as hills cast at evening over the plain, or like the rising sun upon the summit of Mt. Mansfield. One of the first upon whom its effect was visible, was the Rev. Daniel Barber, the venerable clergyman, who had so short a time before baptized Sister Allen in the Presbyterian Church. He had since himself become an Episcopalian. But the lesson of Fanny Allen's life, the marvellous change wrought in her by the blessing of divine faith, was not lost upon him. A few months after her reception, he became a Catholic, his example being followed by his wife and children, of whom we may mention in special his son, the Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, like himself a minister. Their subsequent career was so remarkable, that we will digress here sufficiently to give some account of them. The Barber family were among the first important converts to the truth in New England, and as their conversion was the fruit, the actual outcome of that of Sister Allen, we are the more disposed to dwell upon it. They were old settlers, people of consequence in the State, enlightened and cultured, earnest in their own belief. Mr. Barber, the elder, as we have mentioned, was so affected by the spectacle of the

exalted virtues of Sister Allen and the sacrifices to which they had led her, that he himself gave up everything to embrace the truth.

There came a day when the old meeting-house, wherein he had ministered, was the witness of an affecting scene. Rev. Daniel Barber ascended the pulpit to speak his farewell to his parishioners. We are told that tears and sobs greeted the announcement of his departure. Old ties had bound them together, funeral services read over those who had once filled the rude pews, and were brought finally in their coffins for a last prayer, marriages performed, baptism administered, old men and matrons who had seen with him the settlement of the place, young men and maidens who had already learned his worth. His last words to them were as follows:

"I now, my friends, retire to the shades of poverty. May the faults which I have committed while among you be written on the sands of the sea-shore, that the next returning wave may wash them into oblivion." The parishioners deplored that minds so pure, so pious, and so fervent, should be so demented. Mr. Barber made the sacrifice of all worldly goods; his wife, his daughter Rachel, and his son Israel were received with him. Their conversion was followed by that of the Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, and his wife, whose singular story* we shall now recite. Once having become Catholics, both were actuated by the same desire to serve God in the religious state. Mr. Barber, after much reflection and consultation, went to Rome, returning with the permission for Mrs. Barber to enter the Visitation Order, while he himself became a Jesuit. Their children, four girls and one boy, were at school at the Visitation Convent and the Jesuit College, Georgetown. When the time came for

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* We take the account of these conversions from the Annals of the Hotel Dieu, Vol. II, as well as from sketches of the Establishment of the Church in New England, by Fitten, &c.

the mother's profession in the Visitation Order the Superior told the children, including the boy who had been brought thither from the college, that they might come to the chapel to witness the ceremony, but did not tell them who the novice was. What was their astonishment to behold their mother taking the vows of the Visitation Order, and their Father at the same time binding himself for life to the Society of Jesus. The children burst into tears, but their grief was soon consoled. All five of them imitated the example of their parents. One daughter became a Visitation nun, the other three Ursulines * at Boston, Quebec and Three Rivers. The brother Samuel, a Jesuit. But the extraordinary effects which flowed from the conversion of our heroine did not end here. Mrs. Tyler, a sister of the Rev. Virgil Barber, also became a Catholic, about a year later, together with her three sons and four daughters. All the daughters were Sisters of Charity. Of the sons, William became a priest, Vicar-General of Boston Diocese, under Bishop Fenwick, and finally the first Bishop of Hartford. † The example of the Barbers quickly led other Protestant ministers and people of note to inquire into the doctrines of the Church. Thus about 1816, we read of a Rev. Mr. Kierley or Keely, Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. George in New York, who through the influence of Mr. Barber was converted, besides Rev. Mr. White, of Waterbury, Rev. Wm. Hoyt and family and others. The first Church in the State of New Hampshire, was built at Claremont by Father Virgil Horace Barber, S. J., in 1823. His congregation there consisted almost entirely of converts, among whom many were families of note, such as that of Captain Bela Chase, who had been

* This one of the Barber sisters was at Mt. Benedict on that terrible Aug. 11, 1834, when the convent was invaded by a mob, and had to flee for her life.

† Lives of Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, by R. H. Clarke. M. A.

led to inquire into the truth by the clause in the State Laws forbidding Catholics to hold office. When Bishop Fenwick came thither in 1826, he confirmed twenty-one persons, who had nearly all been parishioners of the Rev. Daniel Barber, in the little town across the river.

All these conversions, and of course, incalculably many more, came through the instrumentality, more or less direct, of Ethen Allen's daughter, who, far away in a French community, in the city of Mary, was pursuing her allotted round of duties, never flagging, never growing weary, until at lengh in the eleventh year of her profession, she was seized with some affection of the lungs which soon ended her heroic career. She asked of the Superior that a certain American Protestant physician, then residing in Montreal, and whom she had formerly known, might attend her. The request was granted. The doctor came, but his efforts to save her were in vain. He was present, however, at her death, and such an impression did it make upon him, that he not only spoke of it to every one, but even published an account thereof, in the local papers, dwelling upon the consolation which the Catholic Church offers to her children in the hours of dissolution. Nor did the impression prove a transient one. Eighteen months after, he sold all he had, and came to take leave of the Sisters. He declared that he would never see them again in this world, but he hoped to make himself worthy to meet them in heaven. He departed for Europe and the Sisters could never afterward ascertain what had become of him. They presumed that he had entered some monastery, and buried himself in its complete oblivion.

But to return to that holy death-bed. It was a solemn scene, the religious kneeling about the bed, the priest with stole and surplice reading the prayers for the departing spirit, and Ethen Allen's daughter, calm and tranquil, fast loosening the links that bound her to a world she had renounced. The priest all at once began the "Depart, O Christian Soul." The doctor, in answer to a ques-

tion from the Superior, answered simply, "Yes, she is dead," and the Sisters joined in prayer for the spirit that had gone, following it beyond the boundary of life, to the throne of God. The soul of the patriot's daughter was before its judge.

What more have we to say of her, this famed child of Vermont who sprang up among the verdure-clad mountains of that beautiful State often called the Switzerland of America, and who offers the American character under its noblest and most ideal aspect. Her memory is still dear to Vermonters, and hovers a gentle tradition, even among those from whom she differed in faith and for whom she is praying no doubt above. The glen where St. Joseph appeared to her is kept almost a place of pilgrimage, and the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who have a house at Burlington, repair thither, each summer and repeat to their pupils the story which has consecrated it. The gifted Vermont writer, to whom we have so often referred, relates that when in Montreal, some years ago, there was then one Sister living, who had known Fanny Allen. "Know Fanny Allen," said she, and her face lighted wonderfully, "I lived seven years in the house with her. The loveliest spirit that ever lived in this house." *

With these words we shall leave her. They are in themselves a beautiful eulogium. Ethan Allen's daughter, † as the children of America love to call her, has entered no doubt long since into the inheritance of the blessed, and seen never more to lose the vision of it, the face of Him whom the Canticles describe as "reposing among lilies, while the day declines and the shadows fall."

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* Miss Hemenway.

† Our information has been taken from the Annals of the Hotel Dieu, kindly sent us by the Hospital Nun, to whom we here offer our acknowledgments; from the Vermont Historical Gazeteer, to one or two other works mentioned in foot notes; and to Dr. John Gilmary Shea for valuable suggestions.

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